SOMEWHAT OERSHADOWED BY GREAT NAMES

A FEEBLE PLANT HE TRIES TO REAR IT IS NOT NOURISHED BY GREAT AIMS NOR YET RETARDED BY MUCH FEAR: HIS AIMS IF ANY ARE BUT THESE—TO BE REMEMBERED AND TO PLEASE::

THE DIGRESSIONS OF V

WRITTEN FOR HIS OWN FUN AND THAT OF HIS FRIENDS

BY

ELIHU VEDDER

A.D. MDCCCCX

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The Digressions of

V.

Somewhat o'ershadowed by great names,
A feeble plant he tries to rear;
It is not nourished by great aims
Nor yet retarded by much fear;
His aims if any are but these,—
To be remembered and to please.

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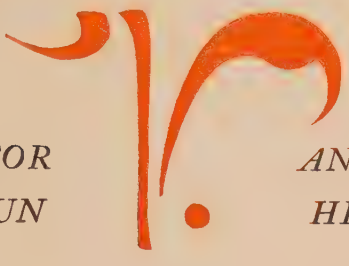
Elihu Vedder

The Digressions of



WRITTEN FOR HIS OWN FUN *AND THAT OF HIS FRIENDS*

By Elihu Vedder

CONTAINING THE QUAINT LEGENDS OF HIS INFANCY, AN ACCOUNT OF HIS STAY IN FLORENCE, THE GARDEN OF LOST OPPORTUNITIES, RETURN HOME ON THE TRACK OF COLUMBUS, HIS STRUGGLE IN NEW YORK IN WAR-TIME COINCIDING WITH THAT OF THE NATION, HIS PROLONGED STAY IN ROME, AND LIKEWISE HIS PRATTLINGS UPON ART, TAMPERINGS WITH LITERATURE, STRUGGLES WITH VERSE, AND MANY OTHER THINGS, BEING A PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF FROM YOUTH TO AGE. WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

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V3

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
MDCCCCX

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INTRODUCTION

"Every Man his own Boswell"

I HAVE been asked so often by my friends this question — "Why don't you write all these things?" — that I have finally concluded to satisfy that which on their part is only good old-fashioned curiosity, by an exhibition on my part of good old-fashioned vanity; and so, not to keep them waiting, I will say at once that I have always deplored my lack of a Boswell, my experience being that full many a spark of wit is struck to flash unseen, and waste its brilliance on the family air. And this in spite of my having repeatedly called the family's attention to its negligence in this respect. But suppose the Boswell, had I a Boswell, should slowly absorb me, as good old Dr. Johnson was absorbed by the original Boswell! Or suppose I should be like the block of marble in Michelangelo's sonnet, — "The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows," — and the statue should turn out to be the Boswell!! What then! The moral is clear — be your own Boswell, so that if anything is to be absorbed it will remain on the premises.

Now I have noticed, and indeed it has been pointed out to me, that when I am talking, and especially when I am anxious to make an impressive conclusion, I outline so broad a plan — dig a foundation so deep — that I have been known to forget what I was driving at. Of course it all comes back to me in a moment, but things are not the same, the conversation has drifted

who, thinking there is enough of sadness in the world, give it their smiles and keep their sorrows to themselves. There are two sides to everything, and I should not be surprised if behind this cheerful picture there lurked a very sad Boswell indeed, for whom there now remains nothing but to bid himself good-bye, with best wishes for the success of this — his last fad, and a parting word to the effect that, as he was born, he remains, "Come nato, rimango," — and his autograph. Affectionately yours, V.

Now you think that the foregoing makes a very neat ending to a beginning, — but you would be mistaken. The mistake would arise from your not having grasped the meaning I attach to the words *prattling* and *digressing*. Why, the very mention of an ending suggests a beginning; in fact, it is like the serpent symbol of eternity, — the tail in the mouth and no ending in sight. This seems to be the case with these digressions, and I seem like the man saying grace, going on and on simply because I don't know how to wind the darned thing up.

All this leads me to think, and may lead the reader to think, that of the making of many prefaces there is no end, and that it might well be, a man making a number of prefaces and proper endings should find that he had already made a book. And why not?

I will here confess that I have made a number of prefaces, and that in turning these gem-like things over in my mind, some new facet has sent out from time to time a gleam of light or strange colour which, like an *ignis fatuus*, had led me on to an equally fatuous digression. And so I have concluded to give the reader the whole batch of beginnings, hoping that they will lead to an approximate end.

At one time I thought it would be not only honest but advisable to warn the reader of what he was *not* to expect, such as, when travelling, extracts from Murray, or, on mentioning a great man, an account of his period, or estimates of the comparative merit of dead or living artists; but I found that the plan was impracticable; it is too much on the order of, "What you don't know would fill a large volume"; and I gave it up. I then, somewhat chastened, turned to giving an honest and short account of what the book really did contain, and was at once appalled at the meagreness of the result. A few impressions, — a few moods, — a few doings and happenings, — a few reflections of doubtful value, — and a few stories, equally of doubtful value, — and a great deal of self. However, as this last is what I aim at, I now give it to my friends. And as there may be in this great big world some who are not friendly, to avoid the evil eye, I use an old incantation — I spit three times and say garlick — with a *k*.

That looked like an ending to a beginning, but it was not, for I must again tell of some of my little plans in the laying out of this book, to the end that "good old-fashioned curiosity" may be fully satisfied. Here is a plan that I thought of trying, but it seemed so sad that I gave it up also.

Some one said that the play of "Hamlet" is a comedy punctuated by tragedy. As this pretty well describes life as I have found it, I at one time thought to enliven these pages by putting in a little tombstone wherever Death had claimed a victim from among those known to me. But the idea was so lugubrious, and the victims so numerous, that, fearing to make a graveyard rather than a gratification, I gave up that plan.

One plan I have decided on, however: I shall commence with the quaint legends of my infancy, go on through the different

periods of my life, keeping — as I have in real life — some faint semblance of order, and letting the rest be a go-as-you-please, — as it has been in the real life. As I am started on the subject of plans for the book, I find I have given some thought as to what should go in and what should be left out of it. You can see this from my having written the following digression, which I call — *Drink*. The early introduction of this subject may not be so startling to some as it may be to others.

Drink. Among my old books I have a Plutarch with title-page by Holbein, signed with his initials, — a rare thing with him. It is copiously annotated by Erasmus Rotterdamus and Willibald Perkheimer, the friend of Dürer; and whenever these names occur, — the book having passed through the hands of the "Qualificatores" of the Congregation of the Inquisition, — these names have been very carefully obliterated. But Time, in this case not the destroyer, has faded the ink so thoroughly that the names stand out as clear as ever. I am sorry that I have occasion to mention drink so often in these pages, for there seems something almost immoral about it; but there was a great deal of drink in the old days. As publishers now take the place of the "Qualificatores" and do frequently obliterate, eliminate, and otherwise spoil things generally, I have decided to let the "twenty flasks" stand, — well knowing that their absence would only make their underlying presence more evident, and that in the course of time the murder would out. Apropos, I once met Lang at the Club and said: —

"Lang, how about drinking now-a-days?"

"Ah, as for trinking, I have quvite giffen it up; dat is to say, except ven I am in gompany or ven I feel lonesome."

As for myself, I am still unrepentant and drink just as much as nephritis will allow. But perhaps I am bragging. I think Lang covers the ground better than I do.

There is another thing I must allude to. In stories there are many things "of great pith and moment" which cannot be told in our common language. These the learned put into Latin,— and seem to be all the more respected for so doing. Let some of the straight-laced translate the Latin in our friend Story's book, "Roba di Roma" and watch the result. I hope it will be the same with my Roman "Roba," for although not one of the learned, I can and do sail very close to the wind, thus in a manner replacing their Latin. Expurgation is a fine word and perhaps a good thing, but I hope the book may not need it. In any case, I have followed the advice of Bacon and taken care that it may not happen as it "fareth in ill purging, the good be taken away with the bad."

I once had the pleasure of being at a dinner where we became mighty merry (drink again); many stories were told and there was great laughter. In the midst of it, a Spaniard who could talk English well enough, but not well enough to tell stories, leaned over to me and said, "I also can tell funny stories — in Spanish." So could I — in Latin.

Finally. And now it is time to write "A Little Preface," which even including its inevitable digressions, will come to a conclusion. And I begin by remarking that in one thing I am fortunate in my writing: I can express myself fully without danger of redundancy, — which I take to be stuffing. What I have to fear, on the contrary, is paucity; so that if by chance this book should turn out a pinguid one, it will be by reason of the stuff in it, and not of the stuffing.

I venture to use the word "pinguid" because I like the word for its own sake and from association, my brother having endowed me with it years ago; and also because, singularly enough, no one seems to have come across it, — not even professors. It means — fat. De Amicis uses it in his "Constantinople" where he is amazed at the *Pinguidine* of the Turkish women. By the time you have read this, you will all have been familiar with it for years.

As it is better to be a little too early than too late, I think it as well to put a last word first, and say at once that my friends will be disappointed if they expect, in what follows, accounts of eminent persons; for while it is true that I have been asked once or twice, "Why don't you write all these things?" the remark has been made far oftener, since it transpired that I was a-writing, "How interesting it will be to hear about the eminent persons you have met!" As it is well to tell the truth, when not of the nature of dynamite, I will say at once that so far as I am concerned, I would rather spend an evening in the Century Club than in the most brilliant court in Europe, and prefer a talk with an old friend to an interview with such a man as Gladstone. However, it is well not to antagonise the great, so I paddle my little earthenware jar out of the track of these great ironclads by admitting that I have found some of them very nice.

There is a good reason for this caution on my part, for I see by my horoscope that I must be prepared for trouble, about the time this book comes out. "You have little to fear from enemies; though Neptune and Mars on the mid-heaven mean a good deal of criticism, the criticism comes chiefly from jealous enemies; with you, however, there is nothing to fear from enemies, it is from friends that you have to fear trouble." Now this

is truly deplorable for a man who counts on his friends as much as I do; still, with Taurus in the ascendant, and being a "child of Venus," I will try to bear up. After all, these troubles merely come from "Lunar aspects," operative for a few months, whereas the "Solar aspects," are influential for many years. "Why" — adds the astrologer, "this is as propitious a horoscope as that of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson," — which seems in his eyes to settle the business.

Wonderful! Wonderful! However did he find all this out?

V. ends his prefaces — but goes on. These things are written as I would talk to a friend over a glass of wine after dinner, or in the snug corner of some tavern. I sometimes come to the "Don't you remember," and sometimes show him how well I could talk — an I were so disposed — and sometimes come to the "strictly between ourselves," and "let this go no further." At first I intended to revise these digressions, but finding I could not revise the life from which they sprang I gave up the idea of revising these faint reflexes of it. So I give them just as they were written, and for what they are worth. It may well be that a man venturing into a realm unknown should feel some modest doubts as to the result of his venture, but I beg my friends not to be alarmed. I am like that Hindoo god who sat in placid contemplation of his navel for just one thousand years. At the end of that period he raised his head and said gently: "I see nothing the matter with that navel; that navel is all right." I am the Indian god and the book is the navel; the book is all right. Did I not say in another preface that I would give you an exhibition of good old-fashioned vanity? Here you have it.

I seem a trifle unfortunate in my reading at times. This very

moment I found the following passage in a beautiful exposition of the Book of Job. Speaking of Elihu, the writer says: "He takes fifty-two lines to say he is going to speak; a curious, zig-zag metre admirably reflects his struggles between nervousness and a growing enthusiasm for his cause. At last he settles to his argument." This seems somewhat appropriate, but, considering the name, is very personal. In settling to my argument I frankly give up all pretence to style; for me to attempt it would be as useless as it would be ridiculous. This book is the work of an unpractised hand with unfamiliar tools; but it has the great advantage of leaving the reader free from preoccupation regarding style, so he may browse undisturbed on such sense and salt as he may find. If these also be lacking, it will be sad indeed, and yet, even in that case, as the lesser misfortunes of others are seldom without a spice of satisfaction to us (witness the wild efforts of the man to catch his hat, in a high wind), the reader may enjoy my wild chase after words with which to embody my thought. Apropos of words, I frequently tell of the Frenchman who disliked tomatoes. He said he was glad of it, for if he liked them, he would eat them — whereas he detested them. It is the same with me in regard to hard words. I don't like them; luckily I know but few; if I knew many more I would use them, whereas I detest them, or at least regard them with apprehension. After the foregoing, I feel at last prepared to "settle to my argument."

Spring.
A Boy was born, most happy, careless, free,
And all the world seemed only made for him.
And each bright day seemed an eternity
Wherein the Boy, his dog, and wind and flower and tree
Made but one friendly, noble company;
Then came the dewy night, and his sweet dreams
Contained no hint that what seems - only seems.
W.

CHAPTER I

"Quaint Legends of my Infancy"

OLD DUTCH DAYS — BIRTH — DOWN-TOWN, CHAMBERS STREET — A REAL DEATH — THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS AND THE BOLOGNA SAUSAGE — UP-TOWN, GRAND STREET — FATHER GOES TO CUBA AND WE MOVE AGAIN — THE FORTUNE-TELLER — AFRICA AND GOLDEN JOYS — MATANZAS — A STUDIO QUESTION.

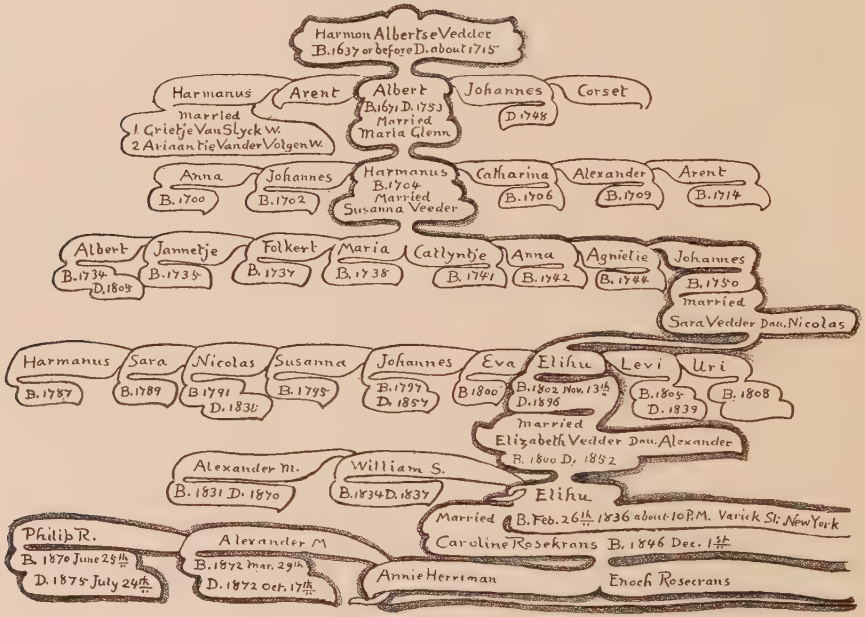
As I propose to narrate all the remarkable things and events which have happened to me, or are connected with me, I cannot help alluding to my ancestry. We are all familiar with the origin of American families: they all start from one of three brothers who went over to America in the year so-and-so. Now my family is remarkable from having descended from one ancestor, one, — no more, no less; but he proved himself equal to the occasion.

That friend of mankind, Mr. Burbank, can take a poor little measly berry and make out of it a thing that will fill a teacup. And so it is with the heralds. By great industry and at considerable expense, they can take a slip — a mere name — and out of it evolve a good-sized genealogical tree. This is not the case with my family, for the good old dominies kept a register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, which exists to this day; so it is all down in black and white.

Schenectady was settled in 1661, surveyed in 1663, and entirely destroyed by the Indians, and the inhabitants scattered or slain, in 1690. The register of Dominie Thesschenmaeker dis-

appeared in the burning of his parsonage. But as they at once proceeded to rebuild, and began to beget and die, the register now goes back, nearly entire, to the year 1691. And now we come to the first Vedder.

Harmon Albertse Vedder was born in 1637 or before; died 1715 about. He could not well have registered his birth before Schenectady was built; that was done doubtless in Holland, and about the time of his death he may have become careless. But the main thing is — he married; and the marriage was duly registered. He married, and then the begetting began, and he begat Harmanus — Arent — Albert — Johannes — Corset — Here I must interrupt the flow of my narrative and advise the reader to skip, for this which immediately follows can only be interesting to those interested in such things. I will try not to interrupt myself again.



THE VEDDER GENEALOGY

I should like to linger a little over this Harmon Albertse. He must have been a very live man indeed, and seemed to get about pretty well considering the means of locomotion then at his disposal. Observe his chronology: —

1657. Trader at Bevernwyck; sold house and lot to Rutger Jacobson for 2325 guilders. Pretty good.
1660. Returned to Holland.
1661. As agent of Dirk de Wolf set up as alt-kettle on Coney Island. The inhabitants of Gravesend ousted him, — I dare say a most outrageous proceeding.
1663. Leased his Brewery to Simon Groot for six years at 500 guilders.
1664. Harmon Vedder, William Teller, and Sander Leendertse Glen petitioned Stuyvesant to have their land surveyed. Doubtless he married this Glen's daughter.
1667. Lived in Albany, in a house belonging to Dirk de Wolf of Amsterdam. This Dirk having returned to Holland, his house was confiscated by Governor Nicolls. I have always thought the house I drew was Dirk's home.
1672. Bought Dirk Hesselingh's Bouwerry. This comprised twelve morgens and 130 rods of land — now homestead of D. D. Campbell of Rotterdam. No doubt some relation of my friend Campbell of the Century Club; he has gone, like so many others, so I can't find out about it.
1672. Sold more land, — to Claese Janse Van Boekhoven and Ryck Claese Van Vranken.
1673. Appointed one of the Three Magistrates of Schenectady.
1674. Was *Schout* — whatever that may mean — of the same place. And was getting proud; for he was reprimanded

for not showing due respect to the Magistrates of Willemstadt (Albany) and for pretending to the privilege of the Indian trade. He was particularly complained of for his conduct to Captain Schuyler, and was warned to "regulate himself accordingly." [1]

And just think, I am sometimes asked if I came from Boston, or if I am Dutch? — but as "Dutch as be damned" would be quite an improper answer, I simply deplore their lack of reading, — such as Washington Irving, for instance. "But I have read him," they say. "Then how about Nicolas Vedder, the innkeeper, in the story of Rip Van Winkle?" "Why, I never connected the two names!"

To come to my own birth. I must say that, as far as I can remember, it cost me far less trouble than writing the above prelude. I was born in the City of New York in Varick Street, about ten P. M. on the 26th of February, 1836. This gives a good chance for a horoscope. Having no memory for dates, for a long time I went without knowing when I was born, and was happy, even though I knew people thought it was an affectation. But finally, late in life, I came across the date in the family Bible, and I really believe I have not been the same man since. It will be noticed how the Vedders intermarried. When a Vedder did not marry a Vedder, he married a Veeder. This practice could have but one result, which I pass over in silence. Many were gradu-

[1] I had this out with my friend, Montgomery Schuyler, in the Century Club. There had been a coolness between the families arising from this incident for a long time, — in fact, they no longer knew each other. But by his apologising for the arrogance of the Captain, and I for the rudeness of Albertse, promising to "regulate myself accordingly," we made it up and smoked the calumet, or pipe of peace, and took several Manhattans, as being both pleasant and appropriate.

ates of Union College; some came to the surface as clergymen or physicians; only one attained eminence in politics, — and he was known only for a Whiskey Bill. I don't know the nature of this Bill, but I wish he had n't. The rest followed all sorts of callings, but were above all industrious and persistent marriers; if at first they did n't succeed, they would try, try again. A glance through my father's favourite book — the Genealogies of the first settlers of Schenectady — will show how they permeated the whole social fabric of that territory.

When I came upon the scene, the old Dutch days, the Colonial period, the Revolution, were to me legends of the fireside, but far more vivid than the War of 1812 or the Mexican War subsequently became. The romance of those days was still in the air, — it was a beautiful Indian summer preceding the appearance of the brown-stone front and that cyclone of jig-sawing which swept over the land shortly after, leaving scarcely a house untouched. I had become a boy — a big boy — when that catastrophe struck us, and the house my father was building on Clinton Avenue, in Brooklyn, suffered among the rest. My childhood was all passed in that beautiful Indian summer, and I shall now try to bring back — or rather try to go back into — that most peaceful light.

In Chambers Street, where it joins the ends of the Bowery, there is, or was, a block of houses running to a sharp point, — in fact, a precursor in little of the celebrated Flatiron up-town. In this house, with the last rooms like a section of pie, as I used to think, my father had his office, and we one of our temporary homes.

In this house I had my first accident, which corresponded exactly with my first rocking-horse, and also with the first day

I mounted it; for at once I rocked so vigorously that, the horse falling over backwards, my head came in contact with the sharp edge of a mahogany sofa, and I was knocked senseless. My father shaved the spot and patched me up to such good purpose that I was soon well.

That first ride, which easily might have been my last, has often made me wonder if my bump of memory was not the part affected. Having lost my phrenological chart, which I with others received when I had my bumps examined at Fowler and Wells's, as was the custom in those days, I am unable to locate the bump, and Time has obliterated the wound. Yet I wonder. A lady remarked the other day in the studio that *her* bump of memory was represented by a hollow; from her careless manner in throwing off this remark, I judged that it was neither new nor original, but I know that — hollow or no hollow — my memory has been very bad since the day of that fall.

Here Death on the hobby-horse had made a slight offer at me; but in a few days I was to see a completed specimen of his work. I have been kept pretty well in touch with him ever since. We had staying with us at that time a dear old fellow — a Mr. Humphrey. I may as well say at once that all people over twenty were old to me then. I was very fond of him, we were great friends, and so the event made a deep impression on me. His room was in the attic and I was sent up to call him to breakfast. I found him crouched on the floor, his head leaning against the wall. He had a comb in his right hand. I thought him asleep, his face was so peaceful; I tried to awaken him, but could not. He was dead.

Years after, I painted a picture called "The Dead Alchemist"; in it you can see just how he looked.

THE DYING ALCHEMIST

(*With detail sketch of head*)

There was an apothecary whose shop was next door to us in Chambers Street. The back steps leading into the respective gardens were close together. On his steps he frequently set out his decoctions to cool or dry, and many other things. One day I noticed amongst the other things certain semi-transparent, shiny, gummy things, that seemed nicely adapted to dissolve slowly in the mouth. I simply reached over and took one and put it in my mouth. All went merry as a marriage-bell at first, but when I got to the true inwardness of the thing, a change came o'er the spirit of my dreams. Heavens! but it was nasty! However, it was a good lesson, and thereafter I never took anything from my neighbour but apples and plums.

That I must already have acquired reading is shown by my first attempt to acquire a book; this I tell of in the Legend of the Devil on Two Sticks. It may also account for that literary quality, seen in my pictures, of which I have been so often accused.

The Devil on Two Sticks and the Bologna sausage.

When very little I used to be taken over to New Jersey on visits to my father's old friend, Jesse Halenbeck. It was there that fishing in a ditch I caught a great eel. I was frightened when I got the great brute out on the grass, for he seemed to my childish eyes a veritable python, and I did not know what to do with him, or how to secure him; but some farm-hands helping me, I bore him in triumph to the house.

But the wonders of that day did not end with catching the eel, for prowling in the garret I came across a shelf of old books, and amongst them was one whose title struck me with amazement. It was "The Devil on Two Sticks." This, like the eel, I also bore off in triumph, but it was taken away from me, for some

mysterious reason which I could not then make out. However, I determined then and there to keep an eye open for that book, and strange to say, shortly after became the happy possessor of it for a brief period. It happened thus: —

I had been given money — the first I ever possessed; and, what was more delightful, permission to buy just what I pleased with it. We were then living near the City Hall, and I fared me forth to that shady and secluded spot, and there on a book-stand I espied the book that had never been out of my mind, and there felt for the first time the thrill of the born collector. It took almost all my money, but with the rest, being "an hungered," I bought a most fascinating, shiny Bologna sausage. With these two prizes I hurried home, determined to enjoy them together. But, — alas for the vanity of human hopes! they were both taken from me, the sausage being considered as pernicious for the body as the book was for the mind. — But *not before* I had read of how Asmodeus, in gratitude to the Spanish student for liberating him from the enchanted bottle, had taken the student to the top of a high tower and unroofed all the houses in Madrid, as you would take the lid off a pot, and let him see the *olla podrida* stewing in each. Little did I foresee that on that very spot would rise the domed mansions of the daily press, which would do that business for the reader far better than did the Devil on Two Sticks for the Spanish student.

From Chambers Street we moved up-town to Grand Street. This "up-town" may cause a smile, but I can tell you it was not so very far up-town after all; for I once went way up-town — as far as the Bull's Head Tavern — and saw the hay-scales and the farmers and their loads of hay. *That* was up-town, if you

please, — as far up as the Cooper Institute, — and the hay must have come all the way from the neighbourhood of — Central Park.

Our new home was one block east of the Bowery, and was a happy home with one exception, — that I here parted with my father, who, to better his fortunes, went to Cuba; a step, on his part, which doubtless changed the whole tenor of my life. But there was always the kind mother, sharing all our joys and lightening our little sorrows. There was a yard running way back, and a long shed overhung with lilac-bushes. The lilac was my mother's favourite flower and is mine to this day. In this garden I played and my brother experimented, for he soon turned out a very superior person and always remained so in his own estimation. Here we had our first magic-lantern, a little smoky, smelly affair, dimly lighted with a little oil lamp, — but a wonder. Here an older young friend gave me a beautiful little sloop, with isinglass windows in the stern. He afterwards built gunboats on the Mississippi during the War.

We had a pretty little kitten, about whose neck we tied a cherry coloured ribbon; but alas! — one day she was missed, and we found her hanging by the ribbon from a nail in the fence under the lilac-bushes — quite dead. I never see a cat with a ribbon without forebodings. Another event I never can forget. A wandering uncle from the West paid us a visit and brought with him a black dog, — a dear, affectionate creature. I had made me a little bow and arrows, and of course I became an Indian and he a buffalo, and I began shooting at the buffalo, and then like a flash it happened: the arrow entered his eye, — he gave one little yelp, — and then came and licked the hand that had blinded him. It took all my mother's affection to assuage my

tears and grief; but the deep remorse remains in my heart to this day.

My father belonged to the militia, and was my admiration when attired in his gray uniform with white trimmings; and armed with musket and bayonet he inspired awe; but he sometimes attended drill with a simple umbrella, as did others. I fear we were somewhat primitive.

Once a week I was trusted to go to my grandfather's. I was little, but by keeping on the right-hand side-walk, looking out carefully at the crossings, and following my nose, I always arrived safely at the little house, the last but one before coming to Varick Street; the abode of grandpa, before he by the sale of it purchased the old Dutch cottage on Long Island. Had he but held on, just fancy property in New York now! The first thing was, "Grandma, did you make me a pie?" and then an examination of the pantry, and the discovery of the edge of a plate high up on a shelf, which, on being handed down, turned out a nice little pie made expressly for me.

But then pies are not the only delicacies remaining in my memory of that little house. Near by, an old woman had garnished her basement window with a beautiful display of tempting candies, and on sunny days the light shining into it enabled us children to see, beyond, a mysterious room or grotto in which the enchantress lived, and even see her working at her toothsome compounds. One day, while we children were lined up against the railing, trying to decide what we could buy to the best advantage for our pennies, we discovered her bending over a cauldron on the stove, and stirring with a wooden spatula some strange mixture. Round and round went her hand in rhythmic circles, unvarying as the hand of Fate. Meanwhile a crystal drop

MY FATHER

was slowly gathering at the end of her nose, which was directly over the pot, and it grew and grew, and we stood spellbound, crystal gazers indeed. Would it, or would it not? It did! And we fled. Shortly after, the shutters were put up on the basement windows and the old woman disappeared,— doubtless wondering to the end of her days, trying to account for her mysterious failure, never dreaming of that "fatal drop."

My brother here developed not only into a superior person, but into a superior tease or plaguer. It sometimes, when we were going to bed, took the form of commencing a most exciting story about a giant and a certain Jack — a small but most intelligent and brave hero. Just at the most interesting part his voice would grow weaker and weaker and would finally drift off into a gentle snore. I knew he was making-believe, and loudly called for him to go on, but he sleepily answered that he had forgotten the rest. Then loud appeals to mother to stop Alexander plaguing me, — and mocking imitations of me. I thought him simply diabolic.

Just one more of his diabolical inventions. He once crooked his finger and asked me to look at it. I saw nothing remarkable, but he said: "Keep on looking; it's the funniest thing you ever saw." I said, "Don't be a fool"; but he returned, "Just look at it, — the more you look, the funnier it will get to be." And he kept on in the same strain until he put me in a rage; that was all he wanted.

Suffice it to say that this brother Alexander was a born speller and already began by criticising the grammar of his neighbours, while I in such matters was the born dunce.

My father, before he left for Cuba, used to take me walking with him, usually way down to the foot of Canal Street, and I think it must have been on Sundays, from the perfect quiet of that

spot. The great warehouses looked solemn and deserted, as did the wharves with sloops and schooners tied up to them. Beyond, over the noble river, stretched the green and peaceful shores of Hoboken and New Jersey. Did he go fishing on Sunday? I wonder. I seem almost to remember something of the sort. My mother went to church, but I know, wherever a fish was to be found, my father went fishing. I know I went to Sunday School, for there I met Emmeline. I tell of it in the Legend of the Mists of Time.

My father left "with hopes high burning," but soon came desponding letters, and mother had an anxious time. There were no steamers in those days, and letters came always by the kindness or the politeness of some one, or else were brought personally by the bluff captains themselves. Also bananas and oranges came, but in such quantities that — tax our stomachs as we would — it was a question what to do with the surplus. I know we boys tried hard enough to solve that problem.

Finally a letter came announcing that father was coming back, and that mother was to take another house. This she did. It was a far better house, in Grand Street yet, but about a block west — beyond the Bowery.

It was in this new house that Death had another try at me: this time not on a hobby-horse, but in a bottle. I dare say he lurks in bottles still, but if he does not make better progress with that implement than he has heretofore, I bid fair to reach a hundred.

It happened in this way: We had moved into the new house; furniture was standing about and the carpets not yet down. A dentist had moved out of it, but there are always things left about after a moving, so I found, hunting in a closet, a bottle. Now

this bottle was new and of a kind Root Beer was put up in. Root Beer was the champagne of my infancy, so I cried out to my brother: "Ah, I now know why I was sent to bed before you, — you and your friends were having Root Beer!" And shaking the bottle and hearing some yet in it, never doubting, I put it to my lips and took a swallow. I could only have taken a few drops, for it set my mouth on fire, and where I threw down the bottle and the contents had run out, the floor was burned black. It was nitric acid. My brother, who was always experimenting, seemed to grasp the situation at once and rushed across the way where he had seen a doctor's sign. He seemed to return the same instant with the doctor, who, without his hat or coat, came stirring something white in a tumbler, with his finger. My mother, dear soul, seeing that it was something that burnt, and knowing vinegar was good for burns, had given me vinegar. The doctor's mixture made me vomit, and it was black. He said, "I'm afraid it is too late"; but on being told of the vinegar, gave my mother hopes. My brother's clear explanation and the doctor having the very stuff in his hand at the moment, probably saved me. Then, also, the acid could not have been full strength. I, as one always does under such circumstances, said nothing and thought nothing, but as I slowly recovered, used to complain that everything tasted of chalk; however, as I was fed on ice-cream, all was not lost.

Father's letters were most desponding. It was settled that he was to come home, and mother was lying awake all night contriving how to make the best of things with our straitened means, — as I have just seen from some old letters. These letters came with fearful delays in those times, so she in her trouble went to a Fortune-Teller.

Now comes this strange thing. The Fortune-Teller told my

mother that she had a husband over the water; that she had a letter saying he was coming home; but that a letter would arrive from him in a few days that would change all her plans; this letter would tell her that all was going well with him and that she and her children must go to him. All this came true, — every word of it. She gave up the house, but with many misgivings, — packed up everything, and with her two children sailed for Cuba.

But this was not all. The Fortune-Teller told her that there seemed to be no reason why she should not live to a good old age, except that in a certain year all was very dark; could she get through that year alive, she would live a long time. She gave the year, and in that year my mother died. That happened in Brooklyn. After, when my brother became a physician, he knew her death was simply owing to the neglect of the doctor who, when she had passed the critical point, forgot to change the treatment from debilitating to stimulating food, and she had died from sheer weakness.

Before that sad event we had many years of happiness, to which I gladly turn.

You will have seen how important were the parts played by Death and School. Death, however, only intruded his work occasionally, while School was ever present: little, fussy, bothersome School, doing no good but only keeping me from my legitimate business of healthy play. Now, although in a sense I am still at school, their parts seem reversed in importance and Death is the schoolmaster, — ever standing over me with his fatal ferule.

No such sad thought troubled me as I boarded the stout brig of worthy Captain Liesgang. I was in the very hey-day of the Robinson Crusoe period. I was going where desert islands

abounded, islands offering every inducement to a pleasant and easy wreck, and a chromo of clear springs of water and shady cocoanut groves thrown in. You may be sure I provided myself amply with such things as I thought indispensable. Not a pin, bit of wire, nail, fish-hook, string, or jack-knife escaped me, so that my pockets were a veritable reproduction of the celebrated bag of the good mother of the "Swiss Family Robinson."

One day we had a pretty bad storm. I was in high glee, but must confess that I kept an anxious outlook for a desert island. The good captain made his way down the coast by instinct, although a semblance of taking observations was gone through by means of a moss-grown sextant. In those days you saw the art of Navigation in all its glory; now you see no more of it than you would in a hotel. Be that as it may, when the time came for the Bahamas, — there they were. And there were flying-fish and dolphins, and through the clear water the coral-covered bottom of the sea seemed to recede beneath us and pass away astern. We slid over marvels innumerable.

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Finally one night there came to us the smell of the tropics, and next morning rose the *Pan de Matanzas*, looking, as its name indicates, like a loaf of bread. And then the white beach and real cocoanut trees, and people walking about, looking so little. Then the rattling anchor went down, and boats rowed by negroes danced over the waves to us, and a little, swarthy man boarded

and shook hands with the captain. Soon another boat, with a bigger man all in white but very swarthy also, came along side. The man climbed on board, — it was *father!* Soon we were in another and a more beautiful home than any I had ever seen.

We then, although all was strange, made ourselves at home in the large house in Calle del Rio. The patio was the great place in that house, for it contained pigeons, ducks, flamingoes, turtles, parrots, and a young cayman or alligator; and, as we had to have slaves, naturally children (little black things with bright eyes and skins smooth as satin) made their appearance from time to time. And then the strange fruits never seen North, — the sour sop, a ready-made lemonade, the marrowy alligator pear, and the delightful mango, which kept you the rest of the day picking its silken filaments from between your teeth, — these things, and a hundred others, afforded fine material for stories when I went back, where I rivalled the illustrious Polo. Only when I came to the bird-like fish with wings, four legs, and eyes like an owl, which could climb a tree, my listeners deemed me more like the mendacious Mandeville than the truthful Venetian.

I said that naturally children were born. There was one little fellow, Crispino, who, although born in bondage (bottled in bond as it were), stood a good chance of not ripening by age; for my brother, ever intent on the acquisition of knowledge, and that by the truly scientific method of experiment, called him up one day and administered, in a drink made pleasant with much sugar, a seidlitz powder, the blue and white papers mixed separately; and the two portions mixing went off inside. The child swelled visibly, — he burbled at the mouth. It is God's mercy

he did not burst. He got a good dressing-down for this, — the child being property.

One of the first things to happen was a complete loss of faith in the "Swiss Family Robinson." Our eyes were opened when we tried to carry out the theory of the young prig of the family in regard to the proper way of getting the juice out of sugar-cane. All must remember how amused he was at the vain attempt of

the youngest boy to effect this purpose, and with what an air of superior knowledge he instructed the little fool to make an opening below the joint, to let in the air, when the juice would run out of the cut-off end and into his mouth without further effort on his part. We found the natives knew a trick worth two of that. How our jaws ached during the sugar season! but we all got fat on it.

These were the days of wide-eyed wonder and of great aspirations, — the days of the tin soldier (I and the Scotch boy next door had an army of them), — when if I could not be a circus-

rider, I could at least be a soldier. One day, while very busy with a little kind of a panorama my brother had sent me (for he had gone North again), my father asked me for a pillow. Now at that moment he had no more need of a pillow than he had of wings, and I said somewhat crossly: "What on earth do you want a pillow for?" His only reply was, "Just go into the next room and bring me a pillow from the bed." I went, and on lifting the pillow saw the most beautiful little sword in the world, a real one, steel scabbard and a blade beautifully ornamented, with its splendid belt and lion-headed clasps, — in fact, a real beauty. I stood long between admiration and shame, but finally ran to him and did the little George Washington. But how ashamed I was, though! These are childish things, I know, but they will get worse by-and-by and then be more interesting.

We used to get up large parties to visit the sugar estates during the season of sugar-making. The books tell how picturesque and lively such things are. I only mention it on this account. All know how delightful are buckwheat cakes and molasses, — "I do delight to feed upon them," — but from the time I saw how molasses was made I never touched it again. You may imagine that what I saw was pretty stiff, — and so it was.

This naturally leads to the wharves where it is shipped North. In the warm evenings it was nice to go with my father down to these wharves and hear the water lapping among the boats.

There, in the great warehouses, seated about their grogs, were the solid men of Matanzas, — red-faced and white-waistcoated, — talking over the price of sugar, molasses, rum, jerked beef (*tasaho*), codfish, and negroes, — the mingled odors of which things sensibly affected the fresh air from the open roadstead.

THE HYGROMETER

The hardy sea-captain also was not lacking. One night, I, seeing a block of wood, with a flat piece like a narrow and thin ruler set into it, asked what it was. An old captain answered "Them's mighty curious things. Once when I was in port in the Gulf of Mexico, where I was waiting to load up, I used to keep watching one of them things — you know they change with the weather. That one did n't change much; it would bend a little now and then, but that was all; and I began to think that it did n't work worth a cent, when all of a sudden I see it bent right over; it got an awful curl on it; and I said right then to the captains in the store: 'Boys, you may do what you darn please, but I'm goin' to get out of this hole as quick as I can. I want plenty of sea-room to-night.' I got out; and by Jingo! them fellers that did n't was all smashed to pieces or up in the streets of that town afore mornin'."

It was a sort of primitive hygrometer, made of an elastic strip of wood, with soft wood cut across the grain glued to one side of it. I made one for a friend. I show a drawing of it. Of course I made an improvement. You know in looking at such a thing what you want to know is, if it is going up or down. I so made this one that it would at once show what it was up to.

Nothing can be finer than a great, cool Cuban house on some hill overlooking the sea, with the fresh sea-breeze blowing all day long. This and a Cuban breakfast — of fish, looking beautiful even when cooked, rice, snowy, or golden with saffron, fresh eggs, and the wonderful fruits and the cool claret — leave little to be desired. Life seems good; but even there our old friend Trouble lurks under the shade of the sombrero.

The *Playa de los Judios* (pronounced Hudios), or Jews, was a

long stretch of beach ending finally in a jungle. This was one of our favourite walks; the cocoanut trees grew along it, some with their roots in the salt wave. On this beach were to be found beautiful shells, and the prismatic-hued Portuguese men-of-war, like rainbow-coloured bladders, were thrown up during the great gales. We little boys used to have fine times jumping on them, to hear the report as they burst. Boys are nothing but heathen Hottentot savages. I know I was then, although I improved later on; so much so that I took to saving life, and have saved numberless animals and insects from thousands of horrible predicaments. All but mosquitoes and fleas. The reader will see later on when and why this detestation of mosquitoes arose. This beach was the place where the unbaptized were — not buried, but thrown out. The buzzards loved the spot. For this reason my brother, when he took to the sea, had a cross tattooed on his arms, as that would insure him Christian burial. You see what burial Christians gave those who were not. Of course Christian meant Catholic in Cuba. There had been the usual yellow fever or cholera, and there you would see the half-burned bedding; or, on lifting rude boards, in the hollow beneath, the entire skeleton — quite clean, for your industrious ant and old uncle buzzard are famous for preparing skeletons. Why all this? Because this memory served as the first step of many leading to a picture I painted long after. As this is a fine opportunity for a digression, I digress.

A Studio Question — How some pictures are made. — One of the favourite studio questions is: "Where do you get your ideas?" This of course alludes to a kind of picture long since out of fashion. And deservedly so: for there can be no-

thing so pernicious as to allow the microbe of thought to pervade the system of a picture. The following account of how a picture came about is therefore interesting only from a purely archæological point of view. Please remember the gruesome half-burned rags strewed about the ground on the Playa de los Judios. Much later on, I read how the great Horace Vernet used to occupy any spare moment in sketching something in a small

THE LADDER AND THE HOLE

book he carried for that purpose; this happened when he was waiting for a carriage, or at a station, or on any other occasion. The thing sketched was anything that attracted his eye — a water-pipe, a chimney, a wheelbarrow, or anything. Thinking this a good idea, I at once set up my little book. We were building a house in Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, and the first sketch in the book was of a hole in the ground with a ladder half out of it. Please remember the ladder and hole. Later still, I painted a sky over the houses in the Piazza dell' Independenza in Florence; it was yellowish, sickly-looking sunset — please put this aside for future reference. Now I had been reading Ruskin.

It was after some friend had called his attention to the existence of a Venetian painter by the name of Tintoretto, whom Ruskin had somehow overlooked. Of course this was followed with an outburst of Tintoretto. In one of his word-pictures he showed how much more effective a suggestion of horror is than the horror itself, and instanced the stream of blood flowing over the pavement in a Massacre of the Innocents. In fact, he made a mountain of fine words out of a mole-hill of an idea; treating you as an idiot in the meantime, with much scolding and abuse such as only a person with a large and assured income dare use. Please remember that; it is all important. I mean about the income. Now if Ruskin did not write in this way about that very picture, he did about something else, — and if not, why not?

Then came the time when I was painting the Dead Abel. Wanting to make a study of an arm, I picked up the sketch of the sunset, — this had a bare space of the proper colour in the foreground on which to paint it. No sooner had I painted in this arm lying stretched on the ground than I foresaw the picture. Putting in the half-burned rags, and the hole, with the ladder turned into a bier and a few monks in the background bringing in a body; putting in a few golden tresses of hair escaping from the half-covered head and lying in the dust; — and there was the picture itself.

All it needed was some well-known Florentine campanile, and it had its title also — The Plague in Florence. The funny thing is that hundreds of persons have hundreds of such memories, only they don't come together. Why they come together in one fellow's mind and not in the other fellow's mind, is what "no feller can find out."

THE PLAGUE IN FLORENCE

But let us return to the little boy of about seven years old, but getting older every day, and always learning something — if it was n't in a book.

My good mother had brought with her two jackets intended for me. They were handsome affairs trimmed with guimpe, and filled the Cuban boys with envy. I scarcely had a chance to wear them, they were so constantly borrowed to serve as patterns. Thus I became a Beau Brummel. I set the fashion in Matanzas, until they became so common that I again sank into obscurity, but only in that respect. I also learned what guimpe was, and from the talk the difference between a gore and a gusset. I now also shot my first bird. I was too little to hold out the gun, but by resting it on a stone wall, I aimed so well that I hit my bird. It was a disgusting turkey-buzzard. I was awful sorry for him, but it was most interesting. After that I became a great hunter, until I was shot myself; then I learned how it felt, and I have never gone shooting since.

As I was always going to Cuba and back again during my childhood, boyhood and youth, I shall return to Cuba before I get through my narrative, and had better now tell of Schenectady, for I remember well how about this time I lorded it over the other little boys there with my tales of the tropics and the dangers of the sea.

CHAPTER II

Boyhood and School-days

SCHENECTADY — A VISIT AND HURT FEELINGS — THE FAMILY — HOW I ESCAPED HELL — THE MIST OF TIME — I GET BACK TO LONG ISLAND — BOYHOOD PARADISE — A PICTURE OF MY GRANDFATHER — TWO MORE ESCAPES — THE GARRET — AUNT EVELINE AND HER HUSBAND — AT SCHOOL — THE STANDING CHALLENGE — VACATION AND PETS — DOMESTIC SURGERY — THE MOSS-COVERED BUCKET AND THE MERRY MAID — BEN — GLEANINGS.

WHAT a mass of memories that name Schenectady brings up! The days of my childhood passed there were all romance and adventure, heightened by my romantic voyage to Cuba — that great interlude which at once set me above and apart from the stay-at-homes. It was to me a beautiful place and full of interest: the Mohawk River, the Canal, the awe-inspiring College, and my relatives, being the principal features. One other — the school — was the only fly in the suave ointment of my youthful happiness.

It was still Dutch. The houses had stoops on which the peaceful pipe sent up its fumes in the quiet evening, when the boys brought from their distant pastures the slow-moving cows, to be placidly milked in the back yard. This bringing home the cows would have been to me a delight, but for one thing: I wanted to go barefoot like the other boys; but I began and remained a tenderfoot, and could only envy them.

Our great joy was the Canal, and I shall start in at once with fishing, as I did then. The variety of fish in the Canal was not great; given a bridge over a Canal in a town, and go fishing under that bridge, — and the things you will catch, apart from fish, are innumerable; you could far easier make up a list of what did not come up than one of what did. We then (in the way of fish) had to content ourselves with bull-heads, although there were also mud-suckers and bull-pouts and catfish; but it takes a good "scollard" to make out the difference.

I am reminded now — but was not then — of the story of the sign-painter and the landlord. The Landlord said: "I want a sign, and it must be a White Horse, — the name of my tavern." The Sign-painter said: "I think you would better have a Red Lion." — "But I don't want a Red Lion; my father and grandfather kept this inn and it has always been the White Horse Inn. Can you paint me a white horse?" — "Of course I can; I can paint anything, and I will paint you a White Horse, but I tell you beforehand that it is going to look very like a Red Lion."

You might fish for what you pleased in the Canal, but it always looked very like a bull-head.

It was not so with the "pool," where we went fishing in a boat when we were older. The pool was down the Mohawk, a little creek leading to it. Had we been given to moralizing in those days, the delightful float down river and the heart-breaking pull back against the current, would have been to us "a lesson and a warning." But we hated lessons, and heeded not warnings, instead of which we had a good time catching the beautiful sunfish with its spot of colour, and the golden but prickly perch.

Now near the pool there was a very little house, — to us

a marvel, for it had but one small window made of one pane of glass, and was the abode of a hermit, — a real Hermit. About once a year he came to town, a strangely-dressed and strange-looking old man. He came to buy a few fish-hooks and fish-lines and such other things as well-appointed hermits must have.

All said: "That is the Hermit." There were many stories told about him to account for this renunciation of the world on his part, but the most popular one was that he had been married six times. And we used to wonder if grief drove him into solitude, or if matrimony had turned out a failure, or if he had simply become tired of the marriage service. But his secret died with him, and he remains one of the mysteries of the Mohawk.

On a sunny day — for the days were all sunny then — my mother paid a visit to an old farmer, of course a relative, and took me along. The place was down the river, where the aqueduct spans the boiling rapids below. I can't tell you how grandly high was the bridge, how terribly fierce the rapids; for all was on a grand scale then. A steep road leads up from the viaduct — up through arching trees to a high plateau on which was the farmhouse, and near which yet stood the original log house where were born many of my branch of the family. As I have said, it was a strange mixture in those days: relatives who had apostle spoons, wove rag-carpets; so you must not wonder at my finding in the parlour of this farmhouse an old Chinese painting on glass in a teak-wood frame, and other marvels.

I have said that I had the kindest-hearted and best mother that ever lived. Yet, would you believe it, when rushing to her for comfort and help, having fallen and hurt my knee awfully, I was met by the heartless question, "Have you torn your trousers?" That was enough. I said nothing. I had at once made up my

THE BOY

mind, and went behind the barn to perfect my plan. I would leave — steal away in the night. I would make up a bundle, — such a little bundle! — and I, a little boy with my little bundle, would go on foot all alone to some distant seaport, and there, telling my story to some kind captain, beg him to take me with him as a sailor-boy, no matter how hard and rude the life might be. The thought brought tears to my eyes; but getting hungry I returned to the house and found — they had never missed me.

This old farmer, who must have been one of my innumerable uncles, once said to my father: "See here, your boys, Alexander and Elihu, don't keep coming round trying to curry favour with me, as all my other nephews do, and I like it in them. They are good, independent boys, and you just wait and see how I will fool those other young chaps. Darned if I don't leave your boys the most of my property."

Now he had property. The family consisting of all kinds of men, Providence had ordained this one to be the miser. But the other chaps waited patiently about, taking the measure of his shoes, and when he died — found that they fitted perfectly: "All comes to those who wait."

In those far-off days I can remember no one as being very rich or very poor. There was no absolute poverty, and above all there was no absolute vulgarity. In the same family you found clergymen and blacksmiths. There was no profanity, at least not among my people, and no funny stories — except those in the Bible. Everything in the Bible was all right then.

I suppose the fun of childhood consists in action, not in thought; but thinking things over now, I see that there were a great many funny things about, but no funny men. For instance, it was funny when I went to call on my Uncle Albert — called by common

consent "The Squire" — and my Aunt Betsey, his wife. They were both deaf. He was the picture of my grandfather, his brother. Of Aunt Betsey I can only remember the red wig worn anyway. "He says he has come to stay only a few days." — "Well, you need n't shout so loud; I heard him." And so it went on. It was like a storm at sea.

It was very different at my grandmother's, my father's mother. She was a dear, bright old woman, the mother of nine children, all living but one, my Uncle Uri. She lived to be ninety-two. When she died, my aunts Sarah and Eve lived on in the same little brick house in Green Street where I always saw them on my visits. Sarah was the oldest, — a saint, if ever there was one. Eve must have been the frivolous one, for she married, when quite old, a certain Clute, to the great scandal of the neighbourhood. They were both good, and tried to adopt children, and would have succeeded in bringing them up if the children had not always died. About this time Eve married, and died herself shortly after.

How well I remember the ceremonious way they always set wine and cake before me in the good old Dutch fashion, with many protests for not being able to offer me something better, — for something had always gone wrong with the cake, and the currant wine of their own making always gave me the stomach-ache. But the hospitality had the true ring, and so did the belly-ache.

When Eve was gone, and Aunt Sarah lived alone, I never failed to see her. I was growing up and filled with all the modern theories as to our relations with the Infinite, so my aunt seemed to me a being of another age. She never read the Bible, knowing it by heart, — but also from another cause: she believed she had committed the Unpardonable Sin, and perhaps thought she was

unworthy of that privilege. But what, in the name of goodness, could she have known about sin, and what must her idea of the Unpardonable Sin have been like?

With short oversleeves to protect her dress, which was absolutely simple, she resembled perfectly one of those Fates in Michelangelo's picture of that name. It was wonderful. I have never lost the impression made on me when she related with deep emotion her last Vision. She no more doubted the truth of these visions than I doubted the fact of my existence. You must remember she had never seen a Dutch picture in her life, yet you would have sworn she was describing one. She told me — they always came to her just before dawn. "I was standing in a barn with wonderful beams, and up in the beams it was full of beautiful little angels all singing softly and playing on curious instruments, and they made the sweetest music I ever heard, though I often hear sweet music. And a beautiful angel stood before me and said: 'Eve, I am told to ask you what is the dearest wish of your heart. You may tell me and it will be given to you.' And I answered: 'I want to look on the face of my Saviour.' Slowly a great light grew about me and I knew some one stood before me, and I knew it was the Lord, and I covered my face and did not look. I felt I was unworthy to look on Him, or to speak to Him; and then the light went away and has never come back again."

I can only hope that she is now sitting beside Him in the great light.

"The heart attaineth to its desire."

Years after Aunt Sarah's death, the house having been given me by my father, I went to see it. It was empty: the busy loom no longer in the basement, the garret no longer filled with spin-

ning-wheels; the only sign of past life was an old hoop-skirt lying on the floor, left there by some subsequent tenant. The long garden was filled with weeds. Somewhat saddened by my inspection, as I stood at the sidewalk about to leave, there came out to me from the house next door a dear old lady who said: "I want to have a good look at you"; and placing her hands on my shoulders gazed long into my eyes. "Yes, it is there; I see your mother looking at me out of your eyes. She was my dearest friend." How I wanted to stay and have her tell me all about that dear mother! But I had to catch the train, and so she too has passed into the Mists of Time.

In this same quiet street there had been a very old graveyard; but progress, even in that quiet spot, had made its appearance, and it was decreed that the graveyard must be removed. And so it happened that I had a glimpse of an uncle that I had never known. Why I went, or who took me, I have forgotten, but shall never forget what I saw. We had to go some distance out of town; it was a cold day, under a gloomy sky, that we climbed the bleak hillside until we could see beneath us the ice-blocked river and the flooded, snow-covered flats fading away into the distance. From far off, borne on the wind, came the tooting of a distant engine, a most desolate sound. At our feet, on the frozen ground, was a broken and decayed coffin with the lid gone, and in it a tall skeleton to which clung bits of shroud that fluttered in the chilly wind, — and this was, or had been, my Uncle Uri. A strange meeting, indeed! And then back to the cheerful town and the warm fireside — leaving him out there alone.

In those early days no Christian home was complete without a Hell. This I could hear daily dinned into my companions, but

my mother, — God bless her! — being a Universalist, spared my life this nightmare, which I have seen afflict the lives of so many.

I am writing of long ago. At that time, as a matter of course, all good Christians quarrelled among themselves, at least in Schenectady, but united most harmoniously in persecuting the poor Universalists. In Schenectady it was like the early days of the Church. We met almost furtively, and the windows of the humble little chapel were constantly broken by stones, thrown, sometimes, during the meetings. And all this because they, the Universalists, held that a good God would never create any one for endless torture.

I notice that Dante provides a snug little place in Hell for all but himself. This idea of a Hell for others may make the belief more endurable for some, — nay, even pleasant. I myself have known of people for whom some such arrangement seemed indicated.

I once met with a very good example of this gloomy belief which ruins the lives of some people — especially in age. One evening I went to call on a worthy consul in Venice, W. D. H. — not our friend W. D. Howells, who is worthy, and was once consul in Venice, but another W. D. H. He was alone, the consolessa, held by all to be the real executive, being absent. He was sitting by the fire in a most gloomy state of mind. On my asking him why he seemed so melancholy, he told me he was thinking of Hell.

"But," said I, "my dear Mr. H., we all know you to be one of the best and most harmless of men; how on earth can you be afraid of Hell?"

He said, "We are told that we are all in danger of hell-fire."

Here I could not help bursting in and saying that I thought they might be better employed than causing a good man to sit in his old age in fear and trembling at the idea of a Hell which did not exist.

"Ah, but it does exist! You have not studied it out as I have; some day you may believe as I do."

I could not help thinking of the Frenchman's remark after the perusal of some portions of the New Testament: "Would n't it be funny if it turned out to be true after all?"

One touch more. I was in a gondola with H. and his wife, when he broached again this cheerful theory of Hell.

"Now, H.," said his wife, "I wish you would just stop talking about Hell. You have become perfectly foolish on the subject."

He, evidently following out some train of thought, turned and said: "Well, my dear, I am not so sure about you, either."

Out of the mist of time many forms emerge — and sink back again. One form is of a beautiful, regularly-featured, pale, clear-complexioned girl, giving signs of early stoutness. I thought she looked like the mother of Washington. It was she who always sang, accompanying herself upon a melodeon, — "Home again, home again, from a foreign shore," whenever I, as a matter of fact, came home again. At first it was adoration, and I wondered how my friend, her brother, could treat such a peerless creature with rude familiarity. As a little boy I regarded her with secret and respectful admiration; as a bigger boy, as one to flirt with; as a youth, one who faded from my ken, previously marrying a railroad man. I do not think she even pined; and *I* was an artist.

The faintest of the faint visions, in looking way back, is the

name — Emeline. Not even the form shows itself, but she was the one who, when I was a very little boy, stood at the head of the class in Sunday-School — a being I strove in vain to approximate, as I was born (intended by nature) always to stand at the foot. It was hard climbing, but I climbed, impelled by love. How powerful this love was which pervaded my being, is shown by my learning and delivering, as my kind mother puts it, the following address. I only remember getting through it by persistent prompting. My mother in writing to my father says: "Any one but a parent would think this a very small matter, but I, knowing it would interest you, have copied it."

ADDRESS TO PARENTS — *Taken from the Union*

Kind friends, again we children stand before you all, a smiling band,
To welcome you with fond delight, to our performance here to-night.
I am a little boy, I know; but great men all from children grow.
The President, whose seat is high, was once as small and young as I.
And if through childhood's sunny days, I always walk in virtue's ways,
My heart will not in after life be full of sorrow, pain, and strife.
Who knows but what I may become, ere many years their course have run,
As wise as any in the land, and in the highest places stand;
Then do not pass us children by, or let our minds inactive lie;
But lend us now your generous aid, — and amply you will be repaid.

Telling of my grandfather's, where in my boyhood so many wonderful events occurred, I must not forget to tell how one got there. From New York, crossing the East River, you arrived in due time — for the ferry-boat took plenty of time — at the peaceful Fulton Ferry landing. There the stages were waiting the coming boat, and would wait until she came in, giving the passengers plenty of time to catch the stage and stow away their bundles — the result of their New York shopping. I remember one old lady saying to the driver, as she gave him a

bundle: "John, you need n't stop the stage; just chuck it over the fence. They'll find it."

We used to take the New Bedford stage that went on to East New York. It stopped, of course, at Simonson's Tavern.

There in the bar-room, with its sanded floor, you saw the portrait of Hiram Woodruff, the Napoleon of the Turf, and the advertisement where good old Bill Tovee was mentioned as referee in some prize-fight. Also the portrait of the trotting stallion, Henry Clay, or the equally celebrated Lady Suffolk. From Simonson's Tavern began the plank-road leading past Grandfather's, to the Centreville race-course, — up and down which I used to see the roaring sports of those days speeding their trotters. The ideal pace in those days is given in the saying "two-forty on the plank-road." I even remember a part of an old song which ran thus: —

"De Camptown race-course five miles long,
Du-da, du-da, —
De Camptown race-course five miles long,
Du-da, du-da-day;
She's bound to run all night; she's bound to run all day;
I bet my money on a bob-tailed nag,
Somebody bet on a bay."

I believe the song also told how the wager turned out. And the ideal form of the trotter of those days was shown in highly-coloured prints where they are represented with their straight necks, flaring nostrils, and strong hind-quarters, pounding themselves to pieces on the tracks.

Just beyond Simonson's Tavern was a gloomy mansion, in the Grecian style, but of wood, the home of an *Abolitionist*, — that name was spoken with bated breath; it was the same as saying the Devil! — and yet it is not so long ago. And so, passing

the house of the Abolitionist, over which a cloud seemed to lower even on the brightest days, — passing our other neighbours, Gascoigne and Collet, we came to the paradise of my youth — Grandpa's.

The picture opposite the next page shows "what for a man" my grandfather was; but to make it perfect another picture is necessary — that charming thing by Eastman Johnson of the old man standing at the corner cupboard holding up his glass to the light to see if he has poured in the right dose. This my grandfather, winter and summer, about five o'clock used always to do; and I do the same to keep his memory green.

At first I regarded him with awe and veneration, but after listening to the constant criticisms of my grandmother and Aunt Eveline regarding his extravagance in the matter of feeding chickens, and in his agricultural pursuits in general, this reverence was diminished, but not my affection for him. Remembering the low estimate in which he was held by these good women, and also by subsequent observation, I have sometimes almost come to the conclusion that the only good husband is a dead husband; but be that as it may, I remember that all his proceedings were characterized by a magnificent deliberation — particularly the occasion of the weekly shave. The preparations were most elaborate, the stropping of the razor prolonged, the thrusting of his tongue into his cheek, to restore its pristine plumpness, absorbingly interesting: and then the towelling, and the call for a fresh "dickey" and the white cravat. And then, as if as a reward of merit, the corner cupboard, the carefully-measured dram — and the sigh of satisfaction.

He had been a great wrestler in his day, and my grandmother used to tell of the times he had come home with torn coat, the

result of his having been inveigled into trying a throw. He once gave me a lesson: he first fenced with one of his feet, and I, incautiously doing the same, he deftly got his foot under mine, and — lo! I was on my back in an instant.

But above all he was a good, honest, solid, pig-headed old Dutchman, very conservative, and a great Whig. Those of the opposite party were called Locofocos in those days; and on election days the Whigs never failed to come for him in a barouche, for the sake of the effect produced at the polls by seeing him cast his good Whig vote.

He had curious notions of anatomy. One of them must have come from his keeping chickens, for I frequently saw him eat his eggs shells and all, and I concluded that he considered the stomach as a kind of crop or gizzard, in which the food was ground up by the presence of hard substances. Another notion arose from the well-known effect of water on plaster of Paris: it sets it; and so he conceived the ingenious thought that by making a mixture of Indian meal and plaster and giving it to *rats*, it would create in them a fearful thirst which he would provide for by thoughtfully setting a saucer of water near the fatal repast: thus, on their drinking, a cast would be made of their insides. However defective this plan may have been in theory, it worked in practice; it worked by bringing everything to a standstill in their affairs, — and they died.

His religion was simplicity itself. He believed he was already either damned or saved, so never bothered about it. Whether his belief saved him or not, I do not know; but I know it saved him a lot of trouble, for there was a great deal of talk about Hell in those days, as I have mentioned before.

As I have told how I escaped Hell, perhaps another notable

MY GRANDFATHER

escape may be in order, namely, how I escaped becoming a tetotaller.

My escape from teetotalism happened at school. It was not so much an escape from that as it was from breaking the pledge, for I should have signed it, had there been a pledge to sign. I really did take the pledge — as it was called — in my heart, but the lecturer having forgotten to bring the printed form, I could not sign it; thus I was prevented from breaking it in the letter at least. This lecturer was very young, but he knew his business. He commenced by showing how much alcohol is contained in such a seemingly innocent beverage as beer. By means of an alembic he drew from a pint of beer what seemed to me a quart of spirits; this left to our imaginations what quantity must be contained in the fiery and fatal whiskey.

This was an appeal to the Mind. The next was to the Eye. He now displayed what appeared to be a series of landscapes; these were views of the Drunkard's Stomach, showing the effects of alcohol, from the first social glass with its rosy eruption, to the fatal fiery ending. This last picture was truly terrible: a perfect volcano; great streams of red-hot lava running down; and all it needed was the reflection of the flames in a bay, and the black lines of shipping against it, and a moon, to make it a perfect picture of an eruption of Vesuvius. We shivered.

He made his last appeal to the Heart. The Drunkard, abandoned by all but his faithful dog, reduced to abject poverty, staggers one freezing night into a shed and there sleeps the sleep of drunkenness. Saved from perishing by his faithful friend, what does he do on awakening when he feels the insatiate craving of the fiend? His bloodshot eye falls on the dog, and he kills him that he may sell his skin for yet another drink. We were in

tears, and little birds never held out their beaks for food as we held out our hands clamouring for the pledge. The lecturer searched in vain his pockets: he had forgotten to bring it, but promised to send it to us in the morning. But the night brings counsel. We talked it over. The near approach of Christmas and New Year's, and the memory of currant wine and liquorish lollipops and strong-tasting cake, induced us to postpone the signing, and I at least was saved from inevitable backsliding.

Of "all the loved spots that my infancy knew," I think the garret was my favourite. For, aside from the fascinating variety of its contents, there was a weird mystery lurking in its dark corners, with the row of pendant dresses, like Bluebeard's wives, that sometimes, moving in the evening wind, caused me to go downstairs with a strong desire to whistle which was sternly held in check, — for at that time I was practising the stoical virtues of the Indian, whose deeds I emulated in the neighbouring forest. Were I a literary man, I should like to resolve that sentence and see in what it differs from or resembles one of those a friend sometimes starts at the Club, which I clutch or cling to like a newborn babe until the portion grasped is so far from its source that I drop off, chilled to the bone, without having found out what in the name of goodness he is driving at.

The garret, then, was very interesting, especially in the way of books. And it is simply God's mercy that in my climbing to the upper shelves of the lofty bookcase, it did not topple over and bury under the weight of its accumulated wisdom the possessor of a youthful but too inquiring mind. An old English jest-book, with anecdotes of the time of Foote, the actor, like all the other treasures of that old home, by some family upheaval, disappeared,

— "Where, no one knows," any more than one knows what becomes of a fallen thumb-tack: it rolls away into the unfindable. I will try to reproduce from memory one of the anecdotes.

Foote, one day while passing down the Strand, saw over the door of a barber's shop a sign with the following inscription: "Here lives Jemmy White, who shaves as well as any man in

THE GARRET

England — almost, not quite." Thinking the man to be a wag, and observing that several panes of glass in the window had been broken and replaced by paper, Foote thrust his head through one and inquired: "Is Mr. White within?" The barber, quitting the customer he was shaving, quickly ran to the window, thrust his head through another and answered: "No; he has just popped

out." Whereupon Foote laughed heartily and gave the man a guinea. In after years, recalling the expression, I introduced it to the Boys and it became a favourite.

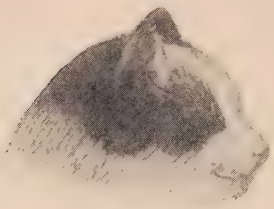
But the greatest find of all was an old volume without cover or title-page. From the finding of this book dated a series of experiments — mostly failures — which filled the garret with strange instruments and machines. To my mind it contained all the wisdom, all the arts and sciences of ancient and modern times. It wandered from astronomy to the construction of a bird-organ, from painting, sculpture, and architecture, to fortune-telling; from directions for making a clepsydra, or water-clock, to the proper wood for a divining-rod; and although deplorably misty most of the time, and maddening in its demands for unprocurable materials, was my great delight. Most things in chemistry I left untried from the fact that a "Florence flask" seemed so indispensable. "Take a Florence flask and lute it well," stood like an angel with drawn sword at the head of each experiment. Without a Florence flask, and ignorant of luting, I retired from the contest. Little did I then dream how familiar would become the Florence flask in later years. The clepsydra of the ancients I succeeded in making; it dribbled and leaked away the hours without much regard for the real time most delightfully, but was condemned to inaction by the family on account of dampness. Perspective I could not master, as the examples seemed so much out of perspective. Nevertheless I studied hard at the plate with the long street and the big man looking at himself rapidly diminishing at intervals into the distance. How to paint a head, on the contrary, seemed the easiest thing in the world. Draw it,— dead-colour it,—finish,—glaze,— varnish and sign it,— that was all. How I longed for the materials. It is needless to

say that — later on — I found these directions, though right in the main, left something to be desired.

These books, with the addition of the "Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Swiss Family Robinson," and the "Boys' Own Book," kept me pretty busy. But the great event of this period was my falling heir to the mechanical remains of my Aunt Eveline's husband, Caister, — he who went mad, as I have told, — amongst which was a box of English water-colours, so that both in art and mechanics I received a fresh impetus.

Aunt Eveline, or Aunt Evvy, was not my aunt, but an orphan who had been adopted by my grandfather's second wife, my step-grandmother. She was a meagre little woman, — one of those made quite ill by the sight of a suffering animal, but who stand the sight of human suffering with great philosophy. She was not without a sense of humour, and used to make shrewd remarks about persons and things. How she managed to get married was always a wonder to me, but she did manage it, and married a great bluff Englishman by the name of Caister. He was a man full of ideas, and a great mechanic. He predicted that carriages and all sorts of vehicles would some day be running about the streets without horses, — that we should fly through the air, — and a hundred other extravagances; and was considered to have a bee in his bonnet of the largest size; but nothing more than that, until he commenced buying up all the iron he could find in the junk-shops, with the intention of turning it into gold. But finally, becoming violent, he had to be sent to the Asylum for the Insane. When it was certain that he was incurable, I fell heir to all his traps; and as such persons as he usually commence with perpetual motion, I must have caught the microbe from his mechanical remains, and had it bad; I

even now go over my perpetual motion at times as a good exercise for the mind; it at least keeps one out of harm, — but not out of asylums.



I see that I make no mention of the penny magazine in my notice of the books in the garret; it was there in great force, but how small it looked when I saw it years afterward! Yet it is connected with the *affaire* of my favourite cat, for in it I must have seen an account of the hunting-leopard of India, — the cheetah, — and I at once determined to have a hunting-leopard, and my cat had to be it. So I trained her to sit on my shoulder while I went following the flocks of chippy birds in the field. She at once caught the idea, and with staring eyes and twitching tail remained patiently sitting until I had crept close up to a flock, when, putting her gently on the ground, she would go on creeping up to them through the grass and finally, making a splendid bound, land in their midst; fortunately for them they invariably scattered in all directions, leaving her amazed at their pusillanimous behaviour; showing the difference between catching an idea and catching a bird: she never caught a bird.

I don't know how it happened, but I was given a gun at a very early age, and, well supplied with powder and shot, Jack and I used to be gone all day. The woods came down nearly to the house, and extended to East New York and to Canarsee; the railroad cut through them near a swamp, from which a lonely old Welshman pumped the water into a tank for the locomotives. We became great friends. He was very well

educated, and in that quiet spot, with no sound but the occasional splash of a turtle disturbed in his sun-bath on some log, by Jack, we talked for hours, and I must have learned much from him in that most pleasant of school-rooms. It is all gone now; yet in imagination I still see the old man sitting reading his Bible and waiting for the coming of his little friend.

The woods bordered the plank-road up to the toll-gate. When I went to East New York for letters, Jack was duly admonished to stay at home, and would walk off to the barn as if he had some rats to attend to; but no sooner was I well committed to the road than I could see in the depth of the forest a dim form stealing along, — and then at the toll-gate the inevitable fight with the toll-gate dog, Jack's great enemy. They were both properly beaten, Jack taking his as a necessary part of the fight — which was such an unalloyed delight to him that I could never break him of the habit. But there was one habit of which Grandpa broke him absolutely. It was found that the supply of eggs diminished in a mysterious way, and then it was discovered that Master Jack had a nest to which he conveyed eggs; but not to hatch, — for each egg had a nice hole in it and Master Jack was walking about, the happy possessor of its contents. Whereupon Grandpa prepared a hard-boiled egg, piping hot, which he clapped into Jack's mouth, holding his jaws together quite long enough to impress the lesson on his mind. It is needless to say Jack never looked an egg in the face again.

Among the old friends of the family was a Mr. Simson. He owned the East Broadway line of stages. Now and then having an ailing horse, the animal was sent over to Grandpa's to see what a change of air and grass would do for him. On one side of the

house was a large field crossed by a rail fence; into this field was turned out to grass an old white horse, who not only recovered his health but became so lively that he took to jumping this fence, literally soaring over it back and forth. It filled me with delight, and having a good saddle and bridle, I used to curry-comb and brush him up and go for the letters, feeling like a crusader. In fact I was so filled with the spirit of chivalry that one day, having tied him to the well-nibbled post in front of a tavern, I, on coming back with the letters, must needs, in emulation of the knights of old, vault into the saddle, — which I did with such agility that I went clean over it and came down on the other side "amid the jeering approval of the crowd." I did not then, but have since found a very apt quotation for this little show of vaulting ambition, in the pages of Shakespeare.

But all sorts of things happened. Among the water-colours left by Caister was a piece of ivory, such as is used in painting miniatures, and I must needs paint a miniature, and so tried to copy the portrait of a lady with three little curls on each side of her face. At that time I had the bad habit of wetting and cleaning my brushes in my mouth. Now gamboge as a colour is good, but taken internally has a medicinal effect; and a certain brown I used was so astringent that it might have served to prepare the lips for whistling; while the white, which was no other than white lead, gave me a fearful dryness of the throat, a symptom of white-lead poisoning, so that I might have entitled this incident, Death in the Paint-Box. Another curious thing: after working all morning on my picture, I found, on returning to it after dinner, nothing left on the sheet of ivory but little dots of colour; the lady had disappeared. It seemed the work of magic, but it was nothing but the work of the fly; for the colours being ground up

with a certain amount of sugar, he had lifted it off with his little proboscis, — I dare say, as regards *his* health, with impunity; but he did not visit my work after that with impunity, I can assure you. However, I gave up miniature-painting.

Among the books in the garret, how can I leave out "Adventures by Land and Sea," wherein is told the story of a shipwreck off the Falkland Islands, and of another wreck on the coast of Patagonia, and of the sufferings of Lieutenant Byron and his men as they worked their way, starving and on foot, along the coast up to Chili. The word "foot" brings to mind another story in this old book, of a man, the sole survivor on a wreck, who, although starving, would not become a cannibal, yet "thought it no disgrace" to use the foot of the dead cook as bait for sharks. He also made a retort, with a pistol-barrel and an iron tea-kettle, and distilled sea-water, and kept himself alive until rescued. This device I stored carefully away in my mind as being useful in case I should be caught in a similar predicament. This is an invaluable book and can be identified by a quotation on the title-page which I have never forgotten: —

"I am now old, but were I young, I would again roam the seas, for my heart is always with the tight Ship and her jolly Crew."

And now for school. The day came when, with my little trunk, a few bundles, and many parting injunctions, I was put on the stage which, leaving Fulton Ferry, went on past our house to Jamaica, Long Island. This stage passed my grandfather's. The parting was hard, especially from Jack and Beese, my two dogs. Little did I realize what a paradise I was leaving, and to what a purgatory of three weary years I was hastening.

I was made welcome by the good principal of the school, Mr. Brinkerhoff, and his kind family, and soon became acquainted with the boys. Doubtless the Dutch name of the principal counted a great deal with my father, especially backed up by that of his partner, Mr. Onderdonk. There was also in the town a young ladies' seminary, kept by a Mrs. Adrian, another Dutch name.

No one was to blame; it was a school of its time. Learn your lesson by memory and you stood at the head of your class; failing in that, no matter how clever you were otherwise, you stood at the foot. I was clever otherwise, but was always being kept in, and always stood at the foot of the class. I cannot too strongly insist on it that no one was to blame. Mr. Brinkerhoff and his family were the best and kindest people imaginable; the table was good and generous; but it was the system.

That herding together of little boys and older boys (some Spanish students from Cuba were no longer boys, but virtually men) was fraught with inconceivable evil. Fortunately the boys in general were good, but I saw — although I did not fully realize its import then — the harm one bad boy can do, the indelible impression he can leave on innocent, pure, and receptive minds. One rich and very extravagant and dissipated boy, who afterwards ended badly, one absolutely bad boy, and one or two of the Spaniards, were more than enough. I say no more about this for fear I should say too much.

Merely as a matter of fact I will say that I was, by general consent, the artist of the school, also the inventor of machines and of mechanical fun and deviltry in general. I made newfangled kites, a camera obscura, — a great wonder, — the fastest boats; and as the heir of the mad inventor, brought with me

several things of his invention one of which was a pistol-barrel with the hammer underneath, — a good solid thing, — with which one of the boys, to whom I had lent it, peppered his face with gunpowder and burnt off his eyelashes and eyebrows. It was great fun extracting from time to time the grains of powder from his face, until he insisted on retaining some as a record.

My unenvied throne was the foot of the class; but school-hours over, I was as good as the rest, — indeed was a favourite with one gentle teacher, he of the hazel-coloured eyes with little specks in them. He used to take me with him in his walks and really taught me something. I remember him with pleasure and gratitude.

There was in town an old painter whose studio I soon became familiar with. His studio was fairyland. He lent me Allan Cunningham's "Lives of English Artists," and as he was always chewing tobacco and had his mouth full of amber-coloured liquid, I thought it must be megilp or gumption, frequently mentioned in the "Life of Reynolds." In that wonderful book was an account of Nollekens — the name tickled me — going about amongst his statues at night with a candle on the brim of his hat; and a very good way it is to see defects in modelling.

Also I read for the first time of Blake, the mad painter. Fancy the author of the illustrations of the Book of Job — *mad!!!*

This innocent old man gave a few lessons to the young ladies of the Seminary, and in his leisure used to construct beautiful landscapes, with rocks, and little branches of trees, moss, etc., etc., and made quiet pools of looking-glass in which all was reflected. He said he thus composed the landscapes he painted, and it never entered his head or mine but that they were far superior to Nature. He also lent me some engravings to copy, of hands and feet, said to be by Raffaello — but they were so

horribly ugly that I gave it up. But I did draw things, and drew them, as was said of the talented boy, "right out of my own head with a common lead-pencil." One drawing was the head of a girl, — which I used to show only as a great favour.

It happened thus. There was a little boy, a very weak and delicate little fellow, whose protector I became. I was his champion, and he repaid it with gratitude and affection. Now his sister was at that time an inmate of the Seminary. She was a tall girl, older than I, and to me of a Madonna-like loveliness. Of course I was her worshipper, and I drew this little head. It chanced to turn out a likeness. There was an insolent young whelp of a boy with a broken front tooth, by the name of Hyde. He had tried to impose on my little friend and I had challenged him to settle the matter on "the green" beyond the railroad, a place where we played ball, flew kites, and settled affairs of honour. This raised great expectations; and although it never came off, it served to keep Hyde in order all the rest of my stay at school; for should the unfortunate Hyde ever put on airs or show his arrogance to boys smaller than himself, he was told that he had better first settle that affair with V. You see it was a standing challenge — "any time, on the green"; fortunately for my reputation, the gauntlet was never taken up.

Even in this tranquil scene, tragedy and the ugly face of Death had to show themselves. On revisiting Jamaica long after, with a school-boy friend, he pointed to a railroad bridge and said: "Don't you remember that bridge?" No, — I had forgotten it. "Why, that was where they hung the Negro." Then it all came back in a flash, — the outrage and the lynching. As the boys knew the victims, the event created a terrible impression at the time; yet, strange to say, I had forgotten it utterly.

Of course vacations and occasional visits home cheered me up; but, as I said, it was a weary purgatory, and that it was so is illustrated by a meeting held by the boys shortly before I left. We had heard older people extol the days of their boyhood in such songs as, "Make me a boy again!" or "Make me a boy again just for to-night." In this meeting it was proposed that we should under no circumstances ever praise the days of our boyhood, — and this, put to the vote, was carried unanimously.

I have said, in telling about my stay in Schenectady, how my voyage to Cuba had set me apart and above other boys. I should think so. A boy who can tell about cocoanut-trees, sugar-cane, Negroes, oysters growing on trees, flying-fish, — and especially of a fish with wings like a bat, eyes like an owl, four legs, and that can climb a tree, — ought to count for something in telling stories. No wonder I developed a talent for it.

There was one story I was for ever telling, for it could be prolonged indefinitely and I was always prolonging it. It was told in bed, — which was against the rule, and therefore with added zest. The boys would gather about and beg to form part of the adventurous crew, for it was always an innocent pirate crew of boys who found a desert island and settled on it. This island was of course in the Tropics. Equally of course, we were armed to the teeth, and the selection of the arms and the costume and the provisions was matter of great moment and took many nights to settle. Also the selection of the crew. In this I was quite tyrannical, so that some had to beg almost with tears in their eyes before they were allowed to join the band. I cannot remember if I admitted Hyde into this glorious company; but if I did it was with the intention of marooning him on the first opportunity, —

with plenty of arms and provisions, of course, for we were, above all, good pirates.

Like all good things the story came to an end; for one night good Mr. Brinkerhoff, prowling about, yanked us from our beds, and flat sounds were heard in the dormitory. We all felt it to be a most untimely and painful end.

Our morals were strictly seen to, for one of the regulations of the school was that each boy must go to church twice on Sundays, — once to a church selected by his parents, while the other was left to his discretion. My father must have been somewhat puzzled to decide which church I was to attend, but he settled on the Dutch Reformed: the "Dutch," corroborated by "reformed," must have decided him. We boys always went in the gallery, and in that of the Dutch Reformed, I had much pleasant sleep. Not so at the Episcopal church, which was unanimously selected by the outsiders as the second string to their bow; for there the varied ceremonial, the getting up and sitting down kept us from sleeping and afforded us much amusement, quite apart from the service. Sunday-School had its moments of relaxation. It was at this time that I propounded certain questions that have remained unanswered to this day. I started out by saying, "You tell me God knows everything that has been, is, and is to be." — "Yes." — "Well, then, if I should make a little cart with wheels which I could wind up and which would run along the ground when I let go of it, and I should wind it up and say to it — 'If you run when I let go, I will smash you,' — what would you think of me?" — "My child, you are too young to understand such things; when you get older, all that will be explained." I am still waiting for the explanation, — still too young, perhaps.

It was once at Sunday-School that a boy — a very wicked

boy indeed — had found in the Bible a most outrageous word, — you know there are such in the Bible, — and he asked the schoolmistress the meaning of it. With the utmost promptitude she said: "We will look it up in the dictionary." And, accordingly, we did and found at X, for that was the word, "See Y." — "We will have to look up Y." On doing so, to our perplexity we found "See X." Had she taken a preliminary canter?

Why this about Sunday-Schools? Why? Because in them I was treated as if I were an imbecile. Why? Because they, knowing all things, refused to share their knowledge with me, thus causing me to flounder through life without being able to grasp the scheme. It would have been so easy for them to have told me, they knowing all things.

Truly school was purgatory, where, having been thoroughly purged for sins I had not committed, I always felt that I had a considerable sum to my credit on which I have drawn from time to time. But then, there was always the promise of paradise, — Grandpa's, — to which I now willingly return.

While at school in Jamaica, my vacations, as I have already said, were passed at my grandfather's, where my dog Jack was ever ready to welcome me with delight and become again my darling companion.

I think I knew every thought that passed through his dear old head, as well as he knew what was in store for him when I coaxed him towards me — intent on some fun at his expense. I think people must have time to burn when they waste it writing articles on the question, "Do animals think?" I will not answer as to men, but I will answer as to Jack's thinking, and think it was as good thinking as ever passed through the noddle of a man.

The neighbourhood was sparsely settled with a few old Dutch families and with others. Some of the names were very suggestive.

One was Gascoigne, another that I remember was Collet, — both strangely English and French at the same time. Now this Collet had a dog who frequently visited Jack; they were friends. He was large enough, but a poor, half-starved creature, always looking for something to eat. Jack was a wire-coated, big Scotch terrier, and in good condition. He was rich, — so rich that he had to have banks in which to deposit his bones, and he drew upon them when he was so disposed. Collet's dog would at once make for these deposits, but a warning growl from Jack showed him that they were taboo until a preliminary romp was had. This once over, Jack would lie down panting and placidly watch Collet's dog as he banqueted on the bones provided by Jack's prevision. If that was not thinking on the part of Jack, I should like to know what is?

Jack

There once flourished in the north of Italy — *e precisamente*, in the Veneto — a celebrated bone-setter by the name of Regina Del Cin. Cripples came to her from all parts of Europe. She was a good illustration of a person born to do a certain thing. They say that when little she never ate a chicken without examining the joints to see how they worked. She had the habit of lulling her patient into a comfortable state of mind by pretending a preliminary examination, merely to see what was the matter,

and taking advantage of the relaxed state of the muscles, a quick movement and — snap, back went the bone into its socket.

My mother must have had this gift, taking the form of curing cuts, sprains, bruises, and in fact all those ills which fall to the lot of childhood. Her mantle has fallen on me. But first, about the goose.

Grandpa had, with his solid Dutch foot, stepped on the head of a little goose, and being a man hard to move, he did not move but stood for some time. When he did move, the little goose was found — perfectly scalped. You will find in all trades that hurts are healed by something *standing about the shop*. Grandpa had been glueing something, so my mother cut a patch just the size of the bare spot and glued it on; then, putting the patient in a basket, and in a quiet corner, and thrusting pellets of food down its throat and pouring in spoonfuls of water, Nature was allowed to take her course. After days of piteous whimperings, the little goose came forth with such wits as he had about him, and as his health improved, the patch curled up and was clipped off at the edges till nothing of it remained, and he was cured and grew up to be the biggest goose of them all, — and then the usual end.

Now comes my turn: this time a chicken, a big one. His leg had been broken, the shin part, about two inches below the joint. It was a hopeless case and he was about to fall under the axe, when I begged them to turn him over to my tender mercies — for I had an idea. I at once proceeded to cut off the injured part, then taking a piece of bamboo and also accurate measurements, I made a substitute for the lost foot, then wrapped up the stump, stuffed cotton inside the bamboo, and slipped it on. It was the right length and fitted perfectly, and off he went, — dot and carry one, — to the admiration of the family assembled. He became a fine fowl, — and then the usual apotheosis.

I have just come across a drawing of my boyhood, — it is the old well at my grandfather's. In it hung a veritable "moss-covered," aye, an "iron-bound bucket." How dear to my heart

THE WELL

are the scenes of my childhood when fond recollection does, or doth, bring them to view, I need not say.

It was the end of a summer afternoon, — long cool shadows stretching over the grass, etc., etc. Between the old pear-tree and a neighbour apple-tree hung a Cuban hammock. My pet

goat was lying on the grass, offering a soft and warm southern exposure of which her great friend, my pet cat, had availed herself. The cat was sleeping, but not so the pretty, well-set-up little girl swinging gently in the hammock. *She* was wide awake, and like Vivian, was weaving a spell to catch a youthful Merlin in. I was the youthful Merlin. The spell ran thus: —

If a body meet a body, comin' through the rye,
If a body kiss a body — need a body cry?

This she sang over and over again, until it got so on my nerves that I told her to *shut up*, and that put an end to the incantation. But I have since wondered if my Guardian Angel induced me to make that rude remark. The little girl was older than I, and youthful affections are sometimes kept up which lead to matrimony, and the angel may have foreseen trouble.

I have always thought I had a guardian angel, and have also thought that, while always good, he or she was sometimes rather officious; else why should I, later in life, have written these verses, which are so obviously home-made that it would be useless for me to try to foist them off on any one else: —

OH, JIMMINY!

I took but one kiss, when I might have had twenty,
For the sweet lips I kissed had kisses in plenty,
But I let my chance go, and am standing in snow —
Saying, Oh, Jimminy!

The sweetest of kisses are those we have missed,
And the ones most regretted are those never kissed;
So — don't let your chance go, or you'll stand in the snow,
Saying, Oh, Jimminy!

About this time came along one day a little tramp. I call him that now; in those days the modern tramp was unknown. If this

little fellow did not become a modern tramp, it must be that he was beloved of the gods and died young. My mother, like the good Samaritan she was, took him in, fed him, and washed his poor little tired legs and feet. But he was as bright and as perky as you please, for during the process he stuck out a leg and said, "Look at that leg; that's a real Paris leg; my father was a Frenchman." And seeing some rag carpet in the kitchen he said: "In our house we have Brussels carpets, — way up to the garret." Here our mother tried a little finessing with him by telling him that in the country where we were, we had great trouble with our washerwoman. She was sick, — not likely to get well, — and did he not think his mother would like to do some washing for us? He said it was just what she was looking for, and that he would tell her the moment he got home. Having no fears but that the boy would get home, we sent him off rejoicing.

But my mother was seldom at the North, so that I passed my vacations with the old folks at home — a most blessed relief from the carking care of school, for which I retained a profound hatred. In the long summer afternoons, in the shaded room, with Grandma and Aunt Eveline quietly talking while the grasshoppers were singing and the bees humming outside, I used to hear many long stories of the doings of the great people over in the city or living up on the Hudson.

"You say he left New York?"

"Yes, he did n't seem to succeed in anything and he went up to Peekskill."

"Well, what did he do there?"

"Why, he did the same as he did in New York — pottered about trying a lot of things, and then he thought he'd go West, and he went, and that's the last we heard of him."

"Well, what became of the children?"

"Oh, the uncle took the children"; and so on for hours.

One story I remember which might be called "The Inflation of Mr. and Mrs. McSoarley." It was the story of an Irishman and his wife who settled on the Hudson at Tarrytown. When they came, they came barefoot, and she used to do washing and he used to saw wood and split it. By staying in one place and saving up money, they finally bought land, and by waiting the land became valuable and they became rich. Then, dressed in a fine gown and sipping her good tea out of a China tea-cup, she would remark, "I never could git my lip over anything but China."

To wind up the Quaint Legends of my Infancy and Boyhood, and omit Ben Day, would be to leave out the big drum indeed. Ben was my best and earliest chum. His mother was also the best and earliest friend my mother had, and she loved me as much as if I had been her own child. It was in the elder Ben's house that I was taken care of after the accident which finished my youthful career on the South Side, and it was from there the pair of us, mere boys, set sail for Europe the first time we crossed the Atlantic. I remember Ben's toys as being so much superior to mine. This was when they lived in Lispenard Street. Just fancy living there now! Ben had better toys, but he did not get any better fun out of them than I did out of mine, and I doubt if he got so much. I am reminded of what was told of the great Ericsson: it was said that in making his drawings for the Monitor he used a few old, defective instruments dating from the time of his youth, but used them with consummate skill. There is something in that.

Long after, Ben called to mind how at my grandfather's —

for he was always coming over to see me — we used to play the Indian and the settler; and he said I was always the Indian springing from ambush and scalping the early white settler, and that he was always the settler. It turned out later that Ben with all his foolishness became a settler in earnest, for he settled down and stuck to his settlement to such good purpose that he must be a millionaire by this time. Yet I doubt if he has gotten as much fun out of his money and life as I have out of my art and friends. He may think differently, but somehow I seem to remember the last time we met that he said something about his having no friends. In any case, he remains one of my best and warmest friends. I shall have much to say about Ben before I get through with the stories of my youth and the wartime in New York.

CHAPTER III

Big Boyhood

I GO TO CUBA AGAIN — I START A NEW RELIGION — I GO NORTH — AGAIN AT GRANDPA'S — WE BUILD A HOUSE — MY MOTHER'S DEATH — AN ARCHITECTURAL INTERLUDE — THE END OF HOME — MORICHES — WASPS AND EQUILIBRIUM RESTORED — MOSQUITOES AND FLIRTING.

I HAVE seen in an old letter of my grandfather's that he saw me off for Cuba, paid my school-bill, and so forth; but I find his letters so full of the need of money, and trouble about land-taxes, potato-bugs, and rats, that I cannot go on, and thus I remain all mixed up about this period. These trips to Cuba are constantly interrupting the flow of my narrative, and are like painting, which is such a fearful interruption to smoking. One thing is clear: I was wild to get to Matanzas to ride my brother's horse.

Things turned out better than I expected, for I was soon given a horse, and — what went beyond all my hopes — a pure white one with tortoise-shell spots like a circus horse. I was in ecstasies. How we groomed those horses, and how bright we kept their bits, stirrups, and spurs! They were stallions and perfect little devils, and my arms were always aching with holding mine in. One day, down by the fish-market at the wharf, my pony got the bit in his mouth and dashed under one of the arches, and I heard the buttons on my gimp-trimmed jacket rattle as I lay back

as flat as I could. But, bless you! that was a minor attempt on my life by that dastardly old truepenny always lurking about.

It must have been on this visit that I invented that new religion and made the head of the Scotchman I will tell about — but I cannot be sure. One thing about riding: I rode with knees up, heels drooping, and toes turned in, — a real cavalry seat; and I thought I looked like a real soldier. By the way, my daughter, who was born in Rome, looking up from her book one day when a child said, "Mother, what is a sol die er?" — "Why, what do you mean?" — "In this book I have been reading about a tin sol die er, — what is it?" "Pronounce it soleger and you will know." The word makes funny spelling anyway, but I am not the person to throw the first stone in the matter of spelling.

Art in Matanzas was chiefly noted as being absent. There were indeed some old pictures owned by French families, — refugees from Santo Domingo, — which only served to accentuate their pathetic condition. The sons in Paris; the fair sisters withering on the stalk in Cuba. The sons writing for money, which was earned by a few old and decrepit slaves they had managed to save from the wreck of their fortunes, and which barely served to sustain the family at home. One of these pictures was given to my father for services rendered, for under pretext of having forgotten to do so he had never sent in a bill. This picture I have by me now. It represents that classic nymph who was wounded by the huntsman, her lover. She leaves the arrow in her side, the better to illustrate the story, and seems mildly accusing him; while he, in spite of some difficulty about the legs, owing to a bad attack of perspective, gazes on her with an equally mild surprise. This picture is in a beautiful state of preserva-

tion. I am not the first to remark how wonderfully preserved are colour and surface in bad pictures. Bad painters are not infrequently good workmen. And now comes in Doctor Piña, an old Spaniard, who had an office in our house, and was a good example of how fine a Spaniard can be: an upright, honourable man. He had a wonderful carved ivory breast-pin which filled me with admiration, so I borrowed it, and getting a piece of ivory, attempted to make a copy. But the hardness of the material foiled me and I gave it up. But I did get a piece of soft limestone, which could be carved easily, and made a head about the size of my fist as it was then. This was proclaimed a wonder, and all said it was the head of a Scotchman,—although it might have turned out the head of a Patagonian, for all I knew when I started it. This a black boy about the house let fall and it was broken beyond all hope of repair. You may be sure, if living, he remembers that head far better than I do.

But the spirit of Art was strong within me, only it now took on one of its most primitive forms. I had been struck with the gorgeous ceremonials of the Church, and in the Spanish school I went to had been duly taught the legends of the Saints; so that, collecting all the tinsel and most gaudy materials I could, and little highly coloured prints of Saints and gods and goddesses, and fashionable beauties, I erected an altar in a large unused room, and fitted it up beautifully with flowers and little candles, and then was ready for business. I formed my congregation by getting together all the little darkies of the neighbourhood, who came willingly enough to see the splendid sight. I then taught them how to worship on bended knee, and no doubt should have arrived at passing the plate, had not a recalcitrant boy, larger and stronger than I was, held my hands when I at-

tempted to make him kneel. This threw me into a great rage. Ah, how willingly I would have made an early martyr of him right there in the courtyard, and added him to the calendar! This happened when the candles were all alight and the altar was a dream of beauty and magnificence. It lasted but a moment — it was too fair to endure, and went up in a general blaze quite as amusing to the congregation as the worshipping. Had it not been for that beast of a boy-Luther, or Calvin, or Savonarola, I might have founded a cult of the beautiful, a religion of Art for Art's sake. Who knows? I never tried it again.

My brother's skin used to burn, mine to tan, and as my hair was as white as an Albino's, I must have looked like a magpie. Be that as it may, I began to look sallow, and was packed off North. But I left one broken heart behind me, — that of poor Cottorita, my parrot. She had been given me very young, and loved as only a parrot or dog can love. I have always been sorry that I did not take the dear thing with me, for she went about for three days after my departure, calling, "Niño Elijio! Niño Elijio!" and then flew away and was never seen again. When I went to the Spanish school she would station herself at the house-door and wait patiently until I came back, and then, climbing up, never quitted my shoulder. When I remember that a parrot can live a hundred years, there is no reason why she should not be rubbing a dear old head against my cheek at this present moment. Grandpa's old parrot, who had passed his youth among sailors and who used to ask, "What o'clock?" and when told the time, would reply, "You be damned!" amused me, but never consoled me for the loss of poor Cottorita.

I was now sent to take lessons of a regular old-fashioned drawing-master, and in all weathers walked down the road, now Di-

vision Avenue, to his place. There I sat copying a few poor, old pencil drawings. I almost at once rebelled, and would have nothing more to do with him. Then, seeing advertisements of beautiful work to be done at home in black lacquer and mother-of-pearl, I must perforce try it, driven to it by the American idea that money must be at the root of all professions. These people supplied all the material and no doubt waxed rich, while their poor dupes waxed poor through their failures; or, if they succeeded, then their work was bought from them for a mere song. This attempt filled the house with dirt and evil odours, and must have gone over the land like a pest. The iridescence of the mother-of-pearl was as beautiful as the result was hideous, — so I gave it up.

Now come my mother and brother back from Cuba, and the fatal hour draws near predicted by the fortune-teller in Grand Street. But no one then remembered the prediction, and we were happy, and those days now seem all the fairer by contrast with the gloom that was so soon to follow. I never lose my sorrows, but fold them up and put them away under lock and key; but they are there all the same, and there I leave them while good, old-fashioned and somewhat heartless life goes on.

The house was one door removed from the northeast corner of Clinton Avenue where it crosses Fulton Street, and was a very pretty one of wood lined with brick and ornamented with Gothic jig-sawing. While it was going up, we lived near by, and of course I went to school; but we had great fun nevertheless, and my mother was in all our amusements. She helped us build a telescope, an affair about four feet long. We had a fine time with the tube, which was made of innumerable layers of paper pasted over

a wooden cylinder. When dry, we could n't get it off; but mother cut it down its entire length, got it off, and pasted it up again, and we saw the mountains of the moon, the phases of Venus, the satellites of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, and our neighbour's windows at night upside down, — that was about all.

The school-teacher was a reasonable man. He said: "I find you can reason, — now let us reason." And he went on reasoning with me until he asked me if I knew what I had been doing? On my answering that I did not, he said, "You have been doing algebra." You might have knocked me down with a feather. In arithmetic I had a cumbersome method of my own, but managed to make it work; like all weak animals I protected myself by little devices. Had I then had a typewriter and a calculating-machine, I would now be standing with the proudest in the land, at the top of the ladder, instead of at the foot with aching neck, looking up.

Finally we moved into the new house and were delighted with it. But poor mother was taken ill almost at once; and, as I have told elsewhere, when the crisis was passed, instead of being given a strengthening treatment, by the absolute neglect and forgetfulness of an old doctor she was allowed to die of weakness. I had been sent out to call the doctor, and when I came back my brother met me at the door and told me she was dead. For the only time in my life I fainted away. She lies in the beautiful Cemetery of the Evergreens near East New York.

An Architectural Interlude. — It had always been my mother's wish that I should be an artist, a great artist, and for her sake I wish it could have been so. For my own part, I am

MY MOTHER

perfectly content to be just what I am, and finally to occupy that little niche posterity may assign to me; although I beg leave to have my doubts about posterity, having felt but little need of its kind offices, yet nourishing at the same time a little hope that it will think kindly of me. I think it wise to assume that it will, and so get all the comfort that idea gives during my lifetime. My mother's wish, then, that I should be an artist, and my father's wanting me to make money, led to a compromise and I was put with an architect. I don't wish it understood that I consider architecture a compromise, for I have always held it to be one of the noblest of the arts.

In Chambers Street, nearly opposite our old home, there hung out from a house a small sign. It was black, with the façade of a Grecian temple in white and in high relief projecting from its dusty surface. This marked the business abode of Shugg and Beers, Architects. It was just like Dickens, and I remember that Mr. Beers's nose was a little red. All became very fond of me, and I kept the office lively with my pranks; but they all decided that I ought to be an artist, for it never entered their innocent heads that an architect could be both. They merely made the drawings for builders, — just as afterwards I found that artists merely made drawings for the engravers, the engraver being then the better man.

I inadvertently used the word "home," — it leads to a digression on the strange American use of this sacred word. A lady friend whose husband is an architect once told me that she had seven homes in the important city in which she lives. Her husband prospering and building many houses, I dare say she may have seventeen by this time. Fancy how the old folks at home must have to fly about, and how many affections you must have,

to cling about seventeen fireplaces, and how many stockings at Christmas! Let her ponder and sin no more.

My brother must have been at Mons. Pugnet's Academy at this time. But before, I remember, we lived for a while with an old clergyman, a lively one, a regular Pepys as to doors, for I saw him myself behind a door with Becky, and so to prayers, "mighty merry." On one of my trips to the old place I saw Jack for the last time. He came to me limping, having slipped his shoulder in some midnight foray long before, and could only lie at my feet, licking them and looking up at me. I gathered his grey head in my arms, and a look of perfect happiness came into his eyes. He had had his wish, he had seen his master once more, — and then he passed away.

And then Grandpa went. He saw that the clock was wound up; he wound up his watch and said he would die about three o'clock in the morning, and I believe he would have been very much put out had he not died at that hour. And then Grandma. The sitting up and constant attention needed was hard on Aunt Evvy and myself; but then my task was lightened by the presence of a very pleasing young person from Ireland; thus it happens that there are always compensations.

And then the old home was let, and Aunt Evvy was received into the ever-hospitable house of Ben's father, and so ended the home of the Quaint Legends.

I fear those fond of chronology will here get mixed up a bit, but they cannot become more so than I am myself. I know that when the friendly architects had found out how unsuited I was to their profession, — which in their hands was far from a noble one, — Ben's father was consulted; and as Mr. Matteson had

been very successful in his drawings for "Brother Jonathan," he advised sending me to that artist. But I am sure that before that event I passed some of my happiest days on the south side of Long Island with good Mr. Parsons. That is, days as happy as were consistent with constant interruptions from lessons; for the well-meant but misdirected efforts of my father to give me an education were persistent. Perhaps he really did not know what else to do with me, — a thing which explains much schooling. There I was joined by my brother, for a short time, who then thought of preparing himself for college, but subsequently drifted into medicine, — for you see we were both getting our bearings. I have a theory that he gave up college from a fear that he would not be given funds enough to make that appearance he was so fond of; for he, being a gentleman by nature, had always dressed like one, and he feared when put to the test, father's staying powers in the way of money might give out.

One of the hardest things to resist is the tendency to prattle, which I take to be — telling people what they already know. Yet how can one write without it? Ideas cannot be administered like pills. A man with only the necessary bones and muscles would cut but a "magra figura"; a little fat is needed to round it out. The memory of what the Boys used to call the "Idiot's Playground" in one of the old magazines, fills me with apprehension and checks the genial current. The story of good old Judge So-and-So riding a circuit — "a noted wit" — and the earnest assurance of the truth of the tale, which on dissection frequently turned out to have neither idea, bone, nor muscle, and even the fat none of the freshest, is to me a warning. I therefore proceed with caution, but shall take heed that the caution is not apparent.

In the course of the attempt to give us an education — which

succeeded in the case of my brother — we were now placed under the tuition of a clergyman, the Mr. Parsons I have already mentioned. This was in Moriches on the south side of Long Island. Now, to be a novelist in those days, although not quite so bad as being an Abolitionist, yet carried with it a certain tinge of frivolity. At least, good Mr. Parsons must have thought so, for — the religious microbe entering his mind about this time — he gave it up as a profession and became a clergyman instead. This microbe may be beneficent or malignant. In his case it turned out to be of the former type, and he also turned out to be a most excellent man. Another thing may have influenced him. At a party of young people, it was proposed in sport to go through the marriage ceremony (a thing not always attended to on the South Side), and it appears that this was done so thoroughly that the young woman, holding to her side of the bargain, gave him no end of trouble. Heedless of this warning, or wishing to place himself out of danger, or both, or really being in love, — which I think was the case, — he, shortly after this make-believe marriage, got married in earnest, and that to a most lovely and loving little woman.

Parsons was wise as well as good. I must say first, that I was a permanent boarder, my brother staying but a short time, and that there were some six other lads coming as day-scholars. I said he was wise, for he came to a wise conclusion with regard to me: half work and half play he thought indicated in my case, with a fair amount of gallivanting in the evening after dinner. Short lessons, well learned, during the morning; gun or boat all the afternoon; girl in the evening. I enjoyed this programme immensely, and happenings began to happen, and I made good progress in both studies and amusements.

I make no comments, yet cannot help noticing the strange predicament in which the humane person finds himself in this world of ours, when it comes to his relations with the animals, and reconciling his theories of humanity with the stern laws of Nature. My father, for instance, would never kill even a scorpion, for he said they were so useful in killing flies and cockroaches in their prowlings at night; but he took care to cut off their stings. But there it is, — you save the scorpion and yet permit him to kill the fly, or you save yourself by mutilating the scorpion.

One day my study-room was invaded by wasps. Wishing to save both myself and the wasps, I remembered the humanity of my father and tried to snip off their stings with a pair of scissors. Wasps are impatient, so in my attempts I sometimes cut off more than I intended; — their equilibrium being altered, they fell to the ground and buzzed round in circles. Thus rendered harmless, I could examine them with safety, and saw that, where the spoon-shaped tail had been cut in two, was left a cup-like portion. The thought then struck me that by restoring the proper weight their power of flight would likewise be restored, and I at once hit on a good expedient. I had some red sealing-wax, and lighting a candle, I made me certain little pellets of the proper size and weight, and softening them, deftly placed them in the little sockets before mentioned. To my delight I saw them fly off as well as ever with their bright new red tails. They were now rendered harmless and seemingly proud. If proud, their pride was of short duration, for the wax, cooled by that flight, adhered but slightly, and on their striking the glass in the windows would drop off, and they were reduced once more to impotent buzzings on the floor. Of course I shouted for

Mr. Parsons to come and witness the success of my experiment. He could not help laughing heartily, but thought that one demonstration was sufficient to satisfy the claims of science, and more would be cruelty. I have since come to the conclusion that Science is a heartless jade.

I believe I said something about girls — ah, yes, the girls!

Parties were given. They commenced very meekly indeed. The girls all ranged themselves on one side of the room, while the young fellows hung about the door. There was then the question of music. "Let's have Jim the fiddler." — "But she is a Church member." — "Might have an accordion." — "Nonsense, — let's have the fiddler, and it will be all right"; and it was. The music struck up. Then the question — who first? Now I was the city chap and much was expected of me; so putting on a bold front I walked across the room and selected Hannah. She was the belle of Moriches; no one was keeping company with her; she awed them, and my boldness pleasing her, we got on famously. The party, at first like a Quaker meeting, ended in no such matter, for some wags, blowing out all the candles, left us to our own devices. Then we streamed out into the moonlight and each one of the boys escorted his fair partner to her home.

Hannah's home was on the Point — S.'s Point. Mr. Parsons used to say: "V., you had better make up to H. Her father has the finest potato-patch in town." To get there we passed the swing in the woods — the scene of all our junketings. I think my hatred of mosquitoes dates from that night. A friend once told of a man in Maine hoeing with one hand and keeping off mosquitoes with the other. We found that, with both hands free, all attempts at practical flirting in the woods were vain; so we repaired to the dark and quiet parlour, — dark, for lights

MY BROTHER

were worse than useless on account of attracting the pests. And the parents? On the South Side, the parents of those days were the most considerate people in the world; they always retired and left the coast clear — and so we young ones coasted.

From the time I first sat on the fence and watched my grandfather hoe potatoes, with such placidity, I have remained there. If in another part I say the opposite while writing this, that does not count. For the present, consider me as having always sat on the fence. My brother, on the contrary, was always either on one side or the other. At first he was on the side where you will find Voltaire, Volney, Rousseau, Paine and his "Age of Reason," and a vast number of others unknown to fame; and on the other side was the usual crowd. Have you ever seen the placid cat on some secure height watching with serious humour the "braggart bark and noisy stir" of her enemy the dog? Thus sat I, when my brother for the first time experienced religion. This happened in Moriches. He was fervent, and, as becomes a lately converted, sought at once to convert me, and he prayed most beautiful prayers, while I tried to sleep. You see, he was not quite sure. He wanted a direct answer from the Lord — and no answer came.

Once there was an old Dutchman who contributed so largely to building a church that it might be said he had built it himself. When, however, extra funds were needed to erect a lightning-rod, he refused flatly, and said that if the Lord wanted to "dunder down His own house, He might dunder it down and be tam't." One night my brother stopped short in the midst of a beautiful prayer, and using almost the Dutchman's expression, jumped into bed and went to sleep. The placid cat then shut

its eyes and did the same. Some years after, he writes from Yokohama: "I have now made my peace with God and man. I trust implicitly in my Saviour, follow His teachings, and enjoy a peace which I have not known for years" — and in this frame of mind he remained until he entered the peace which passeth understanding.

I don't think I did much in the way of Art at Moriches. From my not finding it among my things, I think a meagre little picture I made of Mr. Parsons's house must have been given to him. It was a square wooden house, — square, from the lazy American habit of those days of putting a try-square on every timber and sawing it off, which dictated the pitch of every roof from Maine to Florida, no matter what the climate or rainfall. It had a new picket-fence painted white, stretching along the straight board sidewalk. In the picture I painted every picket. This picket-fence and sidewalk were the pride of the town and an indication of progress, and great things were predicted of the future of Moriches. Back of the house, a field of stumps overgrown with bushes, closed in by the particularly meagre trees left by the improvers of the country. It was simply ugly. Yet in the solemn twilight, keeping still and watchings things, I used to see the whip-poor-wills mount in the air with two or three complaining cries, and then come diving down and mount again, so close to me that I could hear the buzz made by their wings, and see their feathers vibrating as the air rushed through them. Then in the winter, in the interminable pine woods of little pines, — all the fine ones having been cut down, as is our custom, — I used to make long fences with openings, and used to snare the pretty quails, — for which the Lord forgive me. Not only that, but sell them, and be inordinately proud of the blood-money. But that was it: if you could

only make money, no matter how, you were considered a tall fellow in those days.

In the upper part of the mill-pond, a perfect tangle of water-logged stumps and bushes and swamp, I caught the speckled trout. I never wasted bait, but used to nourish certain pools with it; so when I judged the time was ripe, my string was never lacking. Just think, if I still remember this ugly spot with pleasure, what my memories would now be if the house had been thatched and covered with honeysuckle, and the woods of noble oaks or pines. It was different on the bay and on the great beach by the sea, and in the grove near the abode of Hannah.

CHAPTER IV

"Youth and Art"

A LINK — ANOTHER LITTLE TRAMP — THE DEFLATION OF RAFFAELLO — IKEY AND IKEY'S FATHER — RAFFAELLO QUITS SHERBOURNE — GUANAHAI — IN THE SHADE OF THE SOMBRERO — TOM — BACK IN NEW YORK — MY LAST VISIT TO MATANZAS — VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH — TWO DREAMS — BEN'S LETTER.

I SUPPOSE I could, by looking over letters, get the dates of this period all right; but old letters are such sad things that I hate to undertake it; and, after all, dates are not so interesting as happenings; and particularly the happenings which now happened. So I will at once say that the advice of Ben's father was taken, and I was sent to Sherbourne and entered the studio of T. H. Matteson. What followed offers as good an example of the pranks of Providence as you will find outside of a museum, — but I suppose that is the way the Tangled Skein is made up.

Matteson was remarkable for being a self-made man who had made a good job of it. Somewhat stately and precise in manner, but kindly and with a fine sense of humour, he had turned out a gentleman in spite of very adverse circumstances. His good wife — he had married young — inevitably as seedtime and harvest presented him with the yearly child, — one, no more, no less. Even when I left, the future was full of promise.

He wore a steeple-crowned hat and a short mantle, and was not averse to being called the pilgrim-painter. For one of his favourite

subjects was the pilgrim, either departing or arriving, which last was invariably on a different part of the coast, and always in wretched weather. In spite of which, prayers of thankfulness were always ascending, — thus giving a vivid idea of what they must have left behind. I once tried a little good-natured badinage, apropos of the steeple-crowned hat. It was not taken in good part, although I thought I had been very funny.

He had made something out of his illustrations for "Brother Jonathan," and was now painting portraits, and must have been, with his large family, in very straitened circumstances; yet he never complained nor allowed it to be seen. He also made something out of the lessons he gave us, for we amounted to five or six pupils. I tell all this, to leave a little record of a man I loved, respected and admired. He was a man of talent ruined by circumstances and his surroundings. Had he gone to Paris and stayed there, he would most undoubtedly have made his mark; and it was very sad to hear him say years after at the old Athenaeum Club, in his somewhat stately manner: "My dear V., it gives me great pleasure, mingled, I confess, with some pain, to welcome the scholar who has so far surpassed the master." Dear old boy! Had he had the advantages I so shamefully neglected, there would have been another story to tell.

It is strange how the same characters come up at intervals in one's life. I have told in "Quaint Legends" of the little tramp and his French leg. Here at Sherbourne dawned on us one day another little tramp — one of those who are always going somewhere, and whom kind-hearted people are always forwarding. His stories were great, and seemingly endless, and in the bar-room of the Tavern, where the legal talent of the town was always in evidence, he "kept the table on a roar." One day, before he was

forwarded, he was telling of how he had passed himself off as deaf and dumb, in an asylum for those thus afflicted, for an entire month, without being found out. "I never spoke but once in all that time. That was when playing tag I caught a boy and said, 'Now I've got you!'" — "Ah! then that let the cat out of the bag," put in a smart lawyer. — "No, it did n't, he was deaf; he could n't hear me."

When I went sketching in Sherbourne I sought for lofty granite peaks catching the last rays of the sun; for hills convent-crowned, or castles on abrupt cliffs frowning down on peaceful abbeys below, reflected in the tranquil stream; for the picturesque mill and its mossy wheel, thatched cottages and the simple milkmaid, or the peasant playing on his rustic pipe. When more seriously inclined, I sought the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault, to hear the tones of the organ; or, if on speculation or contemplation bent, the quiet cloister. Did I find these things? Not much! The rocks were of a disintegrating slate, hills rounded, and covered with monotonous green, no convents, no castles, no abbeys, no mills. The cottages were shingled; the milkmaid wore a sunbonnet and chewed gum; the peasant played on a tobacco-pipe; the fretted vault was of pine; the organ, a melodeon; the cloister — a pig-pen. One who ought to have been a rustic addressed me thus: "Say, do you know what they take you for raound here? I was talking with Mis' Jenks daown to the bridge an' she says, 'There's been a young chap raound lately, with a tin box, perchin' on fences and things, — hain't been to the house yet, but dare say he'll come; I kinder think he must be a pill-peddler.'"

Would it be considering the thing "too curiously" —

> Raffaello, dead and turned to clay,
> Might make a pill to keep the wind away.

It was all my own fault. I was looking for things with a tinge of romance in them. Light had not been decomposed and there was no spectrum analysis in those days. A milkmaid was a good, solid, rosy proposition, fancy-free or with thoughts of a lover in the background; and I should have painted her as sich. Now, I would try to paint the decomposed rays of light emanating from her, with an X-ray or two thrown in, — in fact, try to be in the swim. The difference between the two states of mind, then and now, is shown in this story: —

They were seated by the seashore near a bathing establishment. Boys were disporting themselves in the fresh waves, and a sign announced that baths were twenty-five cents each. The father was reading his newspaper, when Ikey remarked wistfully: "Fader, I would like to take a bath." The father, first glancing at the signs, turned and said: "O Ikey, I was yuste so romantic ven I vass of your age!" and resumed his paper. Poor Ikey!

While in Sherbourne, I made with Rhodes and Warren, a sometime student of Matteson's, a visit to Warren's parents, and found them fine specimens of our good, intelligent, pious farmer-folk. The ride, partly by night, over the high and barren hills in the keen, frosty air, the rattling wheels on the frozen road, the young silver moon and a star or two besides, made the trip memorable. It, however, was made more so by a happening of a tragic nature.

I had painted a dead squirrel, and all said that the softness of the fur was rendered marvellously; I dare say it was and is still treasured. We were seated around the fire discussing the painting, and cider and doughnuts, when a neighbour broke in and breathlessly told us of how that returned Californian up the road

had gone crazy, and had shot at his father-in-law and at his sister, and had really shot his wife, and ended by shooting himself.

At once we harnessed up and were on our way to the place. The moon shone brightly; a line of switch-tailed country horses were tied to the fence in front of the house, and on the stone steps leading into it at the back were to be seen a few drops of blood. This lean-to was crowded with men; on some boards upheld by barrels was stretched a man; the white bosom of his shirt bore a small, but slowly spreading, spot of blood; his face, with shaven upper lip, was hard but peaceful. On a shelf above his head was a tin pan filled with cobs of Indian corn, and the butt of the revolver projected over its edge.

An old fellow was holding forth: "She said she first see him lookin' in at the winder, white as a sheet, his eyes a-glarin', and then he commenced firin' at 'em." — "Well, you knowed him as a boy; what fur a man was he?" —"You see him there." This was said most impressively and seemed to be regarded as most eloquent, but I could not see that it advanced matters much.

In the living-room a crowd of people, a smell of opium, and a hushed murmur of voices, with now and then a groan. The husband, a picture of troubled grief, was talking to the doctor, who was not very hopeful; he seemed bothered about something aside from the tragedy of the event; he was hunting in his pockets for something; finally, a large, oval metal tobacco-box came forth. Carefully, but still talking sadly to the doctor, he opened it, and carefully rolled up a huge quid, and as carefully, but quite unconsciously, placed it in his mouth. Then over his countenance, as the acrid taste diffused itself on his palate, came a look of perfect

bliss. Rhodes and I, indefatigable observers of the comic, did not dare to look at each other; it would have been awful under the circumstances. Perhaps this is not worth telling, but if told, it ought to be "with motions."

The winding-up of Raffaello's career at Sherbourne was almost disastrous. I must make one rushing sentence of it. Sitting up late with the girls; sitting up later at the tavern; skating on the canal; or dragging melodeons on sleighs through the snow to serenade the said girls; breaking the ice in my pitcher in the morning and pouring the ice-water over myself to harden my muscles; — and this after working all day in a close, over-heated studio, gave me a fearful cold. This was only added to by the long ride on the stage-coach. To be sure, one of the girls went part of the way with me, but it took the united warmth of both to prevent freezing.

Then, on arriving in New York, at the boarding-house of Isaacs, who lodged and fed the medical students, not being far from the College and the old Crosby Street Gymnasium, a fool friend of my brother persuaded me to continue the hardening process by stripping and running around that barn-like structure, ending the performance by a cold shower-bath and a rub-down, — this latter without a reaction.

My brother finally came to the conclusion that I was a pretty sick boy, and took me to his professor, who, after examining me carefully, said: "See here, V., you tell me your father lives in Havana? Now I don't want to alarm you, but I have seen so much of this sort of thing that I most strongly urge you to pack the boy off to his father at once."

This was done, and I am persuaded that my brother again saved my life. And so again — Ho, for Cuba!

The hardening process having turned out so disastrously up North, I was now to try the softening process down South, and it worked like a charm, and soon restored me to perfect health.

My father sent me to his old friend, Dr. Fulano. In this town of Guanahai no one ever seemed to die — any more than I can avoid such poetic pit-falls when they come in my way. Don Fulano is the Cuban equivalent of our "Mr. What's-his-name." The doctor was a little, active, tough old boy, with a heart as large as his principles were broad. His real name was so common that one wondered why he wished to make it more so, — for he not only had a most numerous family in Havana, but had started another in Guanahai which bid fair to rival it. This was most "naturale," as the Italians say, for fancy what an upheaval it would have been to transfer a large family back and forth between these places. Much better start another, — which he did, and it was well under way when I arrived on the scene. He was on horseback all day, going his rounds, admonishing, administering, and helping everybody, and was the best-loved man in all those parts.

It was an easy-going place both in manners and customs. My bed was of rawhide, as smooth and hard and hollow as a Japanese lacquered bowl. You simply slid down to the middle of it, — the sheet became a rope under you and was discarded. A sheet, a pillow, and a mosquito-net formed the outfit. My dress was equally simple: a pair of trousers, a shirt worn outside, a pair of low canvas shoes, a sombrero. Add to these a pair of spurs, a handkerchief around the waist, another about the neck, another tied on the head, and the sombrero on top, and I was dressed for the day. I must not omit the long practical knife, thrust into the handkerchief at the waist. And the day consisted of a visit to

a coffee or sugar plantation, and the evening of sitting with chair tipped against the wall of my friend the apothecary his shop. That is — when I did not go a few houses beyond to sit and gaze into the eyes of Dolores.

Dolores was a little girl, but she had large dark eyes, — eyes that one could sit and wander and wonder and dream in. Yet through the most fantastic forms of the smoke through which I gazed, never did Dolores appear to me as she might appear in the years to come. For these little Cuban girls do sometimes get—very stout. No; my dream was a most perfect lollypop of a dream while it lasted. And now, gentle reader, do you think I don't think of Dolores with the most tender regret? I do. All was tender then, a tender green. And yet, I cling to this memory and "hover over it as the butterfly hovers over the perfume of a flower." Of course these dreams happily came to naught. Had it been otherwise, — what with the healthfulness of the climate and the easy-going habits of the place, I might now have been surrounded by a cloud of descendants, with not a drop to drink or a crust to eat. It was not a case of worm and damask cheek either, for there was no concealment about that little girl. She gazed back for all her heart was worth, and when I left, two hearts were wrung as one.

DOLORES

It may be noticed in these memories that girls frequently

happened. Let my reader skip such passages; *I* would not have skipped them for worlds.

At the apothecary's we used to sit of evenings with our chairs tipped against the wall; and I, being a rank Republican, sometimes preached freedom and rebellion, — to his great delight. But when I did that we had to retire indoors, where, after the good man had carefully looked up and down the street, he would come back, rub his hands, and tell me to go on. You see we lived in a country where a man might be thrown into prison for having a Bible in his possession, and there he would remain until most of his money was gone, — for that was what the prison was made for. I noticed that all the chair-legs were worn off at the bottom, both front and back: the back legs were easily explained by this constant tipping against the wall, but how the front legs became worn I could not make out, until I noticed that a chair was never lifted, but simply dragged from place to place. The language was also archaic. At a certain hour in the evening, my friend would remark: "For the love of God, bring me something to warm my tripe"; and the inevitable coffee, freshly made, was brought to us.

Yes, in a palm-thatched hut backed by banana trees, with a neatly swept space in front where the tethered game-cocks could crow defiance, — but not get at each other; with a few swinging hammocks and the eyes of Dolores to gaze into, I felt I might carry out the traditions of the place and live and not die, but gradually dry up and be blown away. From the hills back of the town one gazed over the vast stretch of the Vuelta Abajo, dotted with the royal palm, to Havana, glimmering bright and warm on its extreme edge. And from Havana, I was soon to be blown away North, with ever freshening and colder winds, again to enter that

mixture of pain and pleasure called Life; for Guanahai had been, and remains, but a dream.

Unfortunately we cannot have light without shade, in spite of dear old Fra Angelico's painting his heavenly abodes with as little shade as possible. Nor did Rembrandt exhaust all the possibilities of light and shade; for in the bright tropics there are many curious lights and shadows he never dreamed of, and no picture

FROM GUANAHAI

would be true of that clime if they were left out. So under the sombrero, no matter what the complexion of the wearer, at times could be seen many a dark and anxious look. Things on the outside were mostly bright and pleasant.

Owing to the temperament of the people and the temperature of the climate, families were interminable, and these would troop to the Plaza at night to hear the music — father and mother, eldest sons and daughters, down to little chaps, even the smallest in tail-coats and silk hats. Father and mother last of all, the rest in front — for they always kept an eye on the family. Even in

the house it was the same arrangement. From the high and grated windows the chairs went from the large rocking-chairs of the grandparents down through arm-chairs, chairs, and little chairs, in which they sat and smoked and talked, while the eldest daughter of the house stood in the angle of the window and talked with the permitted or engaged one — never alone with him, owing to the high temperature of the climate. And then — the dancing; the yearning, passionate music of the *habañeros*, and the perfect time shuffled out by feet never taken from the floor, and seemingly never weary. No wonder I waltz to this day.

But, given a jealous and vindictive mistress and a fair mulatto maid, and Hell had nothing worse to offer. The relation of master and slave in the town was pleasant. When some one of the family came North, a present had to be provided for each one at home — all the relatives and the family had to be remembered, down to the last little pickaninny. In the country the blacks were mere cattle, and the American, Scotch or English overseer saw to it that every bit of work they were capable of was duly extracted, from men and women alike.

And then the Government! For instance: no Cuban could be a fisherman — only old sailors of the Spanish Navy had that privilege. The Spaniard was not rewarded in his native country or given a pension, but was sent to Cuba, where, like a leech, he filled himself full and dropped off, or was gently removed, and another put in his stead. If you rebelled, you were sent to a place where the climate settled the business between you and the Government—inevitably in favour of the Government. In Havana, in the time of the filibusters, in a café under the Tacon Theatre, they drank confusion to the Americanos out of a cup made from the skull of one of the poor devils they had killed.

These were Spaniards; but I dare say the Cubans would have been as bad.

Now this about Americans: to them we are *the* Americans; they are Cubanos, Mexicanos, or Brazilianos, etc. Now when they come to Europe they call themselves Americans, in speaking to the Europeans, but remain among themselves as they were before, and will, I think, remain so for a long time to come.

HUTS AT GUANAHAI

Tom, my brother's boy, was a splendid fellow, and loved us with all his heart. He used to row on the launches, after my father sold him, and was so strong that he could break the heavy oars, when he pleased, by a sudden pull. In Matanzas, the ships lie in the offing and everything is brought in or taken out over the shallow bar in these launches. He finally became a skilful cooper, and was much loved by his master, and made lots of money. Once, with his earnings, he escaped to an American ship, when the captain, after taking all his money, threatened to give him up; he jumped overboard and swam ashore, and was for-

given by his master. When he had made enough money to buy his freedom, he fell in love with a yellow girl, and she, after spending it all, bestowed her favours on another. Poor Tom did not avenge himself; he simply drooped, fell sick, and died of a broken heart. His master closed the establishment that day and gave Tom a fine funeral at his own expense, and all the workmen attended. I saw him often before that, and made him learn my sure address in New York, and he promised to do his best to escape and come to me. You see how he failed. Had he succeeded, I might have had him with me now, and with him the most affectionate heart in the world, and have done something to take the curse off of that blood-money.

My father used to tell me of a time when the Negroes had become so rich as to excite the cupidity of the Spaniards, and a fictitious rumour of an insurrection of the slaves was started. Now nothing in a slave country is so much dreaded as that, and under pretext of stamping it out, they shot and whipped the money out of them. When you heard a volley of musketry from over the river, you knew that a line of poor wretches fell and were hurried into a long trench and covered up, alive or dead; and the sound of the whip was so incessant that my father had to close all the doors and windows to keep it out. Light and shade are very marked in the Tropics.

It would be somewhat embarrassing to explain the action of my Guardian Angel or angels about this time, for there may have been two — a good one and a bad one. If so, the bad one egged me on to do things which the good one thought necessary to correct by the most drastic measures. In fact, the good one was a most strenuous being, and applied remedies out of all proportion to the disease. And all this is on the supposition that there are

such beings. Perhaps I bother more about them than they do about me. At any rate, I returned to New York, not only restored to health, but in such lively health that I felt a strong propensity to flirt, for (as I have said about drink) there was much flirting in those days.

This must have been in 1856, for I find in my list of sales that my copy of Wilkie's Blind Fiddler, made from an engraving at Matteson's, had been sent on to Matanzas and sold at a raffle — I imagine the only way of disposing of it. By the way, some one said that the colours were the same as in the original picture. This person must have had a good memory for colour, or perhaps he only said so. At this time I painted a picture of a ship, a splendid "clipper," taken from one of those pictures that used to hang on the walls of the offices down-town.

My first order was from my old school-master, Brinkerhoff, and I find that this sale swelled my income until it amounted for the year to the sum of fifty dollars. Thus encouraged, my father kept on with my artistic education. I also painted a portrait of my friend Ben, in which I thought I had succeeded in the shadow cast by a broad-brimmed hat on his honest features. And, in my way, I studied hard, and also commenced a diary, in which I gave a long account of how my work was interrupted by a stye on my eyelid. It is lucky that I discontinued it, for commencing so young, it would not only have rivalled Pepys's, but gone him several volumes better — or worse.

But be that as it may, in pursuance of my scheme of study I frequented the old Dusseldorf Gallery in Broadway, and then noticed how peculiarly well adapted it was to the carrying-out of a combined scheme of flirtation and study. The Gallery had been named the "Lovers' Tryst," from the fact that an indifferent

public left "the banquet-hall deserted," or almost so, and that the pictures on projecting screens made secluded spots of which fond lovers soon availed themselves. Thus when I took to trysting there, as the consequence of making the acquaintance of a very pretty girl opposite Ben's, I found that I was not a Columbus, or the "first who ever burst into that silent sea." I may note that this trysting serves to explain why I was not more influenced by the Dusseldorf School, and also shows how I neglected my opportunities — I mean artistic opportunities. How I made the acquaintance of the pretty girl is only another instance of Love laughing at Blacksmiths — but the main thing is that I did meet her, and that all things were slowly drawing to a head when the Angel stepped in, and administered what I have always considered an overdose, as you shall judge. In justice to the Angel I will say that there had lately happened in our vicinity the case of a boy who, while yet going to school, married a girl much older than himself. When it was found out, there was the deuce to pay — in view of which perhaps the Angel was right; but he or she need not have been quite so rude. And so it came about that I went shooting, and got shot. By particular request I give the story.

It happened in this way. Wishing to revisit the scene of many happy days, I went to Moriches; but Mr. Parsons having passed away, and alas! also the fair Hannah, I found I could not go to that part of the town after all, but stopped in West Moriches, and, it being the season of snipe, went snipe-shooting. I have always thought that, being fated to be shot, it would have somehow been nobler had the game been the surly bear, or the antlered deer; but no — it had to be the inoffensive and slender-legged snipe. This is humiliating, but it is the fact.

We went over to the land side of the beach, and on the edge of the salt "mash" put out the wooden decoys. We were in a skiff and a scow, the one a sail-boat, the other was rowed or paddled. Now it so happened that there was a man with us from Philadelphia who wore spectacles. This in itself is nothing against him, as our President, at the time I write, a mighty hunter, wears them; but one is so particular about being shot — I wish he had n't. We noticed his way was to leave the hammers of his gun down; when game came up, he half-cocked the gun, and at the last moment fully cocked it. The danger of this habit was pointed out to him; that anything might lift the hammer a little, which falling back on the cap the gun would be discharged. The others being old sportsmen, he was persuaded, and half-cocked his double-barrelled gun. The boats were close together — I alone in the scow. The snipe were coming up through the fog, and we were whistling for them. It was then he must have, from habit, half-cocked his gun, as he thought, and then it was fully cocked, his fingers on the triggers, and he mooning about through his spectacles. I was crouched down ready for the birds, when he turned his gun full on me and — bang! — off it went. My gun was knocked clean out of my hands, and my left arm, stunned, as if by the blow of a sledge-hammer, hung powerless by my side.

Well, what was done was done, and I had to see to doing what was next to do. I made them take a handkerchief, and with a thole-pin from the scow made a tourniquet. Some one felt faint at the sight of so much blood, but I, feeling no great pain and always being a "city-chap," put on airs, and directed everything with the utmost coolness. The great thing was to get to a doctor. Having used a thole-pin for the tourniquet, the scow had to be paddled, the boat being too heavy, and so two of the fellows got

in and paddled for dear life towards shore. The funny always comes in. I felt that I might be bleeding to death, and while sorry for the poor fellows, knowing how important it was to get to the doctor as soon as possible, feeling faint yet in no great pain, I would now and then fetch a heavy groan, when, without turning, the good boys would renew their efforts and cause me to giggle under the coat thrown over me. Of course I was a sight: the bloody arm, — trousers torn and bloody from a wound in the leg, — two little touches just under my nose, — and a lot of shot in my right hand, which are there to this day, made me an interesting sight.

But the airs I put on! On nearing the shore I asked: "Who is that man loading that waggon with seaweed"? — "Deacon So-and-So." — "Now, boys, you see if he has n't some excuse for not helping me." And sure enough: "Wall, you see I've just loaded up, and there's Smith over there's got a team; he can hitch up in no time." I told him to go to the Devil and let me bleed to death — that I might have known he was one of those pious chaps. You see I was a young reprobate then and knew no better. He was shamed and hustled out the seaweed, and on the springless cart I was jogged off to the doctor's, and never thought to give the deacon that quarter which would enable him to look back to the incident with resignation. The doctor was off on his rounds, but the kind wife and pretty daughter were filled with pity. Feeling yet no pain, the airs continued. So, begging pardon for making my first call in such a condition, I had them bring me the doctor's books and found out the first treatment for gunshot wounds, and then was taken to the inn where I was stopping. I ought to say boarding-house, store, and gun-shop, for it was all these. Then I sent off for my brother in New York. The wife

of the Philadelphian who shot me was a perfect little angel as a nurse, while he must have suffered more than I did, for was not I a hero, while he was a person held in little esteem just then.

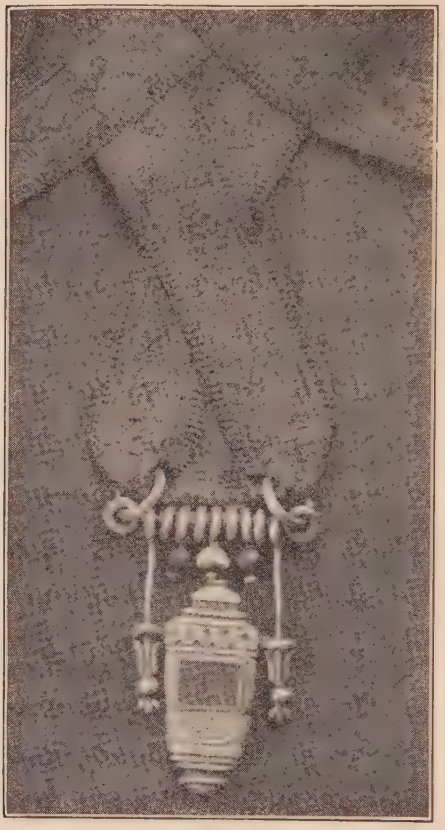
The old doctor was for cutting off my arm, but I did not encourage him and used bad language. But when the pain set in, a great many of my airs departed, and things getting worse instead of better, with arm on a pillow, I was gotten to New York and to the house of the ever kind D's. Here my wise medical brother concluded he did not know as much as he supposed he did, and brought his professor to see me — Dr. Parker, the father of my friend Mrs. D. Stimson, whose husband the doctor is one of my very best remaining friends. The Professor found that the main artery had been touched and an aneurism formed, and said it must be seen to at once, and so the next morning it was tied. The recovery was slow and I am not free from pain in my left arm to this day. It has always been, after a pause — "How lucky it was your left arm!" In the case of my friend Butler, they did not say that, on seeing his empty right-arm sleeve, but thought it — not knowing he had always been left-handed. I would not have written this long, tiresome account, had it not been by particular request, and I am glad it is off my mind once and for all. After this I made a visit to my father in Matanzas, and on coming North, Ben and I left for Europe, my arm yet in a sling.

I have said I made a visit to Matanzas; this giving me a chance to digress, I may as well do so and get that, like the shooting, off my mind also.

While in Matanzas I went fishing, but found that was the one thing I could not do with only one hand. I could dress myself, and even tie my cravat by the aid of my teeth — but not fish.

I tried holding the slack of the line in my mouth as I hauled it in, but it did not work.

Yet I did make with one hand a little amulet in silver. It was to enshrine some little token, — some remembrance of my mother; but finding my heart made a better shrine, I never used the little amulet for that purpose. I give an illustration of it to show what can be done with one hand, and will also tell of a little incident in regard to it. I found that I could not make more than the body, so had the handles and other things I had designed made for me in Rome. This was done so clumsily that it is perfectly evident those things are of a different date, as was proved on my showing the amulet to two of the best old antiquarians in Rome at that time — Odelli and Depolletti — who both declared that the body was of old Arab workmanship, but that the "finimenti" were modern restorations. As I find this is going to be a famous batch of digressions, I may as well interpolate a little one apropos of amulets.



AMULET

In the old days we used to play innocent games of cards in

which all could join, and when I was unsuccessful I used always to get one of my Japanese nitchkas, which I called an amulet, and it did indeed seem to give me luck; so much so that Stillman, the famous correspondent, one evening as he joined the game said, "I'll play, but I won't have any of those *damulets*" — a neat way of indicating in one word the object, and his opinion of it.

I will now try to go fishing again, and if I do not interrupt myself, may succeed. In fact I did go fishing, but it was like the man's fishing who said the fishing was good, but he did n't catch any fish.

In going to the fishing-grounds we drifted along the coast in the dark, warm tropic night, kept from going ashore by the land breeze, which came off to us laden with the strong smell of earth, and the odour of the flowers, the air tremulous with the thrilling of thousands of tree-toads, sounding like innumerable silver sheep-bells. The starry sky was mirrored in the sea below, so we seemed between two skies, except when below the wave a phosphorescent track, like a shooting star, marked where some big fish was chasing a smaller one; for while all seemed peace, and in the mind of a lone boy thoughts akin to worship arose, in Nature all about him it was pitiless war; and death kept pace with life. This was impressed on me one day by a vision of sudden death which I have never forgotten.

I was following the padron, who was casting his net. We were wading in the clear water waist-deep, when I saw something on the bottom and called him back to look at it. It seemed a vigorous mass of vitality, of a rich velvet brown, and had large eyes. The padron at once tore it up from off the rocks, and it as quickly enlaced his arm with its tentacles. This did not seem to concern

him, for he managed to get at the under side of the animal and fumbling at its very vitals brought it to his mouth and gave it a quick, sharp bite. At once over this rich brown live thing, spreading to the end of its arms, passed an ashy pallor; the arms fell limply off, and he threw the dead thing into the basket at his back.

All was peaceful on the little island of Mono Grande. The shore was strewn with broken conch-shells, where the fishermen had feasted. A few black crosses marked where the consumptives of Cardenas mouldered away — the result of their last try for life. From a point near by the pelicans rose in clouds, or streamed off in long lines to fish. Yes, all was peaceful. I know of nothing in Art that more perfectly gives the feeling of these scenes than a sketch by La Farge of some island in the South Seas. It represents a little island, a mere patch of green; a man with a spear is wading out from it through the tranquil shallow water — and that is all, except that it is all light and floats in the very shimmer of a tropic day. We, in a like shimmer, could look down through the clear water and see on the bottom the blackened ribs of the burnt slaving schooners, burnt after landing their wretched cargoes. This was a discordant note, but not to the eye — to the eye all was God's peace.

While in Matanzas I had two dreams which I think are worth recording. I do so diffidently, as I know that the dreams of one person are not very interesting to another — in fact, tiresome. There is such a thing as skipping, however, which might here come in very well.

How such dreams are affected by the state of the body when they take place is shown by the following one which I had just after returning from my excursion with the fisherman, and while my wounded arm was yet in a sling.

I dreamed that I was floating in a light skiff on a southern summer sea among little green coral islands. Stretched out on the bottom of the skiff I floated peacefully, lulled by the rippling water and fanned by a gentle breeze. All was in a golden haze; but this thickened gradually, the wind increased, and when at last the boat grounded on a beach all was dark and grey. There stood in the dim light a girlish figure. She was beautiful but sad, and as I gazed into her eyes and kissed the passive mouth, two great tears coursed down her cheeks. It became darker; the waves washed over my feet; the wind began to howl; I knew not where I was, but the girl took my hand and commenced leading me through the now invading waves. Soon the hand became hard and grasped me so firmly that I was in pain; and the wind became a tempest. The waves rose higher, and the hand became of iron and dragged me through the storm, and the nails of it seemed growing into my flesh as I was whirled along. It became too horrible to stand, and I awoke and found I was lying on my wounded arm and my hand was burning like a coal.

Again I found myself in a kind of cell or tomb, under a mountain of granite which must have been at least five miles high, and I thought, "This is the end; there is no hope; escape is impossible; compose yourself and die decently. But what is the use of how you die? God himself cannot find you here. The sound of the last trump cannot reach you here." And the roof was descending, I could feel it within a few inches of my face. "I am lost! What can I do? — Fool! there is only one way of escape — you must wake up and save yourself!" And with all the strength of my being I made a last desperate effort and burst through one seeming awakening after another, until I awoke and was saved. Had

I not made that last great effort, I believe I should have been found dead in my bed.

Was that granite mountain a Welsh Rabbit? They usually think so, but do you know, I am constantly meeting men and women who come and go and are more vague to me than that dream. Thinner than dreams — quite unsubstantial — the mere stuffing of life — saw-dust. Perhaps I am that to them.

I now go North again, and have always wondered if the Angel did not hasten my departure somewhat — for there was a girl! This girl, or maid, or lady's companion, had been left stranded in Matanzas, and father had taken her and was waiting for an opportunity to ship her back to the North. She was a young, weak, lachrymose thing, always weeping over her separation from a young man somewhere in Maine. Of course it was my duty to comfort her, which I did so effectually that soon I began to find little bits of poetry under my pillow on retiring — and such poetry! This was more than I bargained for, especially as the weeping was kept up, the cause now being unrequited affection — hopeless love — disparity of position — all set forth in verse into which she dropped as naturally as she did into tears. It was high time I left, and I did leave. Pity is akin to love — yes, it was time I left — fortunately alone.

Here is richness! Here is a letter from my old friend Ben — Ben of the Quaint Legends — Benjamin Day. Here is one who also can open a little window into the Past; he cometh at the eleventh hour, to be sure, but he bringeth his little harvest, and what I forget, he remembers, and vice versa. I am glad to see he has no better memory for dates than I have. He belongs to the Quaint Legends, Paris the First Time, and to the Struggle — War-Time — and his letter hops all over the place, so that

like Brian O'Lin, I shall have to put him in the middle, and while the reader can yet remember something of the Legends. In fact, so far as legends go, I might turn them over to Ben with no great loss to the reader and a saving of trouble to myself. But I cannot resist putting my oar in occasionally in the form of

BENJAMIN DAY

notes; this I hesitate the less in doing as I have seen it done lately by a very great man whose business it is to make books. And, by the way, I have remarked a singular thing in these books about great people, — people who once lived in Boston, London, and Rome, — that none of them when young ever flirted; now we did; however, "I make no comment." Ben, after telling of his sorrows, — and he has had fearful ones,

dear old boy! — says that he is now like an old tree with tender clinging vines to cheer and enliven it, and that his last eleven years have been most happy; and then proceeds: —

"My earliest recollections of our boyhood days hike back to the old Dutch-roofed home in East New York, adjoining Bedford. Regularly every Friday, after school, I was on my way to spend Saturday and Sunday with you. How well I remember those halcyon days; the walk up the lane of trees, the welcome of Cottorita the parrot, with her 'Quien tai es?' (is that right?) the beautiful old tree from which her cage hung, then the joyous bark of Jack, the welcome of Grandpa and Grandma Vedder, and of Aunt Caister, with the usual enquiries about Aunt Eveline, my mother. How quickly you and I got busy with our projects for a day's tramp in the adjoining woods, where you were the wild Indian and I the early settler. Then our search for Indian relics in what we supposed were Indian mounds, the digging we did, and our return home after a hard day's work, to go to bed under the low, sheltering roof of the attic and be lulled to sleep by the patter of the raindrops on the shingles. Ah me! was there ever such joy as you and I felt in the very act of living! — Such schemes for future wealth as were conceived in those boyhood days, for you may remember that I earned my pocket-money by painting show-cards, and that you were absorbed in a japanning process; cutting out slices of mother-of-pearl, embedding them on a thick surface of Japan varnish, baking them in Grandma's oven, much to her disgust, and afterwards rubbing them to a smooth surface with pumice-stone and water, to be subsequently painted and gilded into dreams of beauty. I shall never forget the trouble we had with the *real* gold-leaf, for you *did* allow me to help you.

"Marshall Ibbotson had a shop in his father's barn at Bedford; he had tools. You and I there learned how to make trap-cages, for Marshall let us have a try at it. Shortly afterwards you secured a prize in an old spring clock, and we built a steamboat (or clock-boat) and launched her in a pond near by. She had a toy cannon and fired a salute that nearly swamped her. [Here Ben forgets the attack on a fort by the fleet of which I was the Admiral, and how he was shot in the leg by the cannon, thus making it like a real fight; and the fun of getting out the shot with a penknife.]

"We then turned our attention to a skate-boat. It was finally built of three boards, and a bean-pole for a mast. Our greatest trouble was in securing an old sheet for a sail, and I remember we could not wait for the ice to get firm enough to hold our weight and so in our first venture, as I sat in the front holding up the mast, you saw the ice getting humpy and yelled to me to jump, at the same time jumping yourself and leaving the boat to steer itself, which it did, circling in various directions, and finally lowered me gently up to my neck in ice-water, and then went pirouetting out of our reach, leaving me incased in an armour of ice, and you wildly anxious about the recovery of Grandma's sheet.

" It was about this time, in '53, that Alexander and you and I went on a fishing venture to Canarsie and got stuck in the middle of Rockaway Bay, and only got loose at eleven P. M., when we made for the beach and secured a night's lodging in a fisherman's inn built on piles. You will recall the fish-stories we heard during the balance of the night, the long rooms with the beds on the floor, where the weary sailors lay stretched, our bath in the ocean next morning, our bill — 18 cents each: supper, 6; lodging, 6; breakfast, 6 — which I like to recall in contrast with the cost

of present outings. I was never good on remembering dates, never kept a journal, hence the kaleidoscopic impressions I am giving you; but I think it was about this time that the home in Clinton Avenue was on the tapis, and your architectural ideas first developed, and the quasi-Gothic cottage was in vogue; we were both full of it, and plan after plan was drawn and discussed, but whether your plans were approved and carried out, I don't remember. It was probably this effort that led to your going into an architect's office — was n't Snooks the name?

[Here he forgets the great part my dear mother took in the planning of the house. The architects were Shugg and Beers — although I admit that Snooks is good.]

"Then you went to Sherbourne, to Matteson, where you met Purdy and Joe Rhodes; Joseph Lemuel with the religious father, whom the son silenced with his clipping album about minister. I made you a visit there of some weeks and was stung with the artistic microbe which finally led to my trip to Paris with you in 1856. That I will always remember, as well as the fun we all had in Sherbourne with the canal-boat, and old stage-coach, and the dear lassies, the Sherbourne band, etc., etc. Have you forgotten the forty-mile walk to Utica to hear Ole Bull play, and the arrival dead tired an hour after the concert was over? The habit of exaggerating recollections to cater to the lovers of the marvellous sometimes interferes with their exactitude; perhaps we never got there; I am in doubt about it.

[We did get there in time, although I had forgotten that he was along. It must have been so, for I remember the flashing of a diamond in the butt of Ole Bull's bow.]

"Put this down as a fact; we sailed from N. Y. to Havre in June, 1856, on the Barcelona, with a screw-propeller, and a

tendency to roll that was exasperating to a weak stomach. An eighteen days' trip on a sea as smooth as glass, with no ice at the end of the sixth day, after which it required the finest skill of the French cook to disguise the tainted flavour of the food. Here we met Janin, père, with his two sons whom he was taking to Paris for their studies, the little English Captain, with his joke about the Countess who was ill, etc., etc.

[The little English Captain's name was Mortalman, and the seasick Countess was represented by an orange, a bottle, and a napkin. This after-dinner trick I improved on by substituting a seltzer syphon for the bottle, which comes in magnificently at the psychological moment. Jules Janin was always receiving the letters of the great Jules Janin, to the latter's disgust.]

"The game of Lansquenet that went on in the cabin with the expert French officers and the rich(?) Young Americans; our arrival in Paris; our rooms; yours and mine a long narrow room, with our rich friend Joe in a swell room adjoining, in the Rue Neuve Pigalle, Montmartre. Your discovery at two o'clock in the morning of Rhodes' middle name, and our calling him at Seven A. M. in unison, — 'Joseph Lemuel! Wake up!' That reminds me that later, when you came on for the Fair, while at my home in Hoboken we were talking about quite other matters, when you suddenly said, 'Ben! I know what caused those mounds.' — 'What?' I asked, knowing at once what you meant. — 'Why, trees that had been blown over and have left only their rotted stumps.'

[It was also the great mass of earth lifted out of the ground by the roots — leaving always an unexplained fosse on one side of the mysterious mound. Rooms at first in Notre Dame de Lorette, afterwards Rue Pigalle.]

"Here is a synopsis of what is to come if of use to you. Cutting out Hal, Jule Very, Hen Brown and your brother, by means of an arrow and spool of thread, and sending messages by means thereof to the girls across the way in St. Mark's Place. Imitation silk stockings were painted on our bare feet encased in patent-leather pumps rivalling our wealthy seniors."

The sequel of establishing communications with the girls opposite I tell under the heading of the "Lover's Tryst," but there is another sequel; it is that Ben and I, who thought we were so clever, found a piece of music in the girls' parlour from one of the big boys, showing that they also had not been idle. How did we get into the house on the footing of callers? Nothing more simple. The girls brought a friend to the Dusseldorf Gallery, and after introducing him, he in turn introduced us to the family in due form.

As to the wonderful painted stockings, they were a great success, but were only worn one evening, and the colours fortunately did not run.

THE DEMON OF NOTRE DAME

CHAPTER V

Europe — First Time

1856

INTRODUCTION — THE VOYAGE — PARIS — ATELIER PICOT — WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN — THE FIGHT — ON THE WAY TO ROME — A LINK.

And now before the boy starts out with his nice watch and his new trunk (I have it yet) for Europe the first time, the Old Man would say that there are two lives we lead; in one, we may be thrashing cannibals or be eaten by them in our efforts to convert them to Christianity; we may be frizzling in the Tropics, or freezing in the Arctic Circle and eating up the poor dogs who have helped us to the last; but wherever we are, there is another life, the life of thought, which goes on incessantly and which may have — even in a tranquil studio — its adventures, its successes, its burdens, or its humiliating failures. And it is rather this last life the Old Man dwells on, perhaps to the exclusion of much that would interest those who want to know more about that lively and heated period called Youth. I think a little careful reading between the lines will discover traces enough of that time all through these Digressions, — at least a proper proportion of it. In fact, if I keep on I may come to a period which might properly be called that of Old Boyhood; it sounds well and I may use it as a heading. But some-

how, in the foregoing I have not said what I started out to say. A friend has just remarked that he wants to see more detail, more about everything. What am I to do, with a memory like mine? And then what am I to do about my fear of degenerating into mere prattle? It is a fear I cannot overcome.

"But V., what do you call prattle?"

"Just what I've been writing."

With a new gold watch, a new trunk, and a pocket well supplied with money, Ben and I started for Havre, en route for Paris. Rhodes, a former student with me at Matteson's, left by the same steamer and we three became inseparable. My good father saw me off — told me to be careful and particularly to avoid duels. Now the first thing which occurred was an offer at one. Some Cubans were at the same table, and one next me made a pellet of bread, and throwing it at a companion who sat opposite, struck him on the side of the nose. His friend was looking away at the time, but turning suddenly, his eye fell on me, and seeing that I was laughing, he thought that I had thrown it, and picking up a loaf of bread would have thrown it at me, had I not seized a bottle with which I would inevitably have returned the compliment. However, the thing stopped there, and the Cuban who began it having explained all, his friend felt rather cheap, while all thought I had shown a proper spirit. As usual, I did not think anything. Had he thrown the bread I would have thrown the bottle, and that was all there was to it.

It is needless to say how interested I was as we drew near shore, or how I compared the little stout dumpy pilot-boat with our own trim schooners, little thinking how misleading first impressions are. I could see the dumpy, but I could not see how

PARIS SKETCHES

perfectly adapted they were to the choppy sea of the British Channel. Pity that a dumpy stomach is not also adapted to that beastly bit of water. This as to the first impressions.

Please remember that I am seeing the *Then* with the eyes of *Now* all through these reminiscences. At Rouen I saw my first cathedral. It was twilight and I gazed with hushed awe at the real thing and not a picture. That impression has never needed revision.

A friend yesterday went to Tivoli. "Well," I said, "you will see the lovely little temple and also that quintessence of romance, the Villa d'Este, but I don't think you can crowd in the Villa Hadrian with profit." — "Oh, yes, starting early. I am only seeking impressions." That may be all very well about things, but about people and manners and customs it is quite another matter.

I don't know that I look back on that eight months' stay in Paris with unmingled satisfaction, nor do I remember its moral effects, — at least I did not get an impression of much morality, but well remember that I cut a wisdom-tooth there which I have to this day. Strange how we change both in body and mind, and yet how a wisdom-tooth will linger in the system unchanged.

The first thing I did was to lose all my money. This happened on a trip to Versailles. On coming back we went the rounds searching for it, and I wrote to the Mayor of Versailles without much hope, but received a prompt reply saying that my pocket-book was awaiting my orders. I went there and after generously feeing the waiter in the restaurant who had found it, came back, right glad to escape so cheaply.

We took an entresol in the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette and

set up housekeeping, from motives of economy. We found that the dear little old woman we had hired to take care of the rooms was an excellent cook and we had dinners "mighty merry," and even invited guests. One of them was a young fellow studying mathematics. He was a water-drinker. Once, when he dined

with us, late in the dinner we found his place vacant. He had modestly slipped under the table. By his place was found one of those tall earthenware Curaçoa bottles, empty. When he came to, he said that, finding a sweet syrup much to his taste, he had continued tasting until the inevitable result took place.

Here the pace became too fast for our funds, and I then remembered my father's injunction as to taking care; and thinking it unsafe to go about with such a nice new gold watch, I

placed it for safe-keeping in the hands of my aunt, as they say in Paris. We then moved up to Montmartre near by, up by the windmills, and afterwards to the Latin Quarter. From thence I left for Italy.

But while water was running under the bridges of Paris, in the meantime grass was not growing under our feet, for we at once found out that in the Atelier Picot more *grands prix de Rome* had been won than in any other, so we went there and were admitted. The instruction consisted in a little old man with a decoration coming twice a week and saying to each one of us, "*Pas mal! Pas mal!*" and going away again. But we got instruction from the older students, got it hot and heavy and administered in the most sarcastic way.

Who can tell of the workings of Fate or foretell anything? Had I fallen in with some of the American students of Couture, I might have gone there and gotten over a faithful but fiddling little way of drawing which hangs around me yet, "unbeknownst," or I might have said in later years with a most talented friend of mine, "I wish to God I could get rid of that cut-and-dried Beaux-Arts style." All that is past remedy. I was only in Paris eight months, drawing from plaster casts, and left because Rhodes left, — and I wanted to see Italy.

Yes, but about the Atelier and the Latin Quarter? Why in the Atelier I had the great fight, and in the Latin Quarter — but first about the fight, and before that the *milieu*.

Picot's Atelier was an old and renowned one. As to the manners and customs they were like the savages — "they had no manners and the customs were beastly." When some gentlemen called asking an interview with M. Picot, he was received with the most exquisite politeness, told to be seated, and after a great

amount of consultation was invited to follow the massier into the presence, and was shown into anything but the presence of the master. In the meantime a dab of Prussian blue was placed in his hat where it would come in contact with his forehead. Of course the victim left amid howls of derision, and the Prussian blue then kept up the merry tale.

This Prussian blue is the most subtle and invading colour on the palette. It is like those articles marked "made in Germany," and goes everywhere. It was the cause of the ruder manifestations of French "esprit" being abandoned in the Atelier Picot. This was the tradition. A nouveau one day was stripped, tied to a ladder, painted all over with Prussian blue, and then set out in the street, leaning against a wall. One can easily imagine how the police went into the matter, and one acquainted with Prussian blue can imagine how they came out. The whole quarter must have been tinged with it.

In all the mischief of the studio there were three leading spirits. One, Le Roux, was about as handsome a figure of a man as I have ever seen. He, as a treat, used now and then to strip and show us how fine the human form can be. Another was De Courcy. He was the mischief-maker, and Cousin was an able third. Now on Saturday afternoon, late, there took place the main shindy of the week. All the chairs and stools were piled up into as high a pyramid as could be constructed, and then all retiring to the door a stool was hurled at the pile and the door shut and we stood listening to hear the awful row as everything came down with a crash.

It was also the custom just before this to roll up our blouses into hard balls, and commence pelting each other, seeking to catch the unwary. I was drawing from a cast of the torso of

the Laocoön, all encumbered with drawing-board, chair and stool in front, when I got a hard ball on the back of my neck. I looked around and there was Cousin scowling at me. Of course I sent back the ball, when he jumped at me and commenced kicking at me and going on "real ridiculous." I freed myself from the hampering chairs and my arm from its sling, and watching a good chance amid his wild and inefficient blows, planted a good one on his nose. The blood spurted like a fountain and seemed to bring things to a standstill. My blood also, though not out was up, and so walking to the stove I picked up the poker and said to the assembly: "See here, play is play. I will do just what you do, but if any fellow kicks at me I will kill him with this! Now translate that, will you, damn you!" This very polite request was addressed to Benasses, who understood English. De Courcy explained that he had told Cousin that I intended to thrash him. Now Cousin was the most quarrelsome man there, but was also a first-rate fellow. After the explanation, we made up, and all repairing to a neighbouring café, we sealed a bond of eternal friendship in a bowl of punch.

Years afterwards Cousin came to my studio in the Via Margutta, and after an affectionate embrace he asked me if I did not want to buy all his sketching outfit, for he said no Frenchman ought to be painting while a Prussian was on the soil of France, and off he went to the war. He had just come up from Capri, and I was told that there also he had received his usual blow on the nose in some row at Pagano's. The handsome Le Roux had both legs shot off in the war and I have lost sight of the third of the trio. I found the other day a drawing with dark stains on it. Those stains were the dry gore of poor Cousin.

But the Latin Quarter? The grisette was still alive in my day, and I believe (much as things have changed) is now as lively as ever. You will find all about her in Trilby. This little drawing may have been Trilby, only her name was Clara, and perhaps Ben may have been Little Billee. You must ask Ben, — or perhaps you had better not. It is long ago: a dream which I will leave "undeveloped." Rhodes was a kind of Svengali. He

CLARA

was also the rich one of the party. I have forgotten to say that Ben, having a few words more of French than the rest of us, did the translating and became at once a proficient in French — Latin-Quarter French. Here I may as well conclude my account of this short period by quoting from Ben's letter. Ben writes: —

"There is no need of my referring to Picot and Couture and our life in the studio in the Rue Blanche; you must have all that pat. Perhaps you have forgotten Joe's Venus of Milo drawing and the skilful flitting of a palette full of paint across it by Jervais, and the interrupted battle that ensued."

[Joe's drawing may have been stained with paint, but my drawing of the Laocoön was stained with the blood of Cousin, and the fight was my fight. Had it been Ben's fight he would have remembered it better.]

"Do you remember Le Roux, Denassit, Uhlman, Joncière, Levy, Couturier, De Courcy, Henner from Marseilles, Michel, and the other boys in the Rue Blanche, with the Barrière wall opposite the studio, where recalcitrant nouveaux were tied to ladders set up against this wall?"

[Of course I can't remember much about all this, as I was only there eight months and was drawing from casts when I left. Contrast this with my friend Will Low's four or five years. For my part, I did not meet with those paragons of all the Christian virtues told of by some writers — I dare say my stay was too short; and my luck has been equally bad in Italy, where I have met only human beings.]

"I cannot remember when and how I was left alone in Paris, but I think you went from there to Italy. I have met W.'s daughter in Hague, N. Y. You must remember W., who used to brush

both your clothes and mine alternately when we all kept house in the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette; he was near-sighted and mistook ours for his own clothes. You cannot have forgotten our cook and our lost family cat, with the subsequent pièce de resistance in the shape of a rabbit; nor the solid apple-dumplings that I think I inflicted on the family. But I must shut down, I am tired, so tired trying to pump up fading memories."

[I had forgotten the French culinary miracle of the translation of the cat, and its apotheosis in the form of a rabbit.]

Fate, the stupidity of drawing from casts, the roving instinct and the opportunity, and Rhodes's need of a companion combined — drew me to Italy. It is impossible not to ask what would have happened had I stayed in Paris — and it remains always a question without an answer.

Before I forget it, I must say here that Rhodes told me of a great picture he was going to paint and showed me a pencil-sketch of it. And so I said good-bye to Ben, and to many others. Poor old good-byes! How old they are! And to think that most of them were for ever!

Here I must cut out a lot of things. We were going to walk from Nice to Genoa. Our trunks were sent to Rome, and we felt that gypsy-like freedom of the knapsack and the stout staff. From Nice commences the happy hunting-ground of Murray, and I leave him in possession, — only we had the chance of seeing Nature when she seemed least to expect us, at all hours of the day and night, and it was delightful; and so was Rome: the long hours in the Colosseum by moonlight, and especially the twilight passed on the great piers of the Baths of Caracalla. The fallen masonry formed such great heaps that the door of the

THE BATHS OF CARACALLA

staircase by which we ascended is now halfway up one of these piers. The levels above were one mass of flowers, and the mosaic pavement up there could have been gathered by the bushel. But ever was this feeling — see all you can, for you will never see it again! And now to think of the long years I have spent here. It just shows what puppets we are, and yet I don't deny the Guardian Angel. I sometimes seem to hear wings and feel a faint stirring of the air and an odour of flowers. Are these only things of the past?

P.S. I like postscripts: what would a parting be without its parting injunctions, or a Lady's letter without its P.S.? And by the way, there is a Lady in this one, for it was precisely along this road from Nice to Genoa that I took (on my second coming to Europe) a preliminary canter ending in matrimony — but that was strictly my affair. However, see "Paris and propinquity" and you will know all about it.

A Link uniting many things. Writing these things as I made the drawings for the Omar, — all over the book at one time, as it were, — writing narrative, anecdote, or prattling as

the spirit moves, I find I come to gaps which must be bridged over, or links inserted to give some slight semblance of continuity; and thus the narrative portion — at times swelling up from the pressure of the divine afflatus or subsiding when the spirit of duty has the cry — resembles an undulating country over which I trust we may stroll pleasantly, especially if the fair goddess Fun deigns to be our company. This looks like one of those prologues written for the "well-trod stage," only I fear in this case Jonson's learned sock is not on, but only common white canvas shoes with rope soles, — yet well adapted to the wearer, the rocky soil of Capri, and the Theme.

But about the Link? Here it is. From Rome I went to Florence, stayed there about a month, then on to Venice, where I remained about the same length of time, and returned to Florence where I lived four years, with the exception of excursions to Pisa, Lucca, Volterra, San Gemignano, and Siena. I well remember when I went to Venice, for it was in the time of a great Comet, which I first saw as I was leaving. In Venice it was over the bronze men who strike the hours in the Piazza, and seemed about a yard long. At Bologna it stretched across the end of the street, and at Florence filled a quarter of the horizon. It was a most impressive sight and has served me as a date ever since — only I have forgotten in what year it occurred.

At Venice I absorbed colour like a sponge, for I started as a colourist, strange as it may seem to some. Yet I wondered at a talented young French artist making a splendid copy of Carpaccio, now one of my favourites. I loved the colour but thought the treatment so odd. The same at Pisa when I passed through it the first time. I laughed when Mr. Murray called my attention to the "Modest look of the Virgin" in some old

ON THE WAY TO ROME

(Four-and-twenty ways of being idle)

picture — and yet not long after I was making studies in the Campo Santo.

In any case, at that time so much Art burst into my unprepared mind that the resulting confusion has lasted me for the rest of my life; and if I give a confused impression of that period, I can assure the reader it does not equal the confusion of my recollections. I studied by myself, and sometimes wish I had n't, for my pictures always have to me a home-made air which I don't like. I mean, they lack the air of a period or school, and this — I say it seriously — seems to me a great defect. I believe that all my defects have arisen from my trying to cure them. I commenced with a great love of colour and a strong sense of the solidity of form; but drawing killed the colour and atmosphere weakened the form, and reduced me to what I am. I loved landscape, but was eternally urged to paint the figure; thus my landscape was spoiled by the time devoted to figure; and the figure suffered by my constant flirting with landscape. What I felt strongly I could strongly express in the sketch, but the finished picture killed the feeling — and then in addition all became sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought. I was accused of having imagination. I never said I had imagination, but they thought I thought it, and people are mistrustful of imagination, some going so far as to deny its very existence — or at least resent its intrusion in Art, especially when I intrude it. I could copy Nature beautifully, and how often I have wished that I had dedicated myself to the painting of cabbages! I mean, painting them splendidly, with all the witchery of light and shade and colour, until the picture should contain all the pictorial elements needed in a Descent from the Cross, or a Transfiguration, and no gallery would be complete without a cabbage by V. I fear, how-

ever, I am so constituted that had I done differently from what I did, I should have always thought I would have done better had I done otherwise.

Like all beginners, I was intensely interested in processes of painting. I believe I then saw more clearly how the old Masters painted than I do now. One thing I settled on — that style should spring entirely from the subject, be appropriate to it and the time at your disposal, whether you were taking it by assault or by siege; and my idea of the aim of Art was — first have an idea, and then from your experiences and the nature about you get the material to clothe it. In fact, take a soul and give it a body; this in my case has not been a cold-blooded plan of action, but merely the expression of my nature. I am not the discoverer of this idea, however.

I have alluded to the finishing of a picture as being the death of the sketch, and have just found this truthful and touching saying in a little "Life of Leighton," by Alice Corkran: "With every picture I complete, I follow the funeral of my ideal." This is sad and true, and Alma Tadema draws the moral for us: "Don't make sketches." To avoid turning this Link into one of those they carry at funerals, I stop — only adding that what that favoured child of Fortune, Leighton, had in abundance from the very first — refined surroundings, the best of advice, and that freedom which money gives — were just the things I lacked; but at once I haste to say that I do not make that an excuse for my shortcomings. Perhaps he needed them all, and I did not, had I only made a proper use of my opportunities.

CHAPTER VI

Florence — The Garden of Lost Opportunities

THE GRAND DUKE — SOME FLORENTINE CHARACTERS — INCHBOLD — LANDOR AND THE NIMBUS — UNDER FIESOLE — MY LANDLADY — A CONVERSATIONALIST — TWO DREAMS — DRIVEN FROM THE GARDEN — ON THE TRACK OF COLUMBUS — THE BULL-FIGHTER — THE RESCUE — IN HAVANA.

If the Bohemia I belonged to in Paris had been divided into classes, I think I could have been returned as a Member for Upper Bohemia. Not that I was proud or rich, — on the contrary, I was poor; but I had a washerwoman and I paid her bills. There were those who did not pay their bills, but they all meant to — except one. He it was who on leaving Paris for home said, as the cars moved from the station: "By Jove, I've forgotten one thing! I've forgotten to get trusted for a package of cigars." However, he turned over a new leaf on reaching home, gave up art, and has become a very successful business man.

In Paris I lived in full Bohemia; not so in Florence, which was full of opportunities for quitting it. There I lived in a sort of Limbo, or borderland. Why I did not seek the society of the titled, the great, the learned, the good, although they were all about me (for somehow I never seemed to lack the entrée), I do not know. I went on tampering with both sides. I was like

the young man brought before the judge, who said to him: "Here are you, well educated and of respectable parents, instead of which you go about stealing ducks!"

There were reasons, however. I was a fierce republican and thought titles foolish and wrong. The wise knew too much for me; the good were too good for me, or at least I did not feel inclined to follow in their footsteps just then; the refined seemed lacking in jollity; and, above all, I was very fond and jealous of my freedom; and then the boys were not too wise and good for human nature's daily food and we had a glorious time. Mr. Hyde was in the ascendant, although there was good Dr. Jekyl in the background. Why Mr. Hyde is called a sad rogue, I don't know; I'm sure the Doctor was the sad one of the two.

To some the shade of Savonarola and of Dante may seem to hang over Florence; to me the merry spirit of Boccaccio was a living presence. Florence seemed no garden of lost opportunities to me then, although it was, as a matter of fact. After all, " there's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so"; and then I thought things were very good.

How much more I know about Florence now than I did when I first saw it! You see, I did not then see Florence through books: the Florence of Browning, of Landor, of Hawthorne, or even of Hiram Powers, did not exist for me then, although Powers thought it did for him; and later, the Rome of Story was not the Rome I knew. As to Florence, you will find out all about it in Larry Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of Florence." If this continues, there will be no spot on earth which a man can call his own. My Florence was a beautiful city filled with figures fresh from the frescoes of Ghirlandaio or Giotto or Cimabue—its hills covered with the villas of Boccaccio's fair ladies, or when bare and rugged

Study of a Youth in a Red Jacket

inhabited by the lean Fathers of the Desert. The white clouds seen through the dark cypresses glowed with Venetian warmth and colour, for I had the Venetian eye then, and the real people were very much alive and of their day; but the city with its real or imaginary inhabitants was held in an atmosphere of my own invention which to me hangs round it still. Now as this fair mirage fades out of my life, the only figure which remains and seems real is an old father of the desert, sitting alone, gazing at the desolation surrounding him and wondering what the dream meant.

And yet even then there was not lacking that rich, romantic sadness of youth. I had it very badly and enjoyed it immensely; otherwise how account for my preparations for dying young, preparations for which event were amply provided for in numberless subjects I then conceived, but, with few exceptions, never executed: the alchemist dying just as he had made his grand discovery; the young hermit praying for death; the old man at the gate of a graveyard; the end of a misspent life; and a lot of other things. What I mean is that in a great many of the things I have done since prevails that sadness peculiar to youth, and its survival shows how much of youth I yet retain. As for dying young, I have lost my opportunity, for although I am now in the very springtime of old age and yet have the chance of dying in my second childhood, it will not be the same. Just fancy a tablet, — "To the memory of ——. Cut off in his second childhood." 'T would never do.

A friend and myself had seen from Perugia certain amethystine peaks beyond great hills and were told they were the mountains of Gubbio, and we went to Gubbio to see them.

Once there, after admiring the vast Town Hall and looking at the bronze Etruscan tablets, understanding them about as

well as the learned do, we looked for the mountains: they were nowhere to be seen: we were on them. Then it dawned upon us that perhaps the worst place from which to see a mountain is — to be on it.

And this was the case with the good people in Florence in the days of my callow youth. I have been forced to alter many of the conclusions of my youth, in later life — merely not to seem odd. In Florence I was too near to see the great outlines, for some of the people there were great people — people who had done or were doing great work; but I was too near. All I write should go under the heading of "How It Seemed To Me Then." All the seasons had passed in the garden of childhood and boyhood, and now it was again Spring in this Florentine Garden of Lost Opportunities. And all the flowers were in full bloom: they are — those I gathered and those I neglected to gather — dry enough now.

To me the heights in Florence were chiefly those of Bellosguardo — although all my distinguished friends lived on heights. On these heights I found the air too pure and thin for my vigorous young lungs, so I lived in the vale below.

They were all intellectual, highly cultured, literary and artistic — above all *literary*. Some lived their own lives, but, with the exception of the really great, these good people seemed to live a little, fussy, literary life, filled with their sayings and doings: in fact — taking out the deeds — each one would have furnished all the materials for a splendid biography. I say a few lived their own lives, but most of them seemed to be living up to the great ones of their acquaintance or up to each other — somewhat like the inhabitants of that Irish village where they lived by taking in each other's washing.

I once saw a flock of fan-tailed pigeons showing off to each

ENCHANTMENT

(*Painted for Kate Field*)

other and standing so straight up that they almost tumbled over backwards. In one corner was a little one who swelled up for all he was worth, quite unnoticed by the rest. I wonder if they knew how funny they were. I can't remember where I saw this, but it must have been in Florence, Boston, or New York. Anyway it reminds me of what George Butler once said, when the boys were swelling out their chests and taking the measure of them: "It is n't the man who can swell out the biggest who counts, but the man who stays swelled out."

For all these reasons I remained, with an occasional ascent, on the lower levels, until Kate Field "swam into my ken!" She was the first woman of charm and intellect I had seen, and her bright smile and hearty laugh, combined with her innate refinement, quite bowled me over — and I then felt a strong inclination to live up to *her* level, but never could.

But before her advent a great day came for Florence.

Before I tell of it I should like to say that it had always been a matter of wonder that I seemed to take so little interest in the great events going on about me at that time. They seemed not to affect me; or, rather, I may have forgotten the effect they made on me. As I have said before, I was more under the influence of the merry spirit of Boccaccio than that of the stern Ghibelline, and it was through his eyes that I saw most of the things in that Florentine Garden. Besides: my real life has always been a little aloof from my surroundings, and I am less frivolous than I appear — at times.

Finally there came a great day for Florence. The Italians were coming; the Grand Duke was going. I had sprained my ankle jumping over a hedge while showing off before the girls of the Black family up at Bellosguardo. There had been much

plotting in the Caffè Michelangelo. I had not been taken into the plot, but being a rank republican was considered one of them. So when the final day came, I limped along with the rest to the Fortezza di Basso, and we fraternised with the soldiers. The Italian colours were hoisted and the bands broke out into Garibaldi's hymn and other patriotic airs never heard before in Florence. Where could they have been practising?

There was a rumour that the Grand Duke had sent sealed orders for the forts to bombard the city, and that an officer had said — rather than do that he would break his sword across his knee; it was terrible. The Grand Duke did n't send to have the orders opened and the sword remained unbroken. On the contrary, the Duke went away with a great quantity of luggage; the crowd assembled to witness his departure remained perfectly silent as his carriages rolled out of the gates; it was most impressive.

The town was not bombarded or sacked. A few *francesconi* changed hands when all the boys of the Caffè Michelangelo came out in their new uniforms, but the money remained in the hands of the tailors. That was all the damage done, at least in Florence.

I was the first to carry the news to the good people of Bellosguardo. I limped up the hill, like the runner from Marathon, and was duly refreshed and rewarded for bringing "the good news to Ghent." We could hardly realise—looking down on the peaceful city — that such terrible events had taken place that morning. A great night at the Caffè Michelangelo.

There was sung for the first time publicly, that song with the yodel at the end: —

"Codini, andate a letto,
Il Babbo non torna piu!"

It was like the Dutch taking Holland.

FLORENTINE ARTISTS IN COSTUME

The Italians frequented the Caffè Michelangelo in the Via Larga, while the English and Americans confined themselves to a caffè near the Ponte Vecchio; I have forgotten the name, which is as bad as an old New Yorker forgetting Delmonico's. In fact, my intimate friends seemed to live in these caffès, and I saw a great deal of them, while the literary people lived in their houses in town, or in villas in the environs, and I only saw them when I actually or metaphorically ascended the heights. And I must confess that I found them — the frequenters of the caffès and trattorias — the more interesting. I tell of them, commencing with an account of my old master, Bonaiuti, and his wonderful picture.

My old master in drawing was a man of another age, an old-fashioned Florentine. He was a mild, faded-looking man, but hid under that exterior an iron will. He had once been given the commission to make drawings of most of the marbles in the Vatican Gallery, and had taken advantage of that opportunity to study them for his own improvement, so that I cannot conceive

of any one understanding the antique better than he did. His explanations and illustrations of the Elgin marbles given me during his lessons were beautiful, and I felt quite unworthy of the privilege.

The scheme of his life was as simple as his life itself. He made the most beautiful and loving copies of Fra Angelico and thus provided the means of supporting himself and his two old maiden sisters, and all the rest went toward the painting of his one great picture. He was going to paint that and make one statue and then his lifework would be accomplished. The picture represented the Temptation on the Mount, — Christ repulsing the Devil, who is shown as falling backwards toward the beholder. These figures were built up from the skeleton and were so thoroughly studied that he hated to clothe them. The Christ, who was represented with the long and noble muscles of the Greek heroes, had naturally to be draped, while the fiend, who was given the short, knotty muscles of the satyr, remained nude.

He made cartoon after cartoon, full-size, of this picture, but just when he thought he had reached perfection he found some fault of anatomy or perspective and it had to be done all over again.

I once asked him how he was going to colour it when he had succeeded in getting it all drawn in to his satisfaction on the canvas, and he answered with the simplicity of a child, "Nella maniera di Tiziano!" When I left he was commencing a new cartoon. He was a Merlin. Had his spell been a little stronger I should have been pursuing my preliminary studies to this day.

There was another picture in Florence which bid fair to rival Bonaiuti's in its delayed execution, had not the painter gotten over his difficulty by a device. This picture represented the

Florentines going into battle with the great standard, the "Gonfalone," borne on a cart drawn by oxen. On this cart was also an altar and a crucifix, before which a priest prayed constantly during the battle. The Gonfalone streamed out against a stormy sky, the priest's garments fluttered in the wind which swept upwards the incense. The candles were blown out, and the oxen were in wild disorder while the battle raged around. And here the trouble began; there was one hind leg of an ox which refused to compose, no matter in what position it was drawn. The painter was in despair until he hit upon the device of hiding it behind a group of men fighting in the foreground. This group turned out so large and was painted with such spirit and was so prominent in every way, that the great standard and the cart and the oxen made but a background for it, and the group became the picture.

It was a little that way in the case of Bonaiuti. His Devil with his fine foreshortening became the most interesting feature of the picture. He always is.

As in all societies there is never lacking some one who is almost a caricature, so also there is never lacking the caricaturist. We had one and had him bad. He was a veritable detective, a sleuth-hound. When he scented a chance, when he got on the track of a man, in or out of season, he never quitted him if it took months, and never left him until he had taken from his poor victim every trace of self-esteem. It was piteous to see the victims smile and pretend to be pleased: they never were, and they were never the same men again, either in their own estimation or in that of their friends, after the operation.

Once he was almost foiled. There was a handsome young fellow with a somewhat narrow face; regarded from the front you

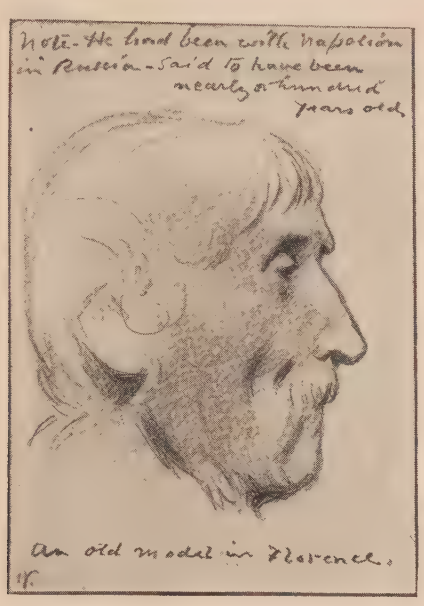
saw him edge on, as it were. He drew him for weeks on the marble-topped café tables (the drawings being always scrupulously respected by the waiters), but could never succeed, and was beginning to lose his own self-esteem, when he discovered that by drawing his victim in profile and making his eye full-face, he had solved the problem, and we all saw our friend thus for ever after.

How describe my friend Gortigiani, with his inexhaustible supply of funny stories and his habit, when painting a portrait, of lighting his Toscano, throwing the match on the floor, taking a puff or two, painting like mad, relighting the Toscano and repeating the action until he was knee-deep in matches. Or how well he could, with his supple and limber body, imitate a squeezed tube of paint. His likenesses were so like, especially one of myself, that they made you laugh, — a doubtful compliment.

Nor can I leave out Bianchi and his wife. He who so faithfully restored frescoes of Giotto in Santa Croce? By no means. The happy pair were much given to the pleasures of the table, so when they had decided to make a *scorpaciata*, which can only be translated by the word "gorge," they sallied forth early in the morning, and at the market laid in all the materials, and they never failed to stop at the apothecary's and have made up the relative pills.

Then there was my stout friend Banty, the amateur and excellent painter, who used to say that it was pretty hard, just because he was fat, that he could never allude to sentiment without being laughed at; while another friend who had no more real sentiment than a frying-pan was allowed to talk it by the hour. This Rapisardi fell into a great rage when Tivoli came back from Paris full of the praises of Troyon. What kind of art is this

you are talking about? Look at the subjects. A cow who scratches herself against a tree. No, no. "Non c'e sentimento!" And then he would go back to his picture of the fair maiden clinging to an ivy-covered tree, with a French quotation indicative of the char-



acter of both maid and ivy. I think as far as the titles go, it was a toss-up.

The good Cabianca was the one who long after in Rome said to me, "How I envy you your friends! Now here is a friend of mine who has been writing to me for years and it has always been, 'Don't you remember this, and don't you remember that? And if you are ever hard up, don't you ever go to any one but your old friend.' Now it has come to that pass that I can't send my children to school for want of shoes, and we live on bread and water, and I get to-day, in answer to a request for a little help, an eight-page letter telling me that I have not painted the right kind of

things and that just at present his funds are so invested that he is sorry he cannot send me anything."

I had two intimate English friends: the bright, talented, ill-fated Green, and the studious and refined Yeames, — he of the rich gouty uncle who had the best cook and the worst digestion of any one in Florence. Yeames tried to instil into me a love of poetry. The seed then planted has grown, but I confess it has been a plant of very slow growth.

Not to be tiresome, it will be noticed that I never mention a person unless I can say something either good or bad of him — by bad I only mean interesting. Surely you do not find fault with Stevenson for introducing you to John Silver, or with Howard Pyle for his innocent picaroons. Time and my poor memory have merged these people I write about into a kind of haze through which they appear to me like beings of another period, — like Rip Van Winkle, for instance, — and it would be as absurd for a person to find fault with me for alluding to a relative of his, as it would be for me to find fault with Irving for representing Nick Vedder as a being addicted to the smoke-habit, and unable to give his opinions in anything else than in that unsubstantial product.

It is strange how, when I paint landscapes, I don't seem to care for the figures: that is, I feel as if I ought to put them in, but don't most of the time. Yet in wandering through this hazy past I am always writing about the figures and not about the landscape. Is it because I have been so awfully bored by long descriptions of beautiful scenes and health-giving air which only the writer can afford to either see or breathe? Or is it that mountains and lakes are never funny? Or that Nature is always in dead earnest, except in kittens and puppies? As I am only writing

for people like myself, boon-companions as it were, people who want to be interested and amused, I leave out descriptions except when I have something particularly tidy to describe. Having digressed, I proceed.

Among the Americans was for a time the ever cheerful and buoyant Rinehart, the sculptor, who on one occasion was anything but buoyant and might have stopped my digressing and his cheerfulness in a tragic manner. At that time, near the bridge of La Carraja were moored a lot of old mills on great scows, forming one of the most picturesque features of the river; and just below them, in the boiling water from the mills, were baths. I was standing on a spring-board, about to jump in, when I saw Rinehart being whirled about the eddies and calling out; he was red in the face, and I suddenly realised that something was the matter, so without more ado I jumped in, swam to him, and said: "What! — you're not drowning, are you?" He at once wrapt his legs and arms about me, and had it not been for a rope hanging down just within my reach, it would have been all up with us, for he had rendered me utterly powerless either to save him or myself. A boat was shoved toward us and we got him out. A glass of cognac brought him to; he could never remember anything about it; but it was a good lesson to me, for in after years in Naples, when I managed to get a Jew to a place of safety, under almost the same circumstances, I did it with the utmost safety to myself. Neither Rinehart nor the Jew ever thanked me, but I do think some prize student of the Rinehart Fund in the American Academy here in Rome might offer me a cigar occasionally.

And there was old Hart — he of the crude manners, who used to write poems and try to pass them off as Byron or Beatty and deceived no one: only the boys used to fool him to the top

of his bent. He had a nephew who had come out to him to work a portrait-machine he had invented, and he had promised to teach the nephew sculpture in return for his services, but became jealous of him and treated him like a brute. In this machine, after you had assumed a natural pose and look, you were rendered immoveable by screws and other appliances, and long steel points were driven at you until they touched, and then withdrawn. It was like that horrible chair of the Middle Ages, called "the Virgin," wherein you were invited to sit, and were caught and finally murdered. The machine remained idle for want of victims; to look at it was enough. The nephew was a man of great promise. Having nothing, he married a very poor but refined and intelligent lady who copied in the galleries, and they became, of course, twice as poor, but — to make up — were very happy. And then he died. Rinehart took sides with old Hart, as being his oldest friend. I sided with young Hart; but it made no difference between us, for no one ever quarrelled with Rinehart. He belongs to the Roman period and formed one of its best features. But — dear me! — how many words are used in writing! I find that in spite of my leaving out fully two thirds of the things I have to write about, I am getting tired — and fearing to tire the reader also, I stop. It has been a long flight for me, only before I alight I will add this one touch more and call it the accent — it has quite the look of an "anecdote."

In Florence there lived a painter who had never gotten over the accent of his native land. One day while showing me his latest production, he remarked: —

"By Jove! that is a good picture, if I do say it myself. I feel that I have a right to say with Giotto, '*Yankee io sono pittore.*'"

I agreed with him as to the "Yankee."

I must not forget to mention the English painter, Inchbold, a full-blown Pre-Raphaeliteist — one of whom Ruskin is reported to have said that a square inch by Inchbold was worth a square yard of almost any other painter's work. This, it may well be imagined, did not tend to lower the angle at which his nose was set. Of course we regarded all his doings with great interest and I became very well acquainted with him and in fact counted him among my friends. He must have liked me, for years afterwards he sent my wife a pretty little card painted evidently expressly for her. Having mentioned his nose, I may as well go on and say that his face seemed permanently pervaded by a flush or blush which conveyed the impression that he was on the verge of getting angry; he never did, however, to my knowledge. William Rossetti describes this perfectly: "He was a nervous, impressionable man, with a ruddy complexion, a rather blunt address in which a certain uneasy modesty contended with a certain still uneasier self-value." As I say, we watched his proceedings with great interest. He certainly did, as Bunthorn says, "by hook or crook contrive to [make things] look both angular and flat." He was conscientious to a degree, but his conscience had an elastic quality; the fact is that the P.-R. B. did not so much aim at representing Nature faithfully as they did to give their work the look or stamp of the "movement" they represented. For instance, in one of his pictures there was what appeared to be a very small girl standing among very large leaves. Now in reality it was a very large girl on a terrace below, seen through the leaves in the foreground. She must have been some ten yards distant; this fact was ignored, but all the ravages of insects were shown in these leaves with the utmost faithfulness. He simply left out the air and represented things as seen with

one eye. In the same picture there was a cypress tree cutting across a field and merging with a wood on the other side about a mile off. It confused the mind, and I asked him why he did not leave it out. He replied, "It was there." "But," I said, "I don't want you to change the form of the mountains or anything essential, but to cut down that tree." — But it was of no use.

Shortly after, he was painting a view of Florence from his window across the Arno. It was winter; the great hills covered with snow gave a bleakness to the scene only too well known to those who also know Florence well. The point was that he had moved the Campanile of Santa Croce most outrageously far from its real position — about a quarter of a mile. "But," said I, "how about this?" — "It composes better that way." — "But then how about that tree you would not cut down?" I don't know how he got out of it; he certainly got redder. The same in the night-school. A florid Venetian-like model he made into a sharp-nosed thing with so much green in her complexion that she looked more like a vegetable than a Venetian human being — but he gave her the real P.-R. look. At this time Hotchkiss was trying to break away from this influence of Ruskin. With me it worked well, as can be seen by my studies at that time, and badly in that I went on filling my studio with careful studies I have never used.

I am sorry to see in William Rossetti's account of Inchbold that he was unsuccessful and died "at a not very advanced age." I always thought that Ruskin's approval had spelled success for him. It seemed to me that in his art he had ceased improving and could only go on making the same kind of thing indefinitely; — but as that applies to so many near and dear, I hasten to drop the subject. Also I shall guard against reading up about people

— of which I have done very little: for that only leads to compilation and a mere running over a list of names of people no longer interesting to me and certainly not to the reader. Inchbold, however, I shall hold in affectionate remembrance, perhaps because there was something forlorn about him and his spirit needs comforting.

One thing more, —I never could get from Inchbold a clear definition of what constituted P.-R.-ism. Going back to the art previous to Raphael? Not quite that. In fact put it as I would there was always a something in which the P.-R.'s differed from other men — and I have not been able to settle the point yet, except that in their art they must differ from all others and their pictures must have "*the look*." But dear me, how all all this is of the past!

Putting up one notice to keep off the grass, at the entrance of a park, would be found, I imagine, insufficient to effect the object in view; they must be put up everywhere, and I feel it will be the same with the notice I have somewhere put up — that my opinions of people and things only give my opinion at the time of which I am writing. And so about the P.-R. B. I first came across their work in New York in the pictures of Farrar, and it seemed, of course, to me then needlessly hard and crude when representing things in their nature soft and harmonious, and therefore I looked on it as an affectation. In Florence, Hotchkiss and myself were painting as faithfully as we knew how; and particularly that Pointeau — he who used to come in from his painting from Nature about the time the rest of us were taking our breakfast, bringing back with him drawings, veritable photographs from Nature, only better. Therefore the works of Inchbold, needlessly

insisting upon unessential details at the expense of the general effect, and what appeared an exaggeration of colour, led us to think, not unnaturally, that his object was dictated more by a desire to give the style of the P.-R. B. than by a love of Truth or Nature. Now I see, however, from Holman Hunt's account of the movement, how sincere they were; and most undoubtedly, had I been brought up in England at that time and more immediately under their influence, I should have been of them. I also in his pages am made to realise how strong was the almost universal opposition to them. I also see how large a book may be made by telling of each time you open your box of colours and pack it up, and of flies and fleas and headaches, and generally of all those little ills that flesh is heir to— especially the flesh of him who paints from Nature. It is about time to use the expression, I now find. And what I find is that, if I am going to write a review of every book I read, these digressions will become endless; and that out of consideration for myself and others I had better stop, with this little quotation from Hunt's book: "All his [Whistler's] wit that I heard of was not of that nature which transfixes truth by a subtile shaft, but only of a kind which amuses for the moment; like a conjurer's trick, confusing common sense."

Alas, poor Falstaff! And yet Hunt is a very great man.

Amongst the dispensations of Providence it seems that some men are permitted to become great writers without having much knowledge of Art — even when they write about it. Among these was Walter Savage Landor. I never knew him, but my friend Kate Field became a favourite of his and through her my friend Coleman painted his portrait. It was during the sittings he gave Coleman that the ignorance of Art on his part trans-

pired. You will remember that Richard Grant White in his "Words and their Uses" says that to transpire means to leak out. And that was just what happened.

Coleman, wishing to spare his eyes, posed him with his back to the window. Landor's hair, being white, the light shining through it formed a luminous fringe about his head. Landor, getting up to see the progress of the work, at once saw my friend's attempt to reproduce this effect and cried out: —

"Why, you have given me a nimbus. I won't have a nimbus!"

In vain Coleman tried to explain to him this effect of light; it was always: —

"I won't have a nimbus — no nimbus!"

The Savage in his name was very appropriate. They used to tell of his going into court, during some law trouble he was having, with a bag of gold which he banged down before the Judge, saying: —

"I hear that this is the place where justice is bought and sold, and I have come to buy some."

I believe it cost him a pretty penny, for contempt of court.

Speaking of words and their uses, Kate Field used to tell of a man who, rushing into some country town, asked "where he would be liable to get a ham?"

This irresistibly reminds me of what used to happen in the Villa Landor. If a dish offended him, Landor would "chuck it out of winder," so that a passer-by might have been *liable* to get a ham — without his looking for it.

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The banks of the Mugnone torrent, which runs around a part of Florence past the Porta San Gallo, used to be a favourite walk of the frequenters of the Caffè Michelangelo. There also

was the ground of the game of Pallone, a noble game, almost gladiatorial in character, of which I was a passionate admirer. On the high banks of this stream, overlooking the country bounded by the great bare hills from which in winter came those icy blasts that gave us all sore eyes (the eyes having been previously prepared in the acrid tobacco-smoke of the caffè during the long winter evenings, or strained, painting by the little smoky, dim oil-lamps of the Accademia Galli), we walked and settled

all the great questions of the day. Following up the stream, you finally reached the spot where it passes under a bridge at the foot of the long ascent which leads to Fiesole. It was here I painted two of my best studies, and also a little picture I always thought highly of. These things show that originally I was a landscape painter and that now I am only the lively remains of one.

The little picture was really a sketch I made on a dark stormy day, of Fiesole with the road and cypresses coming down from it, into the foreground of which I had painted three Dominican friars, whose black and white garments carried out the feeling

seen in hillside and sky. This little picture must have perished in a Loan Exhibition held in Madison Square Garden, when part of the building collapsed. The memory of its loss is one of my pet griefs to this day.

In a house near the bridge, three of us lived and worked. One was a Mrs. Hay, a strong Pre-Raphaelite and a woman of great talent. She told me her husband in London was a man who smoked and painted all night by gaslight, while she was a lover of the clear dawn and the bright day, and of Fra Angelico. One might have supposed that such an arrangement would have been advantageous to both, but such was not the case; hence Florence, for her part. The other was Altamura, a wonderfully clever man, whose style changed with every passing whim of the artistic world, and whose facile hand often ran away with his head. Mrs. Hay's little boy was pure Anglo-Saxon with long blond hair, and Altamura's was a dark Oriental with dreaming eyes and curling raven locks. In the summer evenings while the moon rose over Fiesole, stretched on the warm dry grass under the olives, we used to have our evening meal, and there the little boys told strange stories of their thoughts and dreams. Of the ingenious fairy-tales of the Blond, I remember little, but a story which the dark one said was true, impressed me. He said: "I went up a mountain — up — up — up, ever so high, and there was a man with ever so many sheep — thousands; and the sky got so black — and then thunder and then a lightning came and killed the man and killed all the sheep — and then — all dead and all blood. Tutti morti — tutto sangue!" All these people are now in a dim past, like those happy days. I have since heard that the dark romantic boy went to Paris, became an artist, and was known as *le beau Altamura*. Should his life happen to

end in a tragedy — "tutti morti, tutto sangue!" — how this story or dream of his would come to mind and be quoted as a premonition! Happy days! How happy are those first days of the artist's life, passed in some solitary spot, with no thought of exhibitions or sales or ambition, painting from the pure love of it and his delight in Nature. Such work, Costa used to say, was religion.

MONK

The little picture of the monks was bought by Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard. She also bought the "Lost Mind." She was from the beginning, and always remained, my good friend.

I have told how my friend Cabianca envied me my friends, and how his friend treated him. That was a bad Italian; I now tell of a good one, for bad and good are pretty evenly distributed in all countries.

It was at a time when, owing to some stoppage in my remittances, my funds were so low as to be imperceptible, and I found the large, roasted Italian chestnut was warm to the hand and filling to the stomach, thus serving both as food and fuel. I did not like to ask my Florentine banker for an advance, for while he was one of the most generous of souls, his partner in Rome held him to so strict an account that he usually could not oblige me. Now strange to say, when in Rome afterwards I went to his partner, I heard the same state of affairs: it was always that closefisted and stingy Florentine partner that checked his naturally generous impulses; although I will say the Roman was the noblest of them all and would lend — on compound interest. I fear I digress.

My sleeping-apartment in Florence was then in the Via dei Maccheroni. To be a "maccheroni" was, in the old London days, to be a great dandy; I only lived in a street of that name, and my modest tailor's bill proved me to be no maccheroni, although well content at that time to get enough of that excellent food. I told my landlady that I must move into cheaper quarters, although I did not see how I could well do that; and she asked at once, what could they have done to displease me? After much trouble I made her believe the true state of the case, and she begged me to wait until she could consult her husband. The husband was an honest man, much trusted in the pharmacy where he was employed, and was paid good wages. Then the good Caterina, after much beating about the bush, told me with emotion that they had become very fond of me, they had no son or child, and that they had enough, with her husband's earnings, not to feel it in the least; but would I only stay with them until better times or as long as I pleased and was pleased with them, but not to break their hearts by going away. So I stayed on until one day the poor man was taken sick, and in spite of our most affectionate care, after days of watching died in my arms. In the meantime I had painted a little Madonna for her, with Santa Caterina and Sant' Eligio at the sides, and so, after I had left and she was in need, through a friend's buying this picture I was enabled to help her a little.

In the Florence of my Florentine days, there was a man who, while resembling Bacon in one respect, differed from him in another; for while this man was one of the meanest, he was not one of the wisest of mankind.

I was so simple in those days that I was astonished on learning

of the existence of beings called "Conversationalists"! I laughed at the idea, but unlike Foote, reserved my guinea, and noticed that my friend did not join in the laugh. He talked with great care, and selecting his words and making emendations as he proceeded, and could not abide having his sentences disarranged by interruptions; indeed he was so fond of carrying them out that I heard him on one occasion, when I had bidden him good-bye, finishing a particularly fine one after I had turned the corner. He was timid also. He pondered long on whether he should prefix Ap to his Welsh name, but refrained for fear of being ridiculed. He was the European correspondent of some newspaper at home; but while calling himself my friend, never gave me a little send-off, so useful to a rising young artist, but kept all his notices for established reputations; he was afraid of making a mistake.

One day, while walking in the Cascine, he found a little breast-pin set with four beautifully white diamonds, and asked me what he should do about it. I said that as it seemed an old-fashioned trinket, it might possibly be very dear to some one, perhaps an heirloom, and that I would advertise it in some paper. I fear that heirloom idea must have acted as a malevolent microbe in his mind, for shortly after, he borrowed a file of me, and shortly after that, came out with a set of diamond shirt-studs. I happened to be present when he was asked where he had found such fine little diamonds, and heard him reply that they were old family jewels. I dare say they were, but the family did n't happen to be his family.

He posed as a great free-thinker with a jolly old priest who gave him lessons in Italian, but when he fell ill and thought he was dying, feeling sure on the Protestant side, yet wishing to

make assurance doubly sure, he had the same old priest make him over into a sound Catholic. On his recovery, however, he became just as bad as before. By the way, his Italian at that time was so entirely book Italian that while he corrected my grammar in that tongue, I had to order his dinner for him at the trattoria in an Italian more easily understood. He lived a long while, but I have wondered if, when he came to die, he had made up his mind on which side of the fence he had concluded to end his days. Perhaps subsequent events were decided for him. In any case, in that little affair of the diamonds, though he may not have been able to explain it away, I am sure the explanation was made with very select words and in most carefully composed sentences.

A prattling postscript: The beasts of the field talk; we may believe a dog's growl clearly says, "Don't touch that bone!" — and I dare say Charles Lamb's serious family, sitting in a parlour, "all silent and all damned," could talk; but I doubt if they could converse — or had they tried to do so, I am sure it would have been in growls. Therefore — beasts are not conversationalists, although some conversationalists are beasts — mostly boars.

In "The Garden of Neglected Opportunities," — a title which might serve for the book, my life, and the life of many another man, — I had several memorable dreams. I here give two of them.

Dreams are the memory of unconscious cerebration. I am not good at such subtleties, but what I mean is that memory, when awake, retains some glimpses of the unconscious mind while at play, or resting, or springing back from some too-great tension,

or painfully going on from some too-great impetus given it, or some absorbing preoccupation. The foregoing is a good specimen of Prattling, and quite long enough to serve as introduction for two such short dreams.

I had been reading Tennyson, and my mind was full of the gleaming Excalibur, as that good sword whirled over the water and was "drawn down in under the mere by an arm clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful." And in my dream I saw a sword with a crimson and gem-bedight scabbard whirling against a blue-black sky over a seething, phosphorescent sea. It was grand, and I at once determined to paint it. But, alas! the sword at once ceased to whirl and seemed glued to a black background; the flaming scabbard was vermilion glazed with lake, and the raging sea stood stock-still and I could no longer hear it seethe. I concluded that what one reads is not always what one can paint — and so a long farewell to the good blade, Excalibur.

The other dream was that I had made a pun. Now this pun was the funniest pun ever made and my laughter was so uproarious that I was broad awake at once and remembered it perfectly, and discovered that it was not a pun at all, and that by no amount of ingenuity could I make it into a pun. What was this? Was it the pun-mood strong on me? If there be a pun-mood, then there must be a youth-mood. I remember we once made an excursion to Camaldoli from Florence, — our friend Waugh, the ex-clown, was along, — and his turning a flip-flap before the astonished eyes of the passing contadini and his walking on as if nothing had occurred. How good the sour wine and the coarse bread and the ham and eggs tasted, and how bright and delightful everything was, and how funny the jokes. Years after, I took the same walk.

But it was all changed, for I am sorry to say I had to take my last walk in the Age-mood.

If all this is true, and "I think it be" — if some old friend or some new one will but walk with me through these Digressions in the Youth-mood, I think he will be able to see things as I once saw them, and enjoy them as much as I now do, in my Age-mood; for life is nothing but a succession of moods.

Moral: Let us cling to the pleasant mood and banish all the others — if we can.

Affairs in America, both public and private, had been going from bad to worse. The future looked dark. My last remittance had come, and my last francesconi had been drawn from the Bank; this little sum, together with the few dollars from my painting, just served to see me through, and I got home without a cent — the only remaining dollar being given to the good old steward on board the ship, when I quitted her in Havana.

As I went home from the Caffè Michelangelo that last evening, Banti, my fat friend, begged me to stop a moment while he went into his studio. It was then dark night, but he returned, having managed to find a little cinquecento iron box which he gave me as keepsake. This is the only present I remember to have received during my four years stay — except good advice. I cherish the gift; but the good advice I have long since forgotten. It seemed to me then that could my father have managed to keep up that six hundred dollars a year, I would never have left. But leave I did. From my studio, where I had packed my pictures and small belongings, the last thing I remember was wafting a kiss to a pretty girl at a window opposite and seeing the wave of a handkerchief with perhaps a tear on it.

And thus I left Eden. The world was all before me, but as to the where — I had no choice; so I followed the Arno to where it is lost in the sunset, and at Leghorn embarked for Home.

There is nothing to tell of the voyage on a Dutch steamer to Marseilles, except that the Captain's little nephew, who possessed a small stock of English words when we started, was able to get on quite well before we reached port, and so enabled the Captain and me to exchange a few ideas, which up to that had been done by sitting and drinking schnaps at each other. At Marseilles I took a little coasting steamer which went to Cadiz, stopping at every port where she could find anchorage. Thus I saw Barcelona, Alicante, Cartagena, and other places, but ever I kept close to the steamer for fear of being left behind, which would have spelled disaster.

This man may have seen me off when starting on the "Track". Lucky dog "he safe on Shore".
V.

Spain was beautiful and I longed to stay; but that glimpse is all I have ever seen of Spain, in spite of my having reared so many lordly castles in that country.

But I must hasten and get on the track of Columbus. At Cadiz I was

homesick for Italy, and in that mood I drew all the designs in little for "The Miller, his Son and the Donkey," as a sort of *in memoriam* farewell testimonial. A fearful storm raged constantly, and the salt spray could be tasted on the lips blocks away from the high sea-wall. The monthly steamer had just left as I arrived, and thinking that this storm could not keep on for ever, I took passage in a fast-sailing clipper ship as per advertisement. May God forgive the owners! I never can.

I calculated that the ship would get to Havana before the next steamer could; but the storm kept on and the steamer came and went again. I had spent a month in Cadiz. My funds were at their last gasp when I boarded that moss-covered turtle and we set sail, and behold me at last on the famous track of Columbus! And now things began to happen.

I was on that track forty days and forty nights; I was weary — and came to the conclusion that it is not what it has been cracked up to be.

And it was also, Westward Ho! I know what westward means, but have my doubts about the Ho. How we do like to tidy up disagreeable things.

But it was awful. The passengers were a company of bull-fighters — torreros, they used to be called before Carmen's day; and in addition, all the most adventurous barbers in Spain. We

were complete — if not perfect. The Captain was a fine old fellow and a good navigator and sailor. The first mate was a nice man, but the second mate was a corker. He was an ex-slaver and used to tell me long stories of the palmy days of the slave-trade: how with their smart sailing schooners they would make a quick run back, even when forced to throw half the cargo overboard; how well it paid, and the merry times on shore afterwards. I often wonder if our Philadelphia friend who is so fond of depicting and discoursing of pirates and picaroons, and who does it so well and has so evidently an admiration for them, has ever met them face to face. And whether if he had ever seen a gang of newly-arrived emigrants from Africa, as I have, he would have the stomach to go on. However, — as my Aunt Eveline used to say, — "I make no comment."

Now as the ordinary Spaniard in travelling hides all signs of wealth and puts on his worst clothes, you may imagine — or rather you can't imagine, what that ship's company looked like. They were a motley crew and motley was their wear; signals of distress fluttered from many a rent; in fact the ship presented such a disreputable appearance that one day a tight little British cruiser brought us to, by a shot across the bows. However, being satisfied that it was not a mutiny on board or an uprising of slaves, she turned her saucy nose and steamed away.

We had to put in at Santa Cruz di Teneriffe owing to some irregularity in the papers of a passenger, and I went on shore. The peak looks flat and tame enough from the land, barely showing itself over the broad hills; but we sailed for days without losing sight of it; on the contrary, it seemed to get higher and higher as the distance increased.

Then we passed the ever-revolving and eddying Sargasso Sea,

but we did not find those meadows of seaweed and that gloomy fleet of ancient wrecks so well described by my friend Janvier. How often I have wished he would write another "Robinson Crusoe" for me, but not put in the dog as an afterthought, as Defoe has done — and above all, supply the island amply with cocoanut trees. We saw no wrecks, but did come across the results of one, and it formed the great event of the voyage. But before I tell that story, however, I must add a few touches to the picture of the brave ship's company.

In addition to the Villain — the slaver with his gold earrings — there were two very interesting passengers. One was an Italian miner; we became friends and we had many a long talk in Italian. I used to describe to him the beauties of Italy, of which he had seen but few, as most of his life had been passed underground. His face was literally tattooed with gunpowder, from explosions, and presented a singular grey appearance. Our discourses always ended in his saying that the surface of the earth might be very fine, but he preferred the inside; there, he would say, you always had good things to eat and the best of company, and that it was neither too hot in summer nor too cold in winter; but above all, you escaped all sorts of worries and troubles which he had invariably met with on the surface.

The other was a fine, strong, good-natured Bull-Fighter. He one day got out a torrero's costume which he thought would fit me, and I tried it and it went on like a glove. My! but I was a fine figure of a man, and deeply regretted I could not afford to buy it; but what is one to do with but a single dollar?

He confided to me all the secrets of the trade, some of which are little to its credit; but one of the main secrets I will disclose, and think I must be the first who has ever done so, at least as far

as I know. Now, he said, when you stand before a bull and he lowers his head to charge on you, you must look very carefully at his ears, for he always twitches slightly — sometimes more, sometimes less — the ear on the side he is going to make his toss; for he always tosses his head to one side or the other. Then he lowers his head and makes his rush, and does not see clearly again until he raises it in making the toss; then it is too late, for if you have already chosen the side away from the coming blow, you may affect all the calmness you please. But mind you, you have got to be sure of your affair, or it may be all up with you in more senses than one. And remember this — that "El Toro es un animal muy fino — á veces mas fino del Hombre que juega contra el."

The Captain was a good-natured man, and so he let many of the passengers, who by rights ought to have slept on deck, sleep on the cabin floor; that is, as many as it would hold, for they found it was not close enough for them on deck. I had my mattress spread on deck, but kept my stateroom and kept it locked. Sitting by the skylight at night, the sounds from that cabin were awful; it was a complete orchestra; nothing was lacking from the loud bassoon to the feeble flageolet. And the variations! all passages in music were represented except the rests, and I wondered how they could sleep through it all; but they did.

The fresh provisions ran out at once, and those left were not fresh at all and began to run out also. Where was the generous fare of the advertisement? The answer was — gone with the speed of the "A Number One, fast-sailing, copper-bottomed clipper." I came to the conclusion that the owners were, as mild-spoken Horace Greeley used to put it, little better than wilful falsifiers.

One day, when the turtle before a smart wind was slowly thrusting her barnacled nose through the water, there came towards us over the heaving waves a beautiful white boat with a snowy, Chinese-like sail spread out by bamboo slats like a fan. We slackened sail and she surged alongside. There were twenty-five people in her. I did the translating, and we took them on board, and mighty glad they were, for we were so far from Cuba, the nearest land, that it was a toss-up if all could have reached it alive.

During this somewhat difficult business, my Italian friend, the miner, had the ball of a thumb pinched off by a rope, and my surgical skill was thus put to a severe test, for there was not a single clean rag on board — so I used paper. This convinced him the more of the soundness of his belief that there was no place like an underground home. We got them on board, and their boat, fastened to a strong hawser, was allowed to drift astern; and so, towing her, we bore off on our course again.

The notable members of the rescued people were — the Captain, the second mate, a Bermuda Negro boatman, and, above all, a beautiful, dignified lady and her little boy. She was one of the finest women I have met in my life, and must have been also the first real lady the Captain had ever met; and it is needless to say he simply worshipped her and would have willingly laid down his life for her sake. The rest of the crew were Germans, Irish, Scandinavians, etc., — men who had been shipped drunk in San Francisco, and awakening found themselves in a living hell. For the foundering ship from which they had put off was one of those splendid American clippers trying to beat the record to Liverpool, under the command of one of the greatest drivers of that day. Her name was the David Brown; she was a sister

ship of the Great Republic I had seen burnt to the water's edge in New York before I left. The second mate told me it was simply awful — the way she came round the Horn in a gale, sails carried away and replaced, and the belaying-pin in constant use. The Captain was proud of his ship and her great flush snowy decks and her mahogany fittings, and it was worth a man's life to spot the one or scratch the other.

The Captain and I became friends, and it was strange to see him beginning to think for the first time in his strenuous life, during this enforced idleness. He told me all about the disaster. The big ship was loaded with wheat in bulk, and the orders were to make the quickest passage ever made, and he had tried to do it; but she was strained coming round the Horn, and as there were no ports to put into on her route along the coasts of South America, where she could be overhauled, he had to keep on. Seeing that she held her own, when further north he had made up his mind to try a rush for Liverpool; but a great gale coming on, she began to open with the swelling wheat and then began to sink.

His first mate was a splendid sailor, but had lost all his positions one after the other through drunkenness; he was a ruined man, no one would have him. The Captain met him one day in San Francisco and told him that he was just the man he needed, and that he would give him one more chance to retrieve his reputation. This the mate with tears of gratitude and by all that was most sacred swore he would do, and behaved splendidly up to the last day on the ship, when, worn out with the ten days' storm, he found a bottle of whiskey and drank it all. This set him wild, and yet he knew what he was about. They stove all the boats except those they got off in. The Captain's boat was well pro-

visioned, but that of the mate had been nearly wrecked, and the last the Captain saw of him, he was diving under her, getting a sail placed to prevent her leaking. The understanding was that they should keep together, but when it was dark enough, the Captain deliberately altered his course, and the next morning the mate's boat was nowhere to be seen. He did reach land, however, as I heard long afterwards, but the crew were more dead than alive.

There was a big Dutchman on board the Captain's boat, who, eating more than any one else, took up a great deal of room, and besides had stolen a bottle of beer which the Captain had put apart for the lady. It was well for him that we picked them up, for the next night the Captain had appointed to be his last. He was to have been called on to take his turn at the tiller between the Captain and the Negro; then, the tiller affording a handy weapon, and all the rest sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, a blow on the head and a sudden splash over the stern, and the accident would have been over. This the Captain told me with the utmost coolness, and the Hercules of a Negro confirmed it. That bottle of beer, however, was the unpardonable sin. The Captain also said that the strength and skill of the Negro saved them from being lost in the gale then blowing. It was beautiful to see with what deference that Negro was treated; even the ex-slaver tried no tricks on him.

You may imagine that with the accession of twenty-five to our company, the food did not grow more abundant and we were reduced to galatas — hard tack; and now the human nature came out. The lady had a maid with her. While she herself behaved always like the perfect lady she was, this maid soon commenced a most outrageous flirtation with our handsome mate, and the

rescued crew began to complain of the food. The Captain and I were disgusted — particularly when one day, a sudden squall coming up and we having to take in sail, the Spanish crew took the mainmast and the rescued crew the foremast. The Spanish crew were up the masts like cats, and had gotten all snug and were down again before the lubberly American crew had barely begun. The American Captain, with that arrogant scorn of foreigners which made the American of those days beloved from pole to pole, was taken down several pegs, and before the end of the voyage had to admit that the old Captain was a first-rate sailor and his crew a smart one.

I had given up my mattress to the lady, and the snorers had been turned out, so that, with the exception of the cockroaches, she was as comfortable as could be expected. She turned out to be the wife of an English officer — a Major Foster of British Columbia. Her little boy was a noble little fellow. Some one had found a bunch of raisins; you may imagine what a treat it was to him, yet when I asked him for some, he at once held out the whole bunch to me. Before we parted, she gave me her address in Staffordshire, England, and assured me a warm welcome.

I have said I gave her my mattress; what that meant, no one but myself can know. The old steward, when he spread a single blanket on the deck, used to remark: "Es muy sensilio." Thin! I should think so. Long before arriving I had exhausted every available spot on which to lie, and my body was one universal soreness. My only comfort was in the bow, — as far from human nature as possible, — and I communed with Nature, without the human element. There I only had the sky and the waves, and the murmur of water as the moss-covered prow ploughed its way ever nearer land.

At last came the morn of our arrival, and a magical change took place in the appearance of this ragamuffin ship's company. I have said the Spaniard hides his finery in travelling; now it blossomed out. The barbers first shaved all the bull-fighters, and then shaved each other and the crew; and over the side went bundles of such vile rags that no self-respecting shark would ever dream of examining them. Now it was all spotless linen, bright cravats, patent-leather shoes, and silver-headed canes. Even I selected out the least dirty of my clothes; but the poor Captain and the lady had to go as they were.

The Morro Castle was saluted and we glided into the harbour of Havana and dropped anchor. Washing off the dirt of forty days and forty nights, and a generous meal, and a good night's sleep in a soft bed, made another man of me, and I began to think of the coming struggle and wonder what was in store for me — only too glad to quit for ever the track of Columbus.

Our old Captain received a fine gold watch and a letter of thanks from the government. He might have had the beautiful boat, but the American Captain did not make it clear to him that he was welcome to it, so he tried to tow it. The spray half-filled her with water, which, running down to the bow, put it under and the hawser snapped and she was lost. The British Consul took charge of the lady and child and nurse, and I never saw

her again, but often felt like running down to Staffordshire — the address sounds so pleasant. The strenuous Captain and his romance, and the rest, have disappeared, so far as I am concerned, as utterly as the fast-sailing clipper, David Brown. The "turtle" ought to be floating in the Sargossa Sea. I shall never try to find her.

From lotus-eating Florence to the Havana of those days was a somewhat violent transition. The clouds were gathering, the Southerners were threatening and boasting, and no one could tell when the storm would burst forth. It soon became clear that if I were to go North, the quicker I left the better; so I did not stand upon the order of my going but went at once, and that by the only chance I had.

This happened to be a schooner leaving for Richmond, Virginia — almost out of the frying-pan into the fire. She was lying at Cardenas. One thing I have always regretted: that was, leaving my old passport, a veritable history of my wanderings in Europe, dates and all, properly viséd at all the little Duchies there were before the Italians came in.

This schooner was in reality a big ship rigged as a schooner, the first of the kind, and a fine time we had with the big sails beating up through the storm which accompanied us the whole way. We left Cardenas at night; it was pitch dark, but by the aid of lanterns the Spanish custom-house officer could see that we had a great pile of cigars — far more than the law allowed. He was scandalized, but had been there before, and although his honour did not permit his accepting the shining gold we offered, said that his subordinate was not so particular — and as he was n't, the cigars all went on board.

I was sorry to bid good-bye to my dear father, for I did not know if I should ever see him again; but in time I got used to this, as I periodically bade him good-bye until his ninety-sixth year — when the good-bye was final.

We were three of us — the Captain, the supercargo, and myself. The mate ate with us but did n't count; there were no plums in the side of the plum-duff served to him, or the Captain would have spoken to the cook. And the storm kept on. Soon there was no plum-duff — nor anything; we had to eat biscuit and drink simple water. It was always tacking. In one of the lulls on a long tack, the conversation taking a theological turn, I ventured to air some of my theories. The Captain and supercargo were religious, and I at that time had not swept away a vast mass of stuff as useless rubbish, and theology then afforded my wits a pleasant playground. It soon came to the Captain saying that had he known such were my opinions, he would never have allowed me to put my foot on board his ship. This was crisp; but I had only to hand in something about infant damnation, when the supercargo whirled in, and I thought before they got through the Captain would have thrown the supercargo overboard. But they never got through — we had to tack, then we all hid ourselves, and as the ship went about, the great blocks came across her deck like cannon-balls. They had little spats afterwards, but I do not believe that question of infant damnation was ever settled to their satisfaction.

We were trying to get into the mouth of the James River. We would run in until we saw or heard the breakers and then stand off again. The weather was warm, and it looked like swimming, so my costume was appropriate to the occasion — a shirt and a pair of drawers. Words cannot describe the blissful sensation as

we slid into the peaceful waters of the river, leaving the howling sea astern.

We went on shore, and as we entered a tavern, I heard a lanky individual talking to another: —

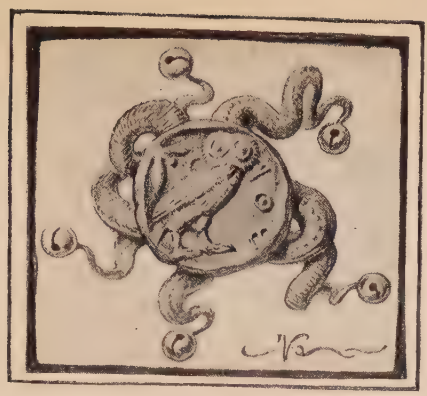
"Ye don't say he got ten dollars fer that old horse! — Well, I'll be darned! "

Here they were, talking of horses when they ought to have been thanking God they were safe on dry land.

We bought everything in the way of eatables, and, though the Captain and the supercargo were temperance, a bottle of whiskey. In spite of the Captain's vigilance the crew got a bottle or two also, and after feeding and a nightcap, every soul on board was dead-asleep or something. During the night, the wind shifting and blowing hard, the schooner dragged her anchor, and in the morning we found ourselves fast on shore. It took three months to get her off.

So here the dream of my childhood was fulfilled and I was finally shipwrecked — and mighty glad was I that it was no worse.

My father's friends received me warmly, like good Southerners, but were very anxious to see me safe off. The cigars came with us in the tug which took us from the schooner, and were mysteriously landed, and I sold my share. Now this was sheer smuggling, and I have thought of conscience-money since; but things were very mixed then, and the money came in so handy on arriving in New York that I have let it pass. I got through to New York, and the first gun was fired on Fort Sumter the very day of my arrival.



THE OBOLUS

Come my dear Goddess, quaint and fair,
Your money sure with me you'll share,
And give a penny for my fare
To cross the Ferry.
I don't care how they say I sing
If, when in Charon's skiff I fling
My Obolus, it has the ring
And makes him merry.
Let heavy-weights flout at you, Fun;
But after all is said and done,
What is this life without its fun?—
Its Tom and Jerry?

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CHAPTER VII

New York in Wartime — The Struggle

INTRODUCTION — 48 BEEKMAN STREET — DIFFERENTIATED SAUSAGES — HITCHIE — I BUY A BABY — JOSEPHUS AND THE CLAIRVOYANT — ANTONIO — TAMPERINGS — NED MULLIN — C. AND HIS BROTHER — PFAFF'S — THE RIOTS — ARTEMUS WARD — MY FIRST FAINT GLIMPSE OF FAME — THE EVOLUTION OF JANE JACKSON — H. M. — A SLAVERY LECTURE — I RECEIVE A LETTER.

I SAY Introduction, for that is what it is. I know all these backings and fillings on my part must be very annoying to my reader; but they cannot annoy him so much as they do me, for they are nothing but gropings, on my part, in the dark of a memory which refuses to give up its secrets; especially the pleasant ones, for, Lord knows, the disagreeable ones remain with fearful distinctness. But, confound it, what is one to do when he has to tell of events which must have shaped the future of a long life, always being shaped by such trivial things; until the trivial takes the place of the important and the important sinks into triviality. Why, out of a comfortable home, without any great disaster, I should have had for my share one mattress, one pillow, three sheets, and a blanket, is more than I can account for. To be sure, there came to me afterwards a fine old-fashioned mahogany sofa; but the old English portrait of Lord Coke, whose long row of buttons I used to count, the Wedg-

wood vase, the iridescent Dutch tea-pot and saucers, and all the books, remain a family mystery which my father or my brother knew more about than I. My brother was by this time married and highly unsettled in life, while I was so unsettled that I should not have known where to store the things, — things brought back from Europe understood.

The four years I spent abroad were spent by those who remained at home in making friends and reputation; I came on the scene without either. To be sure there was Kate Field, a most loyal friend, a host in herself; through her and her good Aunt Corda the doors of society were thrown open. Milton Sanford, Aunt Corda's husband, was a fine, generous fellow and disposed to help me, and he did so when I was discovered; but being a fierce Copperhead, as they were called in those days, my out-and-out Union sentiments offended him past remedy. I had belongings, — all the little pictures I painted in Florence and all the drawings, to the most insignificant scrap, I had with me; they formed a sort of carapace or turtle's shell in which I lived and in which I am living, to a certain extent, yet, — and really, I had, for a sort of a dreamer, been a pretty busy one. But it was just as Grandpa said, — always beginning things and never finishing. There was one thing I thought frequently of finishing, — and that was my life. The two noble rivers were near at hand, and had it not been for the fun going on around me, and the Boys, — who knows? I had told my father I would earn my living and I did, but it was a struggle. Strange to think that by my father's first marriage I was brought into the world, and by his second was enabled to stay in it; for my stepmother coming North and seeing for herself how I was situated, after a good cry got me a couple of nice rooms, gave me money for materials and

"V." IN WARTIME

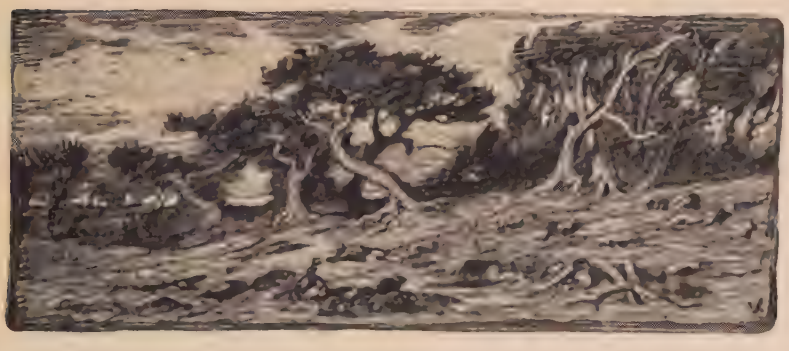
frames, and all the rest soon settled itself, and so no more of the noble rivers.

Of course at first I sought Ben. I went to live with him in Hoboken. I don't know how it is now, but then it was far from being a promising field for an artist, and so I had to try my luck in the City, and through the kindness of his father was given a large room in the old house where he had his offices — 48 Beekman Street. At Ben's in Hoboken, the heights were very pleasant after all; the grand view over the river and the great city opposite I shall never forget, and the palace-like steamboats of a bright morning, on their way to Albany, when the notes of the calliopes or steam-organs came softened by the distance, as they played such beautiful airs as "Pop goes the Weasel." And then there were some charming girls opposite, who helped materially to brighten my somewhat darkened young prospects. Ah, the girls! how good they were, and how one girl saved me from another all through the troublous period of the War, so that I was enabled to flee away at its conclusion without having spoken that hasty word which might have led to much unhappiness and a leisurely repentance.

Forty-eight Beekman Street had once been a colonial mansion, and the room I worked and slept in might have served for one of the innumerable dining-rooms of General Washington then. It contained a fine mantelpiece and nothing else, except one table, two chairs, one mattress and a pillow, three sheets and a blanket. A small trunk served as night-stand, on which stood one bottle serving as a candlestick, and one glass mug. The view out of the large windows was fine but monotonous, — plain brick walls and iron shutters. The noises of the street were shut out of

my room, it being in the back of the house; but to make up, it being wartime a saddler worked all night at warlike things, and whistled, with great vigour of accent but with no idea of time or tune, the warlike airs of the day. This gave me an uncomfortable sense of companionship. The boys, when they came, sat on the chairs, the table, the trunk, or stretched themselves luxuriously on the mattress, — for they were many; and there you have my surroundings. And I made my living. Sometimes I earned a good deal of money; sometimes next to nothing; for I remember once having only crackers and sausage. I put them together, and the sausage going bad contaminated the crackers. I had to throw all away and content myself with a drink of water for breakfast, and so, mighty sad, to work — in sorrow and in debt, for owing to my father's remissness there were certain little bills yet unsettled in Florence.

Goya, the Spanish painter, says that the dreams of the imagination are demons, but one can see from the engravings for which that serves as title, that he means — devils. The ancients said that each man was accompanied by his demon, or familiar spirit, who might be good or bad. On the floor, huddling in my single blanket, I too had dreams, of angels and devils, and that mattress became by turns a throne or a rack, according, I suppose, to the day's affairs or the day's fare. It was there I conceived "The Fisherman and the Genii," "The Roc's Egg," "The Questioner of the Sphinx," "The Lost Mind," "The Lair of the Sea-Serpent," etc. — but I lacked the means; I could not carry out the ideas. You see poverty has its defects. It leaves something to be desired, such as — good clothes, good food, a studio, paints, canvas, and frames. When I was supplied with these things, I painted my pictures, was noticed, sold them, and have never been in



MY DORÉ PERIOD

absolute want since, but have been fearfully hampered, with every prospect of remaining so until the unhampering takes place.

It was in this bare room, kneeling at the window one night, that I made my great prayer — the last. I only asked for guidance, not for anything else, and it was an honest prayer. The only answer was — the brick walls and iron shutters. Long after, I

did indeed make one more prayer in my deepest distress, but that was for another — an innocent life; but it was found that the great laws could not be disturbed for such a small matter, — in fact were not disturbed in the least, — and I have never prayed since. Lack of faith, perhaps? Perhaps.

To clear up things as I go along, and so get them out of the way, I will add that the Florentine debts were duly settled. The good tradesmen had never written or dunned me once, such was their faith in me. This shows that like the pirates of my school-days (who were all good pirates), I must have been a good Bohemian.

And I made a living, — looking back, I hardly know how I managed it, but I did. At first, trying to draw for "Vanity Fair"; Idea, fifty cents; Idea with suggestive sketch, one dollar and fifty cents; drawn on block, five dollars. But I found that my training, such as it was, was too serious for the touch-and-go style then in vogue. I never aspired to draw the cartoons or full-page illustrations; these the two Stevens brothers, who ran the paper, reserved for themselves. Then came the period of comic valentines. These were horrible things, but drawn on graphotype blocks were cheap enough to suit the publisher; but the funny thing about it was that he insisted on my making the verses — poetry, he called it — as well. He said: "You artists can make anything but money." Here I called on the Boys, and we set to work writing them and had great fun, for we instilled our stories and personal jokes into these things, which all passed undetected by the good publisher, who thought the "poems" fine. Poor Wood the playwright's only idea of fun consisted in pounding on the table with a big stick and yelling. This reminds me of a Neapolitan cab-driver: I scolded him for yelling at travellers to attract their attention, asking him what made him do it? He answered with a smile — "Hunger." That must have been it.

And then a rosy-gilled, prosperous calisthenics man gave me much work in the way of illustrating a book he was getting up, the drawings consisting of figures showing the action by dotted lines until they looked like multitudinously armed Indian gods. This was the period of the wooden dumb-bell; we had not arrived at the period of breathing deeply or chewing slowly yet. This person would go through his exercises whistling "Yankee Doodle," and looking the while like a great ape; and I used to pre-

tend not to catch the idea until he was in a raging perspiration, thus making him take his own medicine. Then Kate Field's uncle bought several little pictures I brought with me from Florence (for painting in such surroundings was impossible). But that did not help matters; it was only a stop-gap, and the trouble went on. The four or five years of the War — now a dream — seemed a century, but was in fact an important period for me, in which I gradually drew out of the slough of despair in which so many remain all their lives, kept there by the Saturday night's salary, "fresh and fresh." Serious book-illustrations were unknown in the beginning of that short period, — at least with us, — and were established before it was through. It commenced about the time I made those now forgotten illustrations for "Enoch Arden." I escaped all these dangers and got back to my painting: now, of course, illustration ranks with the best

work done. Yet it will be noticed that all illustrators long to paint and do so as soon as they can break away. There are some great fellows who do both; no need of my troubling about them; they can take care of themselves.

It would seem that I, like business in New York, slowly worked my way up-town, — always on Broadway, the straight and narrow way not appealing to me then; and with a few "stands" in Boston I finally reach the time of my second Hegira, or flight to Europe. It is strange that I *now* know more about the distinguished people I *then* met than I did at that time, and that now I should enjoy meeting them more than I did then; but it is a trifle too late. It is now a case of spilt milk, and was then, I fear a case of pearls, in which I was not — pearls.

At the house of the ever-kind Mrs. Botta, aside from the mild Vincenzo, I met Ole Bull and his wife, who told me all about his wonderful violins. Apropos of Ole Bull, — while at Matteson's one of my student friends, Purdy, a wild lover of the violin, although he only fiddled himself, fired me with a desire to hear Ole Bull, who was to play in Utica, and we made a veritable pilgrimage in most beastly weather, and sat with cold, wet feet and forgot all discomfort under the spell of his magic bow. Dear me! — and to think that since then I have heard at the Costanzi here in Rome a mere child do all he did, with infinitely fewer flourishes. Yet his was a grand and impressive personality, — yet Kubelik. If he only had more warmth and colour! And so it goes, each new-comer more wonderful than the last; and to think it is the same in painting! Then there was a Dr. and Mrs. Doremus. The doctor lacked an arm, but seemingly made up for this by never appearing, at least in society, without his cornet-a-piston, on which he played beautifully. Also much music at

Aunt Corda's. Adelaide Phillips, fresh from her Cuban triumphs, was a charming woman. She liked dancing with me, I being a natural waltzer and proficient in the real Cuban style. Her father being with her on one occasion, I asked if he was fond of music? That, she said, she had never been able to find out, but was inclined to think that he did not hate it. So much for heredity! And long afterwards, to see this brilliant prima donna singing the part of Little Buttercup in "Pinafore"! "Wise is the man who knows when his work's done, or woman either."

I joined the Athenæum Club; I believe I have somewhere said that I joined it to have some place to stay away from, being so homeless. There I saw that ruined tower, as he called himself, N. P. Willis. He had very small feet, of which he was duly conscious, and three curls "right down in the middle of his forrid," and I have since seen that he behaved quite "horrid," in his letters from abroad. However he made up handsomely afterwards for all that, and was one of the greatest of small men.

But what earthly use is there in making a list of the names of persons who are now — mostly — only names? Besides, I was too near, saw too many defects. But I found out one thing, — that the world is not made up of the very good or very bad but of the great average crowd, of the neither all-good nor all-bad. That is why Dante will be amazed to learn that V. finds fault with him for having provided in his "Inferno" such a peculiarly acute place for those neither good nor bad. Confucius is better. While he does not hold out "hopes of heaven or threats of hell," he has given advice which if followed would make a large nation happy and prosperous, perhaps composed of the not all-bad or all-good, and I believe that "'twill make the blood of the unco' pious freeze to learn that God in China

talks Chinese." But this is a digression lugged in by the ears. All the artists of this time are well described in my friend Isham's book on "American Painters," where he treats the subject with wonderful tact. My first years abroad, however, were spent in Florence, and not in Rome, as he states.

Differentiated Sausages. I have somewhere likened or intend to liken these Digressions to links in sausages — "linked monotony long drawn out"; but in this Digression, for *monotony* read *variety*, for you will find I bring in Quaint Legends — The Boys, and Wartime, and my brother Alex, and Grandma, Ben, and much more besides; and now — watch me.

There was once in the Via Sistina a bald-headed mechanic. It happened that he was born without a smitch of hair on his head, and so I suppose he was not to blame, although he might have been somewhat reckless in a previous state of existence. He did some work for me very precisely and well, and seemed to be very intelligent. At that time, I was trying to make a self-winding clock, and hoped to effect that object by the expansion and contraction of some material by heat and cold, so I asked him about it, and he answered that that was physics and he had only studied mechanics. This reminds me of a man who when I said that the day was "devilish hot," remarked that there was indeed "un alto grado di calore." This man was only taking his two fine daughters about the studios and leaving them to pose nude and alone with any artist who paid the price. What about "la morale"?

This tendency to what seems to us "highfalutin" in the Italians is easily explained, for we have two languages, our own dear familiar speech and our scientific speech; but they have but one and are not really going out of their way in using high-sound-

ing words. For instance: my friend Crowninshield once in Perugia interfered where a man was beating his wife. This interference was not taken altogether in good part by the crowd, for one man remarked that "things had come to a pretty pass when a man had no longer the right to 'percuss' his wife."

My brother Alex and I used to try experiments on dear old Grandma, which covered both the ground of physics and mechanics. I once found a print with the glass broken; removing the broken glass, I very skilfully painted a good imitation of it on the print, and taking it to Grandma, said: "See what I have done." — "What a pity! — how are you going to get another piece of glass to replace it?" When she finally saw how she had been taken in, she only reiterated her oft-expressed opinion that I was a born genius. This was optics.

She once told me, and I might have thought she was trying to get it back on me, how when Grandpa was young, they had invented a thing they called a velocipede, and that people used to go about on them. When I asked for a description, she said that it was a bar of wood with a wheel in front and one behind, and that you sat astride of it and made it go by shoving it with your feet. But, said I, "Dear Grandma, can't you see that it would fall over sideways?" — "But it did n't, for I saw them myself." Having common sense on my side I kept at her with a hundred arguments, like a young Torquemada, until she made a sort of recantation and admitted finally that perhaps she was mistaken, although I thought I heard a Galileo-like murmur that they did go without falling all the same. This was "la meccanica."

However, the worm will turn; this happened when my brother Alex told her of the penurious carpenter who, by putting green spectacles on his cow, persuaded her to eat shavings instead of

grass. This she would not believe, yet believed enough to think the attempt heartless on the part of the carpenter. Optics again. How well I remember the velocipede furore which swept over the country, — bone-shakers, they called them, — and how we allowed it to die out, while the English kept on and made them a success. Then we merely took them up again and now make them as good as those of other nations — no better, although we think they are. The perseverance of the English is usually rewarded with success — usually, but not always. Graphotype, which we invented and gave up, the English went on tampering with, but I imagine it is dead enough now. As I assisted at the birth of this invention, and it happened during the War, I will give an account of it.

There was a man — and he was an inventor — and his name was Larch. In making an invention and getting out a patent he was not concerned one little bit if it would work or not; his aim was to sell the patent. A good invention was an invention that would sell; invention for invention's sake, as it were. He conceived a machine in which water falling on revolving screens was cooled by its rapid evaporation. Now the boys averred that this did not take place; that the intense cold promised by the prospectus was a myth, that the water grew warmer the more you turned the handle, and so they christened it the "eggboiler." Larch made another — a formidable machine which he set up in the back yard of his house. It reached to the second floor and was made of sheet-iron. This he filled with beans carried up by an endless chain to the top, from whence they fell with a fearful clatter. He called it a grain-elevator and was indicted for keeping a nuisance, and he had to give up working it. This the boys called "Larch's Sheriff Escape."

Now my friend Hitchie was an engraver and illustrator, and used visiting-cards which he moistened and rubbed on his boxwood blocks to give a surface which would catch the pencil — otherwise they were too smooth. Seeing that where the ink had hardened the chalky surface of the cards thus used, the words remained in relief after the chalk had been washed and rubbed away, he remarked to Larch, who was standing close at hand, "This is my idea of a process of engraving in relief." Larch's eyes glittered. "Give me that card." And taking it, off he went. A few days after, he burst in, a large piece of chalk in his hand, crying out, "I've got it! — I've got it!" — And indeed he had, but it was only the germ, and it caused us no end of anxiety and excitement and hope before the sickly plant put in an appearance.

It was in those days that Hitchie showed his wonderful talent for locking up all the trouble of the day and leaving it in his office when he turned the key in the door at night. Larch had indeed found it! the lump of chalk was covered with writing in black ink; producing from his pocket a toothbrush (he was a dentist), Larch rubbed the chalk vigorously, and lo! all the written characters stood out in bold relief. "Now," said he, "take a flat plate of this chalk; draw on it what you please with this liquid I have discovered, which hardens the chalk; and when all the drawing is in relief, harden the entire block — cast it — stereotype it — and there you have your plate ready for printing."

In his eyes it was a most beautiful thing — to sell. It would be heart-rending to tell of all our failures. When with hydraulic pressure the plates of chalk were hard enough to write on, the chalk would not brush away; when soft enough to brush, the drawing went also. It was then I stepped in, and suggesting that

a brush should be used instead of a pen, we were thus enabled to draw on chalk soft enough to brush away and yet leave the drawing. This limp plant of an invention then began to stand up without assistance, and without being watered constantly by wilful falsification or something resembling it. All this has now been long sunk in the dark sea beyond the Garden of Memory, from whose depths few things are rescued — the Sea of Oblivion.

But why do I distinguish Larch as an inventor? We were all inventors and all were trying to invent something which would make us suddenly rich. It had to be sudden, for the need of money was very pressing. Now Ben's father was rich, and while he was disposed to set up Ben's brothers in business, for which they showed a great inclination, he was parsimonious towards Ben, who was trying to be a designer. When Ben made his appearance in the old man's office, it was always, — "Now Ben, I know just what you are after — money, always money. I wish I was in Patagonia or Tierra del Fuego." — But Ben always got the money. But never enough; and so he also took to inventing, striving to make something that would pay. And this he finally did; but before that, he came out with a scheme which provoked roars of laughter. It was to provide a tugboat with a long boom, to the end of which a torpedo should be attached; and then, going up to the enemy's vessel, run out the boom, explode the torpedo and sink her. We all thought this a most stupendous joke; and yet before the War was over, Lieutenant Cushing blew up the Confederate Albemarle with just such an invention and probably saved the nation.

But Ben hit it off finally. He invented a film to be used in process engraving, a thing indispensable in some forms of print-

ing, and by this time has made a fortune. A short time ago I asked a publisher here on a visit if he knew Ben. He said, "I should think so; he costs us thousands of dollars for that film of his." Thus Ben turned the laugh on the Boys — but it took him a long time. For Ben was slow but sure.

I find that an old letter of Ben's, yellow with time, dated January, 1866, enables me to drag out of the "Sea of Oblivion," as I somewhat highfalutingly call it, a notice of the graphotype, the invention of Hitchie and Larch. That the English kept at it is shown by the appearance on the scene of a certain Roper, representing an English company, who brought over to New York a book — "Watts's Hymns" illustrated by Anelay, Hunt, Du Maurier, Claxton, H. K. Brown, Fitzcook, and others. This seems to have finally persuaded the elder Ben, who promised to back Ben up in a scheme whereby Ben was to come to Paris to work the process. Of course Ben was wild to see me and writes for me to get him an apartment, — "something dans les prix doux," — for Ben had become a famous Frenchman during his stay in Paris. It all came to naught; — but Ben in Paris might have kept me from coming to Italy. I forget, — I am not counting on the girl in the case.

Can I let Hitchie sink into the Sea of Oblivion? Not if I can help it. Hitchie was short, stout, rosy, and had the most winning ways of any one I ever saw. No one could be angry with Hitchie; he was true pilgrim from the blarney-stone. No man, on turning the key in his office-door at the end of the day, could throw off more completely all care and trouble than could Hitchie. The rest of the evening was pure fun and pleasure.

His good nature was so contagious that I have known him to

quit me in Broadway and steal up behind one of the most formidable of the Broadway squad, insinuate his arm under that of the policeman, and thus accompanied, reach the other side, where that officer of the law would, with a pat on the shoulder, and a warm handshake, bid him a most smiling farewell. I have never been able to decide whether he was a kleptomaniac or not. He would certainly take things. If he *was* one, I shall have to enlarge my circle of friends so as to include those thus afflicted — for I cannot exclude Hitchie.

For instance: I have said he was an engraver and illustrator; now illustrators use India ink, and have to have certain little saucers to hold it. At a certain eating-house there were certain little butter-plates, admirably suited for this purpose. From time to time Hitchie would remove one, until he had removed six; on that day the waiter, with a perfectly serious face, presented the bill: chops, so much; green peas, so much; beer, so much; half-dozen butter-plates, so much. The bill was paid without a smile on either side, but Hitchie, concluding his outfit was complete, took no more.

There was a barroom, and on the counter a porcelain match-safe of a fanciful pattern, which he fell deeply in love with. He would fondle it, take more drinks, so as to remain longer in its society; but ever the good-natured but vigilant eye of the barkeeper was on him, for even when his back was turned, it gleamed from the mirrors behind the bottles. It was a tacit joke between them and the barkeeper won — but only by paying the price, ceaseless vigilance.

In the evenings, when the gas was lit in the streets and we were returning to Hoboken, mighty merry, he would stoop, seizing the edge of some great mat in front of a shop-door, and dragging

it gravely behind him for half a block, set the sidewalk on a roar. Nothing daunted him, and there was a tradition that he had gotten away with a keg of herrings almost under the grocer's nose. This I did not see, but I did see him do a thing which filled me with dismay. He begged me to stop a moment at a furniture-dealer's not far from my lodgings. At the entrance was a little étagère prettily fitted out with silver-gilt pitcher, bottles, and goblets. In the most casual way he selected a goblet, and on the dealer coming forward, actually stowed it away ostentatiously in his coat-tail pocket, conversing affably the while about his — Hitchie's — trouble in getting just the right bed for a certain room in his house. I looked at my watch, and telling Hitchie that I should miss my train if I did not hurry, rushed out of the shop, filled with fear and anxiety. I said he was an engraver; late the next day a messenger brought me a neat packet, on opening which, reposing beautifully polished on cotton, was the goblet, with this inscription engraved by the not-unskilful hand of my friend: — "To V. with the best love of D. C. H." Alas, it has disappeared — but not the memory of that kind-hearted rogue.

One does not buy a baby so often but what I may be pardoned for going back to 48 Beekman Street, for it was while still in that cheerful place there came a gloomy day when Hitchie and I concluded something had to be done: this meant

that we were hard up. "Have you ever seen this advertisement?" he said, showing me a newspaper. I took it and read: "Children wanted for adoption. Apply at number so-and-so, such a street,"—and nothing more. "Well, what do you make of it?" —"Nothing," I replied, "I can't understand it at all."— "Well," said Hitchie, "lots of people are in the same way; let us find out for them. You write the account and I will make the drawings, for it is sure to be something funny, and that will just make a nice page for the Daily Gad-About." I really have forgotten what paper he mentioned and in which the account came out, but have never forgotten this peep behind the scenes.

So we went to a neighbourhood once fashionable, and rang the bell of a shabby-genteel house. A poor little overworked girl answered the bell and asked us to step in and wait. The parlour had a shabby air of gentility, in harmony with the house and its situation. I can only remember that there was a plaster Cupid painted black in a corner, and some "Come to Jesuses" on the walls; and when Mrs. Crookmorton came in she was in perfect harmony with her surroundings. There was also an odour of mackerel which did not seem to diminish as our interview progressed.

I said: "Madam, perhaps we may be keeping you from your dinner; we can call another time"—for to tell the truth I wished I was well out of it.

"Not at all — not at all; no time like the present. What is it you wish to know?"

"I want to know the meaning of your advertisement, for perhaps you can help me."

She replied: "There's no mystery in it. The fact is that many

people have children they can't bring up, and many want to adopt children, so we try to help both parties. Do you want to dispose of a child or adopt one?"

"Of course not; that is, I will tell you just how the thing stands. I have a lady friend in Matanzas, Cuba" (I thought I would be on safe ground), "who wants a child, but she does not want to adopt a family; she wants all that finished when she takes the child."

"Of course, of course; when we take a child, they lose their father and mother for ever — that is understood. But we are kind people and become much attached to the dear little things and it is hard parting from them,"—here the crocodile tried to produce a tear,— "and all the expense and care we lavish on them, and everything, forces us to — in fact, we are not rich people, so we have to ask a certain remuneration."

"Of course, Madam, you can't do all this for nothing; I understand; and while my friend is not rich she would be willing to pay a reasonable sum. Now what do you expect to receive?"

"You see, while we have found happy homes for so many, yet the expense of doctors and burying of others has to be taken into consideration, and we could n't let you have one for less than forty dollars."

"That is all right, Madam; could we see the children?"

"Oh certainly. — Jane, bring down Irish Molly and Brooklyn Heights! You see we give them the first names that come to us; we don't want to have anything to do with their real names, and some don't have any,"—this was said with an attempt at playfulness.

It was touching to see poor little Jane, with her good face and her evident love for these babies, and how she held them and

caressed them like a real little mother. Jane was the one bright spot in the gruesome picture. And Irish Molly — well, she was all right and would survive. But poor little Brooklyn Heights! He was evidently the scion of a noble house, but how fallen; and his hair was all stuck up with dried pap, and Jane cuddled and petted him and a wan little smile came over his face as he laid his head against her cheek.

I was not feeling well, but the spirit of the reporter drove me on; so I said, "My friend wanted a little boy; this one will do, but how can I send him on?"

"Why, just give him to the stewardess, and she can put him in a berth and give him some pap now and then; there's no trouble at all about that."

"But," I interposed, "they only have stewards on the small vessels going to Matanzas and it takes a good many days to get there."

"Don't you bother about that. You men don't know anything about babies; there's no trouble. And besides, I will give you a bottle, and tell the steward to follow the directions and that will keep him quiet all the while."

I had to get out; the eyes of the little chap were too much for me. So, saying that I would be back the next day and that I would see about the ship in the mean while, — and being told that I could n't have the refusal of the baby for long, and that I must hurry up, — we left. I gave Jane some money to buy candy for the children, and she thanked me with tears in her eyes. Hitchie and I went and had a drink and the world rolled on.

I suppose I ought to tell of the resulting article, and how they found only text enough to go down one side of the illustrations, and needed another column for the sake of symmetry, and

how the Clairvoyant inflated it for me to twice the original size, and how I got the money, and how I ate the food bought with it — in sorrow, and how that sorrow lasts to this day. Poor little chap!

In the beginning of the War the Clairvoyant and Josephus caught the martial fever and set up a regiment. That is — they volunteered to do so, got their handsome uniforms, and appointed Staten Island as being both pleasant and healthy for the site of the camp. I never could get the facts of the story right; they seemed disinclined to give me the history; but a malicious friend gave me an outline also. He said the officers had good quarters and lived like fighting cocks; that the men — consisting of one — had a pretty hard time, as the officers took turns in drilling him; that one day, attempting to form him into a hollow square, he collapsed and was sent off on sick-leave. Thus, having no men left, they did not even have to disband, but came up to town. I know that they continued to wear their uniforms for a while, as they were very becoming. I saw them and they looked fine. This must have happened about the first time I met these interesting young men. But Josephus told me that previously he had written a beautiful play entitled the "Esmerald Fay," which made its appearance under the name of the "Green Monkey." Its first was also its last night. I can only remember his murmuring sometimes this line, "Let us dance to the sound of rustical roundelays." He said it was a portion of the play.

On one of my returns home with a venture of pictures, I exhibited them in rooms I had taken in Union Square. Hitchie had been ill and unsuccessful; he was getting a little better, but was not the Hitchie of old days. The delight of seeing me, the pleasure of helping me hang my pictures, seemed to make an-

other man of him. You see, he loved and admired me with all his heart, and most fully that love was returned. One day, just as he was leaving the house, — of course to come to me, — he was struck down. The poor old boy — for he was always a boy — seemed sleeping; perhaps it was better so. The tears shed at that funeral came from the Heart.

In the time of the Commune in Paris, a poor lady on the verge of perishing through starvation saved her life by sacrificing her pet dog. As she was mournfully assuaging the pangs of hunger on the remains, she remarked sadly, "Poor Fido — how he would have enjoyed these bones!" And that is the way I feel while writing these reminiscences; they were primarily written for those who can now no longer enjoy them. At long intervals I return to "the Club" with hopes high burning, but am warned by the flag at half-mast that some friend, "past-master" in my affection, may now be but a past-half-master. It may be foolish, but I cannot help believing that they will still be pleased by a mention — poor, dear ghosts.

And so I read in the reports of the "Association" that my dear friend Antonio has also gone; and looking over the long list I see that he is in good company. The gentle and lordly Antonio. The short obituaries are all that they should be, but our friends' little foibles and peculiarities are left out — things that the public has nothing to do with, but which endeared them all the more to us and made them more human. Antonio, although habitually frequenting the great, such as publishers, editors, and engravers, to us the important people of those days, was yet very much with us, and we all noticed that when he became merry he became all the more stately, until, when the merriment was at its height, it

got to be with him, "Yes, sir," or "Yes, madam," — which made his unbendings the more remarkable. And so it happened that when one Saturday night we all repaired in a body to some one's house in New Jersey, "mighty merry," the good wife of that some one had to fly about and get extra rations for the hilarious crowd. But bless you, they did n't mind — for were they not good Boys also? Then it was that the servant brought in a great plate of samp, just as Antonio was at his primmest, whereupon he broke into a silly smile and sang the then popular song of the day with a slight variation: —

> "Samp, samp, samp, the Boys are marching,
> Cheer up, comrades, they will come!"

— and Andy had the honours of the evening.

In Beekman Street and its vicinity the wood-engravers held high revel, and of course the boxwood men — those who prepared the beautiful and far too smooth boxwood blocks on which the artists were condemned to draw — also abounded. One of these last-mentioned persons, a cheerful, clean-looking young fellow, asked me on one occasion when I had gone to him for my blocks: "What's become of X. Y.? I hear he has been tampering with pictures."

Now X. Y., whatever were his merits as an engraver, was a man of very refined tastes and really a good judge of pictures. He was a sort of artistic centre in himself, and always had the Boys in of an evening, and it was — as Hopkinson Smith would say — "Help yourself; the tobacco is in the yellow jar." He knew all the artists. These were the days of George Broughton's beautiful little winter twilights with people skating on ponds. Also by correspondence he kept the Boys posted of each other's

movements, so that if Britcher was painting in Valley Conway, you knew through X. Y. just where Britcher was. He was far from rich at first, but the artists were generous, and so, between pictures obtained at very moderate prices and those presented to him, he formed quite a collection of desirable little works. I remember a fine portrait of Elliot, by himself, a present to X. Y. One day he made a most successful sale of the whole lot — but unfortunately arrived too late to withdraw the portrait of his friend. With this money he went direct to Paris, bought with his good judgement all the best French pictures he could, came back, disposed of them, and went back to Paris and bought more pictures. And thus did Job all the days of his life and became a millionaire. Of course he made exceptions in favour of American artists whose works were sure to sell. And others followed his example and thus, by showing us the best French art, they so fostered and encouraged the growth of art "in our midst" that even some American artists began in a modest way to dispose of their works, and the dealers became powerful, and we always drank their respective healths at our meetings.

There were good and bad ones among those dealers. I remember a talented young fellow standing like a whipped cur before one S. K. while the latter told him the kind of thing he ought to paint, and got the picture which the poor fellow had brought under his arm, for a mere song. Tampering? I should say so.

There was another tamperer — a certain H. He also had the foaming jug or spicy punch set out by the cheerful fire in winter, and also formed his collection pretty much as X. Y. had. Being an Englishman, he went to London, and here the likeness to X. Y. ceases, for H. did not return, but on the contrary remained in London where he set up a very successful pot-house; for, strange

to say, on one of my rare visits to London the first person I met was H., who told me himself this about the pot-house and asked me to come and see him in his new surroundings. All this was long ago, and so, like my Aunt Eveline, "I make no comment."

There once appeared in "Punch" a wood-cut representing two writers conversing affably as they walked along. One was a tragic, the other a comic author, and the point was — the con-

trast presented by the two men; for while Tragedy was represented by a stout, jolly little fellow, Comedy was embodied in a long, lank, and most melancholy individual — in fact just such a looking man as was our friend Frank Bellew. Old readers of "Vanity Fair" will remember seeing his name always written in a triangle.

One day he came into my room much depressed: Saturday was near and he had nothing ready. However, he pulled out a scrap of drawing, saying, "I wonder if the fellows up at the office will take this." It was entitled "The Thoughtful Parent," — or something like it, — and represented an eagle returning to its nest with a lamb in one of its hooked hands and a cruet

of mint sauce in the other. The Boys were delighted, and he was told to get his money and treat the young ravens at home to precisely the same fare — spring lamb and mint sauce. Which, by the way, now that I remember, was the title of the sketch.

I have always thought that Plutarch's way of putting his heroes in double harness, as it were, was a very arbitrary proceeding; yet in the case of two brothers I knew, that treatment seems indicated. I allude to Sol and Carolus Corinthius. I call them so from a proud curl of the lip which had more to do with Palestine than with Holland, although in later historic times the family was known to have come from the latter country. The difference between the Turveydrops was that while one had port, the other had presence, and this well describes the difference between the two brothers; for while Carolus was a model of deportment, Sol contented himself and friends with his presence. I can remember C.'s cuffs and almost some of the things he said; but of Sol I cannot remember a thing he ever said, but remember his effulgence; for while Walt Whitman used to sit with his beard and open collar and hairy breast and beam upon the Boys, his beams remained on the outside of you; whereas Sol's radiance permeated you through and through, so that I have often thought that among the shades in Hades — where Sol is — it can never be quite dark.

If I have put Sol and Carolus together, Mullin must stand alone, for Mullin was "a holy terror" — at least so he was described by good little Miss Van Dusen with whom he once boarded. She was contrasting him with Mr. Tom Placide the actor, who had occupied the same room — "a perfect gentleman, and so neat." Mullin was anything but neat, except in the matter of whiskey: he always took that neat. For one who treated himself so generously to that article, he was singularly abstemious

with regard to his friends, for he never treated any one but once, and that happened in this way:

Mullin, meeting that best of painters, Winslow Homer, was asked by the latter if he would have a drink. This jumping with Mullin's usual mood, he accepted at once. Homer then explained that he had tickets for drinks at Hanbury Smith's, which was then the very fountain-head of mineral waters in Broadway. Mullin, who never drank water, took Saratoga High Rock, as he told me himself, and it gave him the stomach-ache, but he said nothing and bided his time. It came. He met H., and inviting him to take a drink, led him to an apothecary's, where he said to the clerk: "My friend wants a drink. Will you please give him a drink of — castor oil."

If Mullin treated himself well to whiskey, he treated himself badly enough in other respects, judging by his appearance when he turned up after an absence. He was frequently absent. Once Hitchie and I got him into a hospital and bought him underclothing, and in fact did the good Samaritan. I remember the Irish nurse saying as he stripped him to rub his back: "It's a fine back ye have, Mister Mullin, to wrastle with the fever, thanks be to God!" He had been one of Walker's filibusters, and, strange to say, although he was ever on the verge of a fight, I never remember to have seen him in one.

But speaking of the Irish nurse reminds me of an Irish waiter. Once when Mullin was eating (he never dined) with Fitz Hugh O'Brien, the latter called to the waiter, asking him to bring him a plate for his bones. This was too much for the democratic Mullin. "A plate for your bones, forsooth! — What frills be these? — since when, I pray?" As every Irish gentleman has another Irish gentleman to black his boots for him,

the waiter at once bristles up: "An' why not, Mr. Mullin?—every Irish gentleman always has a plate for his bones." This was the same waiter who, on my going in very early in the morning, must have simply thrown some hot water on the coffee-grounds of the night before and brought the mixture to me as a cup of coffee. "By Jove!" I said, "this is the worst coffee I've ever tasted." — "Well, it is a little dilicate," he admitted.

It may be imagined that Mullin's hand was unsteady, but by concentrating his will and taking good aim he managed to hit the spot every time; and being a good artist this very unsteadiness gave a delightful freedom and a style of his own to his drawings, which were veritable little gems and offered the greatest contrast to the drawings of all about him. Very late one gloomy night I was going down the Bowery; where I was going or what I was going to do when I got there, God only knows, but so it was. Standing on the rear platform of the car I saw Mullin, who was absolutely unconscious of the presence of any one known to him. He stood there in gloom. A boy was whistling softly beside him. Turning to the boy, Mullin said: "I wish you would n't whistle." — "Why?" said the boy. — "It always makes me sad." — "Then I'll whistle you something cheerful." — "No, please; don't whistle any."

How he died or when he died I never knew. He simply faded out of my life; yet I would very much like to hunt up in the pages of "Vanity Fair" those forgotten gems of his. But what for? He has n't been dead long enough yet.

Somewhere in the South Sea a ship's carpenter had lost a saw and went about complaining and saying that that saw stuck in his gizzard; whereupon a native sailor rushed to the captain

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with the news that the carpenter had found his saw. The captain asked him where he had found it, to which the native replied: "He say it stick in his gizzard." All this that follows I know I have written and lost, but it sticks in my crop, and the only way I can get it out is by rewriting the whole thing, which I hate to do, but will.

It is about a set of false teeth. The Clairvoyant talked a great deal and talked well, so his teeth were always in evidence, and they being very bad and giving him no end of trouble, in his impulsive way he had all the upper front ones pulled out. This, causing his upper lip to fall in, gave him an appearance of age combined with youth. He increased the impression of age by imitating the chortling of an old man, to our great delight. He soon had a set made, but they would fall out, or oftener he would take them out, and then descant at great length on the comfort of being toothless, which he asserted amply made up for all the pain of having them drawn. This he did to the amusement of a crowd on a Hoboken ferryboat one evening. Of all the gloomy things on earth, give me the Hoboken ferry in winter; say the end of a cold day after a rain, when the boat is ploughing her way through the broken ice coming down the Hudson, and the pallor of twilight from the distant Jersey shore gleams along the wet deck. It was on such an evening, when all the passengers had drawn back under the roof among the wagons, thus leaving the broad deck free, that the Clairvoyant held forth on the subject of his false teeth. Suddenly stepping forward with the offending teeth in hand, he stooped and threw them skittling and glistening across the wet deck off into the swirling waves. It was a great success.

I have a suspicion that I have said all these things before.

If my surmise proves correct, all is not lost, as an example of how a tale can be varied by the same person shows how much reliance can be placed on the testimony of witnesses.

The Clairvoyant was so called from his assertion that the prominence of his eyes enabled him to see a fly on the back of his neck. His brother Carolus had a dark rolling eye which came in magnificently during his Shakespearean readings which he gave in his snug home up-town. These were always followed by a supper which the Boys called the *reparation*. And such is the ingratitude of human nature that even while he was pouring forth the ample volume of his sonorous voice and shooting off his snowy cuffs, whispers were heard, breathing the hope that he would make an end of his damnable faces and begin — the reparation understood.

Am I having fun at the expense of my old friends? Were I the funniest man in creation I could not begin to make the fun that this remarkable family made of each other. The invalid in his wheeled chair was always called "the Cripple," and "You idiot" was but the prelude of any communication between them; and yet they loved each other and admired and stuck by each other. Better I have seen, but none have I loved more.

How the Clairvoyant with ever-renewed hope followed those constantly rising bubbles filled with fair schemes of sudden wealth, only to see them burst one after the other, was a marvel. He was a promoter without money, and his capitalists usually were as badly provided, but, being cautious, mostly retired in time. Companies were formed with a Board of Directors, premises hired and gorgeously fitted up; studios for experiment, exhibiting in the case of colour-printing the most prismatic displays of wasted colour; but when the inaugural festivities were term-

inated, with the last glass of champagne disappeared the last of the funds, and the bubble burst and the company went into bankruptcy.

But he was good, poor boy! I will first skirmish a bit with a few preliminaries and then tell how good he was. Long after the days of the struggle, — in that period of modified struggle which has lasted to this day, — on a visit home my wife and children camped out in the Gilsey Building opposite the Brevoort House, in a studio on the upper floor. It was a low building, surviving in Broadway, a veritable matchbox. The San Francisco Minstrels were on one side and the little Union Square Theatre on the other, and we lived always in fear of fire. One night previous to the family's coming, I think I must have saved the porter's life, for Mike, the Irish janitor, had been eating plentifully of cucumbers, the first of the season, — things I could n't afford, — and was taken with a fearful congestive chill, and his wife came to me in a wild state of fear and tears, begging me to save him. I dressed and rushed for a doctor, and found a good young fellow. I told him through a speaking-tube which led up to his floor, what I thought must be the matter, and so he came with me provided with the necessary syringe for hypodermic injections, and we pulled Mike through, although I thought he was little better than a dead man when first I saw him. All this to show why his wife was grateful and how she helped us out of a little difficulty which occurred shortly after.

One night we were out calling; the children were at a front window on Broadway looking at the crowded streets and the people leaving the theatre and the minstrel show, when one of them shoved off the window-ledge a siphon of seltzer fully charged, which on reaching the sidewalk exploded like a bomb.

By great good fortune no one was killed by its fall, but for a moment there was a panic and the crowd gathered and stood gazing up at the windows. The children were frightened, no doubt, and quitting the window hid under a bed. Soon the police came up and made the porter's wife open to them all the rooms on the front of the building. She delayed coming to our room until the last, then, opening the door, assured the officers that we were all out and that there was no one in the room. The terror-stricken children meanwhile kept in their hiding-place like frightened quails, and seeing the room empty, and overwhelmed by the volubility of Biddy, the police left as wise as they came. A miss is as good as a mile.

The rooms my good stepmother found for me were on the corner of Bond Street and Broadway, and therefore near Pfaff's. As every question started in the Studio ended with, "Let's go over to Pfaff's," I became for a time one of the Pfaff crowd of Bohemians, as they were then called. Pfaff's was situated in a basement, and the room under the sidewalk was the den where writers and artists — the latter mostly drawers on wood but not drinkers of water — met. There I saw Walt Whitman; he had not become famous yet, and I then regarded many of the Boys as his superiors, as they did themselves. I really believe Pfaff himself loved the Boys. The time came when he retired to the country, well off; but then the time also came when he returned and started another place further up-town. I saw him in his new place and asked him about it. He said he was well off, but that he could not stand the country; he had to do something; but then he said, "It is n't the same thing; dere's no more poys left enny more." I have come to think that myself.

I must have been maturing slowly, — very slowly, — and pranks continued to be the order of the day. For instance, one night Josephus — and it may have been Hitchie, it was so much in his line — made me get up in spite of its being very late, and let them in. After indicating the tobacco and the bottle, I retired to my little bedroom, begging them to let me sleep in peace, which I did with a vague sense of much whispering and suppressed laughter in the next room. They were gone in the morning, and had shut the door, although there was nothing to steal, for pictures were not stolen in those days. But they had left much for me to contemplate. Hanging from the gas-fixture in the middle of the room was a large coil of new rope with a fine slip-noose at the end. On the burners two nice tin hats and a large bill of fare from some eating-house. Below, a splendid milk-can with the owner's name in copper letters, and around its neck a varied assortment — a necklace, in fact — of brass door-knobs, bell-pulls and knockers. There may have been other objects, but these are all I can remember. It took me a week to get rid of the results of their midnight raid or foray. Night after night I would shy, wrapped in paper, the smaller objects up and down the street from my window; the tin hats made a fine rumpus; the signs were burned; and the Irish caretaker was very grateful for the milk-can, so good to keep bread in, and the rope for a clothes-line. I did not like this lark at all, especially as I had been left out; but — dear me, how differently I look on such things now, especially from the standpoint of the householder. And yet I was then engaged on the picture afterwards known as "The Questioner of the Sphinx."

George Arnold was one of the Boys. He lived near me and used frequently to come and sit by me while I was painting.

I can recall his gentle, sad smile yet. Gentleness was his great charm. We both lived near Pfaff's, and it was there he read me his poem, shortly after it was written — "Here I sit drinking my beer." He died young; I do not know of what he died, but he seemed to be worn out even when I first met him. All the Boys attended his funeral; there was but one woman. Who she was and what she was made it all the more touching; her grief was honest and sincere. I do not think there went into that early grave a great secret sorrow. He thought his life a wasted life; it was with him a gorgeous romance of youthful despair; but into that grave went a tender charm, great talent, and great weakness. God forgive me if I have misjudged him.

While living in these rooms near Pfaff's, a kindling-wood man used to bring my kindling-wood, — very naturally, for that was his trade. One day when I was intent on a picture, he paused on his way out and stood watching me paint. Finally he asked: "How much do you get for such a little picture as that?" In answering him I used diplomacy; I did not say that I got what I could, which was the truth, but said: "For such a picture I ought to get about two hundred and fifty dollars." He drew in his breath with a gasp; then he walked to the door, turned, and heaving a sigh, said: "Well; every man to his trade." I could not help trying to imagine what must have passed through his mind as he went to that door. First, wild surprise at this vision of wealth; then a gleam of hope, and the thought — "Why should not I also?" — at once checked by an overwhelming sense of his utter unfitness; then the sigh and the additional thought — perhaps after all every man had better stick to his trade.

That reiteration about the kindling-wood man bringing up

THE QUESTIONER OF THE SPHINX

kindling-wood makes me think of the loblolly hole on shipboard. Some one asked: "What is the loblolly hole?" — and was told it was the hole where the loblolly boy kept his loblolly, — very naturally.

But to return to this trade idea. I have been told by those in the trade that, as an illustrated book, the Omar Khayyám has had a longer lease of life than any other book of its kind. I happen to know that it yet sells, and have reason for being glad of it. But I wonder why the book should sell. I am not alluding to the poem — that will always sell; but is there something wrong about the pictures — something Tupperish — that they should have been so popular? A fearful thought. It cannot be the drawing in them, for plenty of men — I do not say can, but at least do, draw better; therefore that cannot be the attraction. They take the mind, perhaps? — or do they touch the heart? Who knows? The subject is too deep for me; I give it up, — yet I wonder if that getting at the heart or mind is not my proper trade after all, and if I had not better stick to it.

After wondering so much, even at the risk of having the spirit of Lamb fumbling at my bumps, I will say — How wonderful is the working of the mind! How wonderfully one idea tacks on to another, like a string of sausages! I once saw a man making sausages at Deerfoot Farm near Boston, and found that in reality they were nothing but one long sausage divided up by a skilful twist of the sausage-maker into separate sausages. So considering this thing a little more curiously, I have thought, — Why may not these Digressions be but one long idea divided by a clever twist into seemingly separate stories? — no real variety, only twisted monotony. By the way, although at the farm everything was sweet and delightful, the glib way those flaccid cases were

suddenly filled with minced meat made me desire to get away; I did n't feel safe.

As I have said, every one was spoken of as old in those days. It was always old Bonner, old Greeley, etc., and so a certain writer was spoken of as "old Clapp." He was the ugly one of the crowd, and his face was indeed a living attestation of the truth of Darwin's theory. At the same time we had in our midst a young fellow whose bright and handsome face offered as great a contrast to Clapp's as it did to his own conversation, which was uninteresting and flat to a degree. "But," said one, "just let old Clapp talk, and he will talk that face off in fifteen minutes." — "That," said I, "is precisely the case with our handsome friend." Whereupon the crowd laughed heartily, but did not give me a guinea, only more beer.

It must not be thought that I was always frivolous during this period, because I recount so many frivolous incidents. A character in Dickens remarks that "when a man's affairs are at the lowest ebb, he has a strange temptation, which he does not resist, to indulge in oysters"; whereupon another keen observer puts in, "It is the same with pickled salmon." And then there is the thinly-clad man who says that "the weather is cold about the legs this morning." Well; we ate many oysters, and the weather was cold about the legs at times, and we always felt that any moment might be "our next." The theatres were never so full as during the War. And it was then that this strange tendency in human nature, alluded to above, was developed. Yet during it all I never wavered in my hope of our ultimate success or in my hatred of slavery, or in my loyalty to the Nation. I had the honour and privilege of voting for Lincoln, and paid my tribute of honest tears when that much-loved man was slain.

There are some things I do not keep on show and "these are of them."

Yes, indeed; all was not beer and skittles, particularly during my Bond Street period, for then occurred the "Draft Riots" and things looked pretty dark. And to think it is now a dream and that my children know nothing about it! I have frequently been asked, "Were you in the War?" — and I have to answer, "No"; but there were reasons, and I think a certain lady was rather hasty, who once insulted every man in the room, because a forefather of hers once "fit in the Revolution," and she had a relative in the army. In my case I had already been shot once and could not have carried a gun a block in my left hand; the family consisted of two, and half of it was in the navy at Hampton Roads or thereabouts, and the sight of the Irish corporals ordering men about in the Park was not encouraging. However, my name was down and I stood my chance with the others in the draft. All people who went into the army were not John Browns. A friend of mine told me he was going to school at this time, when, meeting a boy friend in the street, he was asked, "Well, what shall we do about this thing?" He answered, "I don't know: let's enlist"; and they did, and he became a Libby Prison man, one of those who tunnelled their way out and was recaptured, and has been more or less of an invalid ever since. This he told me only the other day, adding that had he known they were going to free the Negroes, he would not have enlisted.

Then my friend Coleman came back. He had been shot somewhere near the left corner of his mouth, the ball coming out of his neck under the ear, and suffered no end of pain and discomfort from pieces of jaw-bone coming out way down the neck. Another friend, George Butler, lost his left arm at Gettysburg, and

ever afterwards made a fine martial figure with his empty sleeve. Ned Forbes, who had been deprived of the use of his left arm from youth, went in as a special artist and war-correspondent, and managed to see everything and leave a series of drawings of the utmost historical value. Then there was A. Ward and his brother, special artist at the front. Those were the times when we made drawings of battles before they had taken place, for Frank Leslie — "old man Carter," as he was called. Longing eyes were cast on me by the newspaper people, but I said nay, and am glad I did. It is strange how little one sees of what is going on when one is in the midst of it.

From the roof of the corner of Bond Street I saw a surging mass of rioters coming down Broadway. Below was a solid and orderly body of police. An American flag made its appearance from a shop-door and was passed from hand to hand until it reached the front rank: it then leaned forward and the dark mass of policemen swept on. The two masses — the orderly, and the drunk and disorderly — met opposite the old La Farge House and there came a sound as of chopping wood, the meeting of clubs and skulls. The riotous crowd seemed to melt away before the orderly one; then coming back were seen limp figures supported on either side by policemen, with arms hanging out like the flippers of turtles; and the blood from the broken heads running down and collecting round the collars, made it look as if an attempt had been made to decapitate each wretch. These people had been burning a negro orphan asylum and its inmates, and hanging Negroes to lamp-posts and burning them.

An apothecary's shop was looted — and here a comic touch comes in. The proprietor of the shop, a German, was looking on ruefully; of course the object of the mob was to get at the

brandy, gin, and whiskey which was kept in those days by apothecaries; suddenly a professional thought came to him — "All right! Let dem keep on! — yust wait till dey come to dem brussic acids!" But they were a cowardly set. Josephus was standing before a stable, with the proprietor and some of his men, perhaps they were five in all, when a rabble came by with a wagon on which was stretched one of their dead, stripped to show the wounds. They seemed in a state of frenzy, but on one of the stablemen yelling out to them, "And served him jolly well right!" the crowd slunk by without an answer. We were totally unprepared, and had they only been organized it would have been a very serious affair indeed; as it was, the city was terrorized for three days.

Hearing that they were going to break into the armories of the military regiments and arm themselves, a few of us went down to an armory next to the old Metropolitan Hotel. A friend had his studio in the same building at the top; the armory rooms came next, and the rest of the building was a carriage-factory, a regular tinder-box. There was no one to guard it but a frightened care-taker. After seeing that we could escape down a scuttle in the roof of the neighbouring hotel, we armed ourselves with rifles, and placed packing-boxes from behind which we could fire, or roll them down the staircase on the approaching foe — for the staircase went down straight from the upper floor to the front door on Broadway. We also loosened all the coping-stones, with which to regale the mob, and placed a great flagstaff so that we could also send it down to amuse them. And then we set a guard and retired to our friend Baker's studio, where he played to us beautifully on his fiddle, for he fiddled better than he painted. And so with crackers and beer we whiled away the

peaceful hours. Luckily the approaching foe did not approach, and finally as usual we repaired to Pfaff's and talked things over.

Bond Street must have been a lively place. Diagonally opposite my rooms took place the celebrated murder of Dr. Burdell, in which Mrs. Cunningham and a weak young fellow by the name of Snodgrass were implicated. The papers were full of it. I believe their guilt was not proved, but it was one of those cases of "Don't do it again." The old La Farge House or Hotel was burned while I was there. Here I noticed a singular thing: the walls were left standing, but, threatening to fall at any moment, they were pulled down by ropes. The building was so high that one would have thought the walls would have fallen against the house opposite. Nothing of the sort happened, for no sooner were they inclined at a slight angle than the material commenced to crumble at the top and then fell straight down, so that the street was scarcely rendered impassable.

At the time I had my studio in the old Gibson Building on Broadway; I used to pass frequently a near corner, where an old negro woman sold peanuts. Her meekly bowed head and a look of patient endurance and resignation touched my heart and we became friends.

She had been a slave down South, and had at that time a son, a fine tall fellow, she said, fighting in the Union Army. I finally persuaded her to sit to me and made a drawing of her head and also had her photograph taken. Having been elected associate of the National Academy, according to custom I had to send in a painting to add to the permanent collection, so I sent in this study of her head and called it simply by her name — which was Jane Jackson. Time went on and I found myself in a mood. As I always try to embody my moods in some picture, this

An old negro woman - The origin of many Sibyls by V. see "Jane Jackson - the Struggle"

From a Copley Print, copyright, 1901, by Curtis & Cameron

mood found its resting-place in the picture of "The Cumean Sibyl." Thus this fly — or rather this bee from my bonnet — was finally preserved in amber-varnish, and thus Jane Jackson became the Cumean Sibyl.

The story of the Sibyl is well known, having been translated from Latin into English, but the story of the embodied mood has not been translated. In plain English it meant: If you don't buy my pictures now when they are cheap, you will have to pay dearer for them later on. Thus far the prediction has turned out true several times.

I received for "The Lair of the Sea-Serpent" three hundred dollars in greenbacks — equivalent to one hundred fifty dollars now (but then it seemed to me a thousand). I should get more for a similar picture now, but I have n't the slightest doubt but what they will again be cheap enough. It has happened to many a tall fellow before this — and will happen again.

The accompanying reproductions only relate to the head of

the Sibyl, and not to the whole-length figure in the picture at Wellesley College.

I should like to tell of a bit of cleverness on my part shown in the pedestal of a small head of the same subject in bronze. I wished to have the head on a pedestal and at the same time give an impression that she was seated, so I made the pedestal like the semi-circular back of a seat — and the effect is of her being seated very comfortably. I made the pedestal of one solid piece of Rosso Antico — in fact had two made, and the marble-man assured me he had exhausted the market in securing two blocks of such fine quality.

We will here consider the subject of the Sibyl closed, but the marble-man must have his story. He was occupied in making a pedestal for an Egyptian Sphinx, which he had restored. "You see," he said, "the Sphinx is of grey granite and so I think I have done well to select for its base 'un Africano blando e serio'" — a bland and serious African — marble understood; which is only equalled by an advertisement of a *trattoria* in Turin which appeared regularly in a certain paper: "*Cet établissement est très renommé pour son caractère sérieux et réservé.*" I translate this as meaning very advantageous terms in offered confidence to poor people who are keeping up an appearance.

What cosy studio and tavern times I have had with Homer Martin. He was a Bohemian if you will. I remember once getting him ready for a wedding. He had been shaving, and being of a rugged countenance his wounds took a long time to stanch, and time was precious. To be sure, the cuffs were ready, nicely trimmed, the scissors having been found, but the shirt and collar had not come home. However, I got him off in good style. M. was apt

to be late, but it was never too late for him; he would sit drinking his beer and sometimes not say much, but it always ended in his saying the best thing of the evening. It might be delayed but was sure to come. All remember his answer to the lady who asked him if he did n't think he drank too much beer: "Why, Madam, I don't think there is too *much* beer." Late one day he was found very busy painting some plants in the foreground of a picture: on being asked what plant it was, he said, "Why, don't you know that plant? — that's the foreground plant; I use lots of it." To my great delight I found years afterwards, at the sale of the effects of Tintoretto, an English book, where, after showing the proper stroke of the lead pencil for indicating the foliage of the oak, the willow, and other trees, there was a chapter devoted to "Foreground Plants." I always intended sending it to him, but as usual — unlike M. and his wit — I put it off until it was too late.

You see every one has been written up: we know Who's Who nowadays: so I only go around picking up old bits in odd corners. Some may be new, and some worth saving, even though they are old — they will be new to some one: think of the increase of the population.

Let my friends have patience with me while I play this affectation of Vanity, for I have never been vain — how could I be? Just listen. Each year for three years I sent a picture to the Academy. On the first — "The Questioner of the Sphinx" — Ned Mullin perpetrated an outrageous play upon words; the second — "The Lost Mind" — was called by the Boys, "The Idiot and the Bath-Towel"; in fact the drapery was a little thick about the neck. The third — "The Lair of the Sea-Serpent" — was simply called the "Big Eel." I have seen it seriously stated

that I painted it from a dead eel. Those were the days of dear Artemus Ward. Of course all the Boys were his friends and attended his lectures in full force. His lecture —"The Babes in the Wood" — was given at the time the Sea-Serpent was on exhibition. The Babes were only mentioned on the Bill; he never once alluded to them in the lecture. That was his joke, and so he brought in everything else except the Babes — and so, again, he brought in the Sea-Serpent by V. I am real sorry I cannot tell how the "Big Eel" wriggled in, but that is not the point anyway: the point is that then I felt what Fame was, for the first time; for apart from the applause of the Boys, some five or six of them, there was a laugh of recognition from perhaps three persons in the audience. They had seen the picture, — they knew who I was, — they, the Public. This, I thought, was doing pretty well; New York was a big city even then, and what was one Eel among so many? Why — a most extraordinary Eel of course, and I was proud while this first glimmer of Fame lasted. It soon wore off and I have never been proud since. Artemus was most sympathetic. He looked so frail and delicate that he gave an impression of one doomed to die young. There was something comically pathetic as he patiently waited for the audience to catch on to his jokes; no wonder, for it was often a case of pearls. It was to him the man said after a lecture, "I say, it was just as much as I could do to keep from laffin' right out two or three times."

Kate Field, with the best intentions in the world, always seemed bent on improving my mind. So having received free tickets for a lecture at the Cooper Institute, she haled me to its gloomy halls. It was winter and the hall was gloomy indeed and half-lighted. A single lady and ourselves composed the

KATE FIELD

audience. Also it was cold. At first, as if by mutual consent to spare the feelings of the lecturer, we scattered ourselves about, trying, with very inadequate means, to give the semblance of a larger audience. Afterwards we sat close together for warmth. This reminded me of my friend Smetham's efforts with the single glove, trying to create a belief in the public mind that he could produce the other "an he would." So we sat together and the lecturer finally appeared. He seemed surprised at the smallness of the gathering and remarked on it, but generously determining to give the lecture entire, drew from his breast-pocket the longest roll of manuscript I ever saw. My companion shuddered. We all have our favourite words; his was the word *purlieu*. I never knew how extensive and low down the purlieus were. The whole of New York seemed to him one vast purlieu. Of the whole lecture I have only retained that one word. We applauded the end, — for he went on to the bitter end, — and the applause was in quantity just suited to the quality of the lecture.

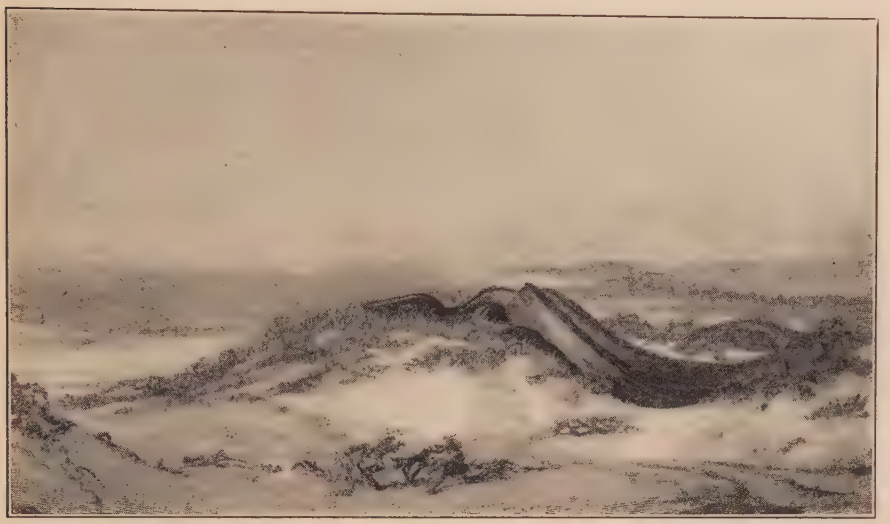
Kate Field was thorough; she was also a woman of advanced views. She not only attempted to improve my mind but gave me some sound advice as to the body, assuring me most solemnly that if I did not leave off smoking there was little prospect of a long line of progeny, in case I got married.

So now it was my health; and she, going with her mother and a cousin to Sharon Springs, I must be of the party. Her mother, the most loveable of women, had endeared herself to the Boys in Florence as she did to all. She had been an actress of the old school, and still retained a certain stateliness. The cousin, a fine figure of a girl, reminded me of a wood-nymph as she ran about under the beech trees' shade. Of course the mother had to take the waters, but I resisted; the consequences in her case

were that her straight raven locks all fell off and when her hair did come in again, it was beautifully touched with grey and frizzled up into the most coquettish curls you ever saw, — so much so that I assured her it was most compromising to be seen in her company. Here I took my friend driving. Now I could get along with credit on horseback, but what is one to do in driving when a horse, good at climbing and on the level, takes, when it comes to a descent, to sitting down and tobogganing? That is the way we made an entrance to the village on our return from our drive.

Yes, Kate Field was thorough and of advanced views. We were stopping with a couple by the name of Morgan; she at once made a fervent convert of the wife, in the matter of Woman's Rights, until it came to such a pass that when the meek husband ventured to give his views, his wife would say with great spirit, "Now, Morgan, you jest hold your jaw." Morgan would subside and take me out to the barn and show me his snakes, — for he was a snake-charmer. He kept them in barrels and told me how careful he had to be to keep only those of the same size together, from a habit they had of eating each other; even a difference of a few inches would provoke these attempts. This Morgan was also a collector of natural curiosities and had quite a museum. Among other things he had found a stone which represented fairly well a leg with its foot, and the period is shown by his calling it St. Anna's leg. This St. Anna, or Santa Anna, was the president and dictator of Mexico, and for the best of reasons wore a wooden leg; and the story goes that on one occasion, in our war with that country, we came very near capturing that hero, who was forced to decamp so suddenly that his leg was left behind and thus fell into our hands. Morgan had a habit of

going about with a snake coiled round his wrist as if it were the most natural thing in the world. I dare say his wife broke him of the habit when she became advanced enough. Kate Field thought the wife the better man; I liked the gentle Morgan best.



THE LAIR OF THE SEA-SERPENT

Yesterday I received a letter from my old friend, James D. Smilie, dated Rome, in which he regrets not seeing me; and I regret not seeing him, for he has a good memory as well as a good heart, and could have told me all about my studio days in Dodsworth's Building. As it is, he tells me in this letter that it was at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street. He says — but I had better quote this portion of his letter at length, as it is a veritable bag of tricks in the way of information: "My sister and her two daughters have told me of your studio here, and I wished very much to see for myself and to know how it compares with that little, bare room on the upper floor

of the Dodsworth Building . . . where in ages past we had studios. Memory goes back to those times lovingly, when Innes, James Hart, Samuel Coleman, Brevoort, J. Q. A. Ward, Rogers, and other lights of those days were there. I recall one day's work of yours — a success, a girl's head, beautiful in colour; and in expressing your pleasure you said that old landscape studies, especially if painted in juicy, rich dark greens, were admirable foundations for colour schemes and flesh-painting. Often in painting over old canvasses I remember those expressions."

See how leisurely my friend ambles along in his letter: that would never do in a book, and it's "God's mercy" that I have a poor memory, for at that pace I should never end. Contrast indeed, between the little, bare room and the spacious one in Via Flaminia, and the garden and ivy-clad walls and cypress trees and fountain. By the way, the fountain has gone to another old friend, L. C. Tiffany, and it is in consequence of the financial overflow from it that I am enabled to indulge in this present fad; otherwise I might be better employed. "The little bare room" — but in Fifth Avenue and in the midst of well-known "lights" — was but a great bluff. I was trying to take Fortune by storm. Appearances were kept up, so that the simple mattress I and my friend Bill Cary slept on, and the buffalo-robe which served as our simple covering, were carefully hid behind the screen during the day. No visitors came but the Boys — lots of boys. One day my brother came and was received with mysterious glumness. On his asking me if I did not feel well, I told him that perhaps he would not feel particularly chipper if he had gone without his dinner the day before and without his breakfast and lunch that day. Poor fellow! he turned pale. He took me at once to a restaurant and fed me carefully, as you do starved people taken

from a raft: perhaps he remembered our little Negro, Crispino, and the experiment of letting off Seidlitz powders in him. Anyway, this marked the culminating point in my troubles, in that respect, for I have suffered more since from indigestion than from hunger—with the exception that I still hunger for little-neck clams and soft-shell crabs, and in general for all things I cannot get.

"Contrast!" I should say so. Dodsworth's was a dancing-academy, and the Cubans used to give balls there, and as they are fond of perfumes, great gusts of odour and strains of the throbbing habaneros used to come up to us as we lay on the floor under our buffalo-robe. I lie softer now, but not much happier; yet happiness, as it did then, seems just within my reach. Still youthful? No: but still foolish.

Wind Poles

Rare Artists must those Lapland Witches be,
Who gather in entangling coils from stormy Sky
The boistrous Winds as spoils and firmly tie
In Runic knots, which once again set free
Spell out the Sagas of the labouring Sea.

Under the waning moon by potent spells
They catch them in their maddest hurryings;
The furious tempest and the sudden squall,
Even the gentle Zephyr's tepid winnowings;
And pelting hail and driving snow they do enthrall.

Winds from saffron dawns in Orient lands,
Scirocco's breath from Lion-trodden sands,
Cold blasts from out the frosty Septentrion,
And wild Atlantic gales from near the setting Sun.

Perchance becalmed, off some palm-dotted shore,
The anxious mariner, hearing dangerously near
The stretching coral-thwarted breakers roar,
Bethinks him of his charm, and loosening a strand
Fills to the full his flapping sails once more.

Could I of these twisted knots have the untwining,
I'd leave fast bound all discords and repining,
Fast bound the voice of unavailing Memory,
And set free the fragrant airs of Aready.

CHAPTER VIII

Boston

HUNT AND LA FARGE — PILGRIMAGE TO CONCORD — COFFIN'S BEACH AND A MOST EXTRAORDINARY HAPPENING — THE PICKEREL AND THE WOODCHUCK — ART AND BUSINESS — OLD, OLD — A LETTER.

On the day after the taking of Richmond, the whole city went mad. People sang, danced, hurrahed, and got drunk. The long strain was over, and we breathed freely again. Only a newspaper man could do justice to the state of the city on that day. We — that is the Boys and myself, for we were always together — met an old gentleman who said, "I never was drunk in my life before, but I am now and *I glory in it.* Let us all take a drink."

Well, we kept the ball rolling all that day, and for my part I passed through many stages. The Boys were fond of recalling how in the bellicose stage, I bade them all stand back four paces and then I would show them what I could do; they afterward affected to admire the mixture of caution and bravery I displayed. Lastly I became sentimental and lachrymose and begged them to hold up the flag, — the last I heard that night was a voice frantically imploring them to "Hold up the Flag!" Thus for me ended the day of the taking of Richmond, but I was not proud of it.

The War being over, tired out with the exciting life I had led,

and its many complications, a great longing for Europe came over me, and so, packing my belongings, with a woefully small amount of money, but with hopes high burning, I again left my native Land.

This leaving my native Land and seeing it "fast fade o'er the waters blue" could not have been accomplished so easily without the aid of Boston, — to me the always faithful Boston, — and so I shall make a little group of my memories of that city. I fear, relying entirely on a poor memory, I may get things mixed, — putting in recollections of visits taking place after the "War-time"; but it really does not matter much now, it being so long ago; but it did matter very much then, as you shall see.

The good people of Boston — meaning the eminent ones — I had the pleasure of meeting have described themselves mutually so thoroughly that there is nothing I can add; but the thought strikes me, as it has so often in thinking things over, that had I been somewhat older when I was younger, how much more I could have profited by my opportunities. The Studio Building was naturally my headquarters, and as naturally its inmates became my good friends. First came loveable Ames, the portrait-painter, with his great head of curly hair, his handsome, dark, gypsy-looking wife, and Emmie, the daughter. In Emmie, this feature of both father and mother — the hair — came out strongly and shaded her brow with dark, thunderous masses, which, however, only emitted heat-lightning, very effective in my case but doing no permanent damage. Snell, the architect, had his offices in the building, and his partner was that dearest of fellows Jamie Gregerson, whose then sylph-like sister I now see in Rome from time to time. There I formed a friendship with William Furness, also a portrait-painter, whose early death was

such a loss. He painted my portrait for the Academy, to go among the portraits of the Academicians; posing me with my back to the light, my yellow hair gave much the effect that Landor complained of, as I have told, —the only resemblance between us, I fancy. Furness having a portrait to finish, the lady no longer being available, he advertised for a model, "for the arms only, none but ladies need apply." The effect was wonderful; "in flocking crowds they came." He soon had what he wanted, but had to consult me as to the surplus, so it was agreed he should pass them on to me. "Out. Apply at number five" was tacked on his door. I soon found one I thought I could make some good studies from, and put on my door, "Out. Apply at number eight" — Bicknell's. I don't know what Bicknell would have done had it not been for his regular model, a young lady who soon discouraged them all. But such a number!—and real ladies! — it must have been the romance of the thing. Some came shrouded in mystery and a few remained shrouded, but they mostly unshrouded with great readiness; they evidently thought it a lark. One I retained would have been a splendid model, but she had one defect; she was a schoolmistress and very well educated, but was an incessant, incorrigible talker. I had with great regret to get rid of her, for fear of being talked to death. I do not know how it may be in other parts, but in the vicinity of the Studio Building I saw much of a Boston which does not appear in literature.

William Hunt was so identified in my mind with Boston that to say "Hunt" was to me the same as saying "Boston." Although he differed from any Bostonian I ever knew, he never seemed the same man out of it. Hunt, aside from being one of

the most fascinating and loveable men I have ever known, was also a most accomplished swearer. My brother Alexander once said to me, "Ell, I wish you would n't swear. Not that I object to the swearing, but you do not do it gracefully." Now Hunt did do it gracefully. He could swear in any society, and did so; and, although I never heard him, I am persuaded he could have sworn in church with perfect propriety. He had his days; there were days when he swore constantly; on others he seemed to have sworn off swearing, and only swore intermittently.

He also told stories. One day he told the story of a father, also a profuse swearer, who gave the very best of advice to his son in the very worst of language — in fact it consisted of a very thin stream of advice meandering through meadows of swearing. And this happened on one of Hunt's swearing days. I simply cannot describe the effect.

Hunt used to tell how he and an old friend sat up until all hours raking up reminiscences, aided by a box of cigars and sundry bottles. When they found the box empty and the bottles likewise, they concluded to go to bed; but the smoke thirst was on Hunt, and he felt that the rest of the night would be spoiled for him unless he had another smoke — for it is a peculiarity of our minor vices that one never has enough until one has too much. So he hunted through his clothes and searched the room for tobacco in any form, but in vain. Then he remembered a particularly fine stump of a cigar he had heedlessly thrown away on the grass-plot in front of the veranda where they had been sitting. Lighting a dark lantern, he crept noiselessly down the stairs and out on to the grass. There had been a series of robberies committed in the neighbourhood recently, so when he heard a rustling in the bushes near him he at once became intensely

excited; but, taking the bull by the horns, he opened wide the lantern, and saw in the sudden glare the figure of a man on his hands and knees in the grass before him — it was his friend, bound on the same errand!

Mrs. Hunt also told stories, but did not swear. She told this little one of herself. The cook had asked her what they would have for breakfast the next morning. Mrs. H., who had been reading some book in which the slang word "sassengers" had amused her, said, without thinking, "We had better have sassengers"; and then correcting herself — "I mean — sausengers." This is very like a friend, who, having dipped the gum-brush into the ink-stand, washed it out very carefully and then proceeded to dip it right in again.

Hunt was also a most generous man. On seeing my pictures for the first time, he wrote me a most appreciative and encouraging letter, doing me no end of good, and when I went on to Boston he proved in deed as well as word a sincere friend. I always connect La Farge with the Boston of that time. If Hunt was comforting, La Farge was inspiring; I have never met any one more so, and it was only my imperviousness that prevented my profiting more by his advice and example. It was at this time he painted those flowers — one might say truthfully his flowers; I had never seen anything like them then, and I have never seen anything like them since. At this time I remember Doll having for sale that wonderful little picture of La Farge's, — the old Newport house with its large roof covered with snow, standing solemnly in the gloom of an overcast winter day, — not only wonderful in sentiment, but for the truth of the transmitted light through the snow-burdened air. I went to Doll's one day with the firm intention of becoming the happy possessor of this little

picture, but La Farge by some subtle instinct must have scented danger, and I found it was no longer for sale. This quality of subtlety is shown in those never-to-be-forgotten flowers, particularly in that damp mass of violets in a shallow dish on a window-sill, where the outside air faintly stirring the lace curtains seems to waft the odour towards you. This quality, peculiarly his own, affects me in his writings, so that as a writer I was at one time inclined to find fault with him for a certain elaborate obscurity in his style, which I now see arises from his striving to express shades of thought so delicate that they seem to render words almost useless. Therefore his words seem to hover about a thought as butterflies hover about the perfume of a flower.

A French ambassador once said to a lady who had been reproving somewhat shrewdly a certain act of Napoleon the Third: "Madame, the Emperor will be very sorry when he hears this."

Boston was not in those days a maelstrom of madness as New York is now, but the business part (the Studio Building and where Hunt had his studio) was sufficiently lively to make a little trip into the country a relief, and the ever hospitable home of George Long offered such a haven of rest. Hunt had painted a fine portrait of my dear friend Mrs. Long, and by accident or by appointment we often found ourselves in the midst of her loveable family. One day we were looking at a French flower-piece which Long had bought of some dealer, when Hunt thought he saw something peculiar about it and insisted on getting it out of its frame and having an examination. To our surprise we found that there were two pictures; a companion flower-piece, every whit as good as the first, had been stretched under it. Here was a legal question, — to whom did the picture belong? — and we argued it out as such. It would only embarrass the dealer, if

THE LOST MILLET

it was a case of smuggling; and if not, why then it belonged to Long as much as to any one else. The poor painter was not mentioned; he was too far away. It ended, when framed, by making a very good pendant for the other one, and they were hung one on each side of Hunt's portrait of Mrs. Long — for there is nothing like symmetry.

Speaking of pendants, a very good one to this of Hunt's finding a picture is the story of his losing one — a far more serious matter, for it was a little but beautiful picture by Millet. The history of this picture, of which I give an illustration, is as follows.

William Hunt was a great admirer and friend of Millet, and in the early days bought of him all the pictures he could afford to buy. These he kept in his studio in Boston, where I had a good

opportunity of admiring them. One day I made in a small sketch-book a pencil drawing which at that time I did not so much value, as it only served to keep the picture fresh in my mind. When, however, I heard of the burning of Hunt's studio with all its contents, and imagined that the catastrophe had included this beautiful picture, I hunted up the drawing and now cherish it as perhaps the only record left. I now see that I had noted in my drawing all things essential to giving a good idea of the work, which was small only in size.

I give the drawing as of interest and value in case the picture has really perished. I have never been able to find out anything about it, or indeed — what is stranger — even a person who remembers seeing it.

As this is a zig-zag, I get back to La Farge again, but only to tell of an Englishman who was stopping with him, at Glen Cove I think it was. I had been invited there at the same time, for La Farge was always most kind to me. We had breakfasted to our satisfaction, when the English artist cleared his throat and asked briskly, "And now where is the sketching-ground?" Did he expect sign-posts? — or to find the country chalked out like a tennis-court? — or "Sketching-Ground. No trespassers allowed!"

This last idea is not a bad one. I remember when sketching at Bordighera I used to say to my friend Coleman, "Now mind — I've put a chalk-mark on this subject"; and we used to respect each other's chalk-marks. One day, however, Coleman had found such a good thing that I had to sit down back of him and paint it also. I painted one of my best sketches, and so quickly that I was through before he had drawn his in; but I had to pay dearly for it, for he was so disgusted that he shut up his box and

would not go on with the subject, but claimed my sketch instead, and he has it to this day.

I have told in "Florentine Days" of the painter Mignati asking me what I thought of a certain head he had just painted, and my reply, that it looked like a man who saw ghosts. The head turned out to be that of Home, the medium. The same question in almost identical words was asked me in Boston years after by Mr. J. T. Fields, the publisher. He was showing me his treasures, and among them was a head — the portrait of a man. He asked me what kind of a man I thought the original must have been. I said I saw in it a delicate temperament, that of a poet, one who had suffered a great deal — in fact, it looked to me like the portrait of a hunchback.

"That is most extraordinary! Why, it is a portrait of Alexander Pope."

This may not be very interesting; I only tell it to show how clever I was.

Circumstances concurring, Hunt and I made a pilgrimage to Concord. He had heard previously of a remark of Emerson to the effect that "Nature being the same on the banks of the Kennebec as on the banks of the Tiber — why go to Europe?" We, having both been to Europe, could not reconcile ourselves to this dictum — in fact were quite riled about it, and determined that if either of us had the opportunity he should have it out with Emerson.

Now, when you saw Emerson, you saw Alcott; but when you saw Alcott, you did not necessarily see Emerson. Be that as it may — Emerson fell to my lot. I will not describe him — he was all that is most sweet and gracious; so was I.

I said, "Mr. Emerson, I think there is a great difference between the literary man and the artist in regard to Europe. Nature is the same everywhere, but literature and art are Nature seen through other eyes, and a literary man in Patagonia without books to consult would be at a great disadvantage. Here he has all that is essential in the way of books: but to the artist, whose books are pictures, this land is Patagonia." (And so it was at that time.) I continued, "Take from your shelves your Bible, Plato, Shakespeare, Dante, Bacon, Montaigne, etc., and make it so that you could not consult them without going to Europe, and I think it would soon be — Ho, for Europe!" Could impudence go further? I was very young.

"Yes, yes," said he, "that is certainly an aspect of the question which should be taken into consideration."

Hunt and I were both jubilant; our little torpedo had exploded and we imagined that hereafter all would be plain sailing.

Another pilgrimage. My two good friends, Mrs. Fields and Sara Jewett, had invited me to stay with them a few days at Manchester-by-the-Sea, to show me, they said, the place where I must have painted my Lair of the Sea-Serpent. As a matter of fact I did not paint it there, but, like the talented little boy, "drew it all out of my own head with a common lead pencil."

In our drives and walks before going to the beach I had remarked a singular thing — namely, that the citizens of our great country have no longer the right to go down to the shore of the Atlantic, at least when the shore-line is at all interesting; for the whole place was bristling with signs: "No trespassing allowed," — "Trespassers will be prosecuted," etc., which I thought a singular state of affairs; for our shore-line is not so very picturesque that the best part should be preëmpted in this way. Finally

one day we drove over to the beach. It is indeed wonderful: the old farmhouse and apple orchards buried under the encroaching sand, the cloud-shadows sweeping over the desolate stretches

PERSEUS AND MEDUSA

under the freshening breeze, etc., etc. Well, out on the sands the extraordinary thing happened. I was separated from my companions a short distance, when happening to look down I saw at my feet, gazing up at me from out the sand, a large, clear, beautiful *human eye.*

You could have knocked me down with a feather. I called my friends, and you could have knocked them down with a feather also; but our amazement lasted but for an instant, for clearing away the sand, I picked up a large glass eye. It probably had

been lost from some little girl's doll, — but the doll must have been life-size. The first moment, however, was Robinson Crusoe and the footprint on the sand all over again.

Agro Dolce. — I once attended a play given by amateurs in Boston. All the right kind of people were there, and it was very delightful and amusing; — at least I was amused, for at a certain point a youth in the audience recognising a friend on the stage dressed as a girl, cried out, "Why, Johnny Bowdoin! is that you?" This one touch of Boston made the whole of that little world kin, and there was great hilarity. It would have been so nice to be in it with the rest. In Boston you are among them, but not of them. I ought not to say that — but there is a difference: for instance, I once attended one of those big international yacht races in New York. I was invited by some men of the Century Club. Now I had cocktailed and billiarded with these men for years. On the way it was proposed to go over the great Telephone Company's building. As we entered, I thought it about time to know whom I was with, so I asked my friend, "Who is this taking us over the building?" — "Why, he's the head of the Telephone Company." — "Who is our other friend?" — "He's the editor of the *Times*." — "Well, and now who are you?" — "Why, I'm only the superintendent of all the docks in New York." What was there to say except that I was glad to find myself in such good company? And yet they had always been good company enough for me before that. It is all very well to rail at Boston — yet I know of no other city at home in which I would rather live than in Boston — now that New York is almost impossible. I was never made to feel poor in Boston.

A friend telling about the Abruzzi said that in the town where he had been painting, any one who had not killed his man cut but a "magra figura." I think it is so about fishing, and any one who cannot tell his fish-story cuts but a meagre figure in my estimation. Once, in the Tile Club, Deilman had told a variation on the Oriental cry of the seller of figs. The variation ran, "In the name of Allah"—fish!—and he was always hailed on his entrance with that cry. My cry is now — Fish.

Bicknell had been talking over with me Emerson's theory regarding Art, that Nature was the same on the banks of the Kennebec as on the banks of the Tiber, then "Why to Europe?" And Bicknell thought that this theory could be pretty well refuted, or at least given a lively turn, in a certain place he knew of, — namely, Turner, Maine. So we went for Turner, Maine, but never got there. We found indeed an *embarras de richesses:* North, South, East and West Turner, Turner Four Corners, and Turner P. O., but never a Turner, neat. I think we settled in West Turner. There was one tavern, one store, one blacksmith, shop, one of everything, and — I believe — one house. Standing on the porch of the tavern, I saw across a narrow field in front of us the track of a small meandering brook, bordered with alder-bushes. Asking one of the inevitable boys hanging about if there was trout in it, his answer was, "They ain't no trout, but there's sum pickerel!" — "Why don't you go fishing?" "Ain't got no hooks." — "Well, take this and go to the store and buy some lines and hooks. How about bait?" — "Hain't no worms araound here — have to use grasshoppers." — "Where's your grasshoppers?" — "Git 'em over in that lot."

Now, remember, only a narrow field, and then the brook. Cutting a long switch, I tied on line and hook, and while the boy was

catching grasshoppers, I crossed the field, and putting aside the bushes saw there in a clear little shallow of the stream a splendid pickerel. He seemed to be sleeping with his eyes open. I had no bait, but something had to be done; so very cautiously I lowered the hook over him on the side away from me, and with a quick but gentle twitch the hook caught, and a nicely calculated hoist landed him at my feet — the most astonished fish you ever saw. Taking him up, I at once crossed the field and road, and passing through the crowd of loafers, gave him to my landlord, saying, "Please let us have this fish for supper"; and telling the boy I guessed I had fish enough for that day and would leave him to go on with the sport, I went upstairs to wash my hands. My window was open, and I heard the crowd discussing the event. "What's up?" said one. "Why nawthin' — 'cept that city chap jest bought a hook and string and went down to the stream here and cums right back with a big pickerel and asts the landlord to cook it fer his supper, — quickest thing I ever see." Bicknell told them that did n't *begin;* he only wondered I had n't brought back *two.*

The story of the woodchuck is the same, only for fish read rodent. Having been given a gun, I brought it along. It was an army carbine, and had a kick like an army mule. It was called a Maynard rifle and was, by the way, an invention of my old friend Maynard's father. It carried any distance, and I had not dared to use it for fear some farmer miles away should be found dead at his plough. One day a man came to me and said, "See here, if you want to try your gun, there's a big woodchuck over there, and you might get a shot at him if you crawled along this stone wall. Ye got to be mighty careful though, — they're mighty spry; got to kill 'um dead, or they'll get to their hole as quick as wink." No Indian ever crawled as I crawled. I got as near as I

could, but it was a long shot. The chuck was constantly sitting up to look around, then he would go down again and feed. The wall gave me a splendid rest, and I took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. I got the kick and the chuck got the ball, — or I supposed so, but on coming to him I could not see where I had hit him. However, the crowd had gathered, so I seized him by the scruff of the neck, when to my amazement I found that, like the contents of a half-filled carpet-bag, he went all down into the other end. I took him by the other end and he reversed the process. I concluded that woodchucks had very roomy skins. Getting to the crowd I said, "Well, here's the chuck; what am I to do with him?" — "If you don't mind, you might give him to us; we 'll eat him — they're mighty good eating." — "But I can't see where you hit him," said one; "guess it must have been the wind of the ball." I was a little frightened at this remark, but putting on a bold face, said, "*Not much!*" On skinning him it turned out that he was beautifully fat, and that I had shot him plumb through the head. I confess I *aimed* at his middle, and without any great expectations either, but as far as that crowd went — Nimrod was n't in it. I shot no more in the Turners, but, wisely resting on my laurels, turned to painting.

Mrs. Ruggles, on seeing the Apollo Belvedere, remarked, "Well, I have now seen the Apollo Belvedere; and I have seen Ruggles; as for me, give me Ruggles." I had seen the Tiber and I had — metaphorically speaking — seen the Kennebec, and I said, Give *me* the Tiber. I thought Emerson's theory cut but a "magra figura." We found absolutely nothing to paint. I had seen those wonderfully wild and quaint stump-fences and had thought to make a picture of some children passing one by moonlight or very late twilight, or some belated timid traveller fright-

ened out of his wits by their weird appearance; these fences, while good everywhere else, were here as tame as pap, and so that scheme was relegated to the might-have-beens.

I had finally, after a careful survey, selected a simple bit of road with a good assortment of Martin's foreground plants. On going the next day to what the Englishman would have called "the sketching ground," I found them all cut down and an old farmer standing there with a scythe, mopping his brow. He was the very picture of benevolence. The good man said, "Seein' you was goin' to paint here, I thought I would slick it up sum fer ye." Foiled again!

We then moved to the house of a widow some distance off, where we were free from the village loafer, but the landscape did not improve, nor the food either, and we wondered what the natives did eat. I thought it must be pie, but it was not so. Not even coffee; but we found at a neighbouring Turner a bag of coffee that had lain there some years, and verified what I had heard — that coffee does improve with age. We bought sugar, but I did not dare to scandalize the good widow by using it freely as was my habit of doing; though Bicknell, not so considerate, told her that when in town I would not think of drinking my cup of coffee until the spoon stood up in the sugar.

After settling in our new quarters, I found in the barn an old pail and some firewood, and made a careful study which I cherish as one of what I call my prize studies. Then one day I found a dear little girl, barefooted, wearing a quaint cap, and feeding some motherless chickens. I have been told of an English artist, evidently by some one who ridiculed the literary in Art, that, going into the artist's studio one day, he asked, "What do you call that picture on the easel?" — "That's just it," said the artist,

"I don't know, for I have n't found my quotation yet." I was more lucky; I had both subject and title, and painted the picture and called it "The Motherless." You see, she was an orphan, and the chickens had no mother either, — really very touching. But it was a good little picture all the same. It was bought by a Mr. Cousins, well-known man in New York.

Now had I been wise I should have gone on painting Motherlesses, until every refined home had one of my little pictures, and I should have had a villa on the Hudson. You can all remember the time when Frere's charming little pictures were the fashion — when few could escape them. Well, they all represented a little boy, probably an orphan, seated on a cold stone door-step, feeding himself out of a bowl with a large wooden spoon. There seems to be something fundamentally touching about that stone step and the little boy and the big spoon. My little picture had the true ring, and — had I only been wise — who knows? All that about Maine only alludes to the country about the Turners. I have since had a glimpse of Bar Harbor and the country about

Bowdoin College, when I went to put up my decoration, and found it beautiful. There must be some fine scenery in Maine — but it is not at Turner.

I have always maintained and held forth in season and out of season, as my friends can testify, upon the beauty, merit, advisability, morality and great utility of a modest but assured income. It prevents envy on the one hand, arrogance on the other, and I am persuaded goes as far to establishing a person pleasantly in the next world as it undoubtedly does in this. Of those who possess this inestimable advantage, nothing need be said — they are simply to be envied.

Let then the young artist procure a *modest but assured income*. This is accomplished by a careful selection of his parents, although an Indian uncle — now rare — has been known to do as well. This done, if they are not successful, they are at least safe, — and so nothing more need be said about them. The next best thing is to be born with the business instinct. Such also are safe; but to be born an artist and in addition with the business instinct is assured success. I would most strongly urge, in the case of those born without business talent, the placing of them in a business college as an indispensable preliminary to their artistic career; for although you cannot make business men of them, you may make successful artists. The combination of riches, genius and business talent is too good to be true: it would be a trust and spell greatness.

A painter who possessed the business talent, determined that while following his profession he would first make money and then paint what he pleased. He succeeded with regard to the money and seemed pleased with regard to the painting. This painter once made this remarkable remark: —

"Why, V., your studio is full of things which a little work would turn into property."

Struck by the wisdom of this simple statement, I at once determined to put it into practice, and so from time to time have finished several sketches and other things. I have them yet.

At this time there lived next door to me an Italian painter, a good artist and a good man: I know this because he confided to me the bad behaviour of his sons. I told him of this business discovery — like a good propagandist — before I had put it in practice myself — urged him to finish up his sketches and pictures, and particularly to sign everything. He at once did so, and, going to South America shortly after, died. At his sale the widow had ample cause to thank me for my good advice.

This about signing: I once had an exhibition and sale in Boston, mostly of little landscapes, street scenes, etc., painted at Monte Cologniola, of which I treat under the heading of Perugia. It really was quite a success; as the boy at the Gallery said "they went off like hot cakes." I mention the boy, for it having been found that I had neglected to sign a single picture and, purchasers insisting on it, the boy was constantly bringing to a studio of a friend near by batches of pictures for my signature. The boy was wild with delight. Praise and "going like hot cakes" made an exhilarating time of it, and I felt as actors feel on receiving their immediate reward. I felt that a glamour surrounded me; that others felt the glamour you may judge from this. Admittance was charged and went to swell the already high percentage of the dealer. The young lady who received the admission money —a sweet, pretty girl — under the effect doubtless of the glamour, whispered to me that she wished to say something to me in private, but could not do so in the Gallery. I became interested

and told her that as it was near closing hour I would wait for her down the street. We met, and I did gallantly escort her to a retired Ice-Cream Saloon. Nothing can be more proper than ice-cream. Then she said she could stand it no longer to see how they were taking in the admission money, and I not getting a cent of it, and that she thought it her duty to let me know the state of affairs and begged me not to think hardly of her for the step she had taken to inform me. "Think hardly of you, my dear girl!" — this was not said coldly — "I shall always hold you a true friend." — Also adding other things. Not long afterwards I received her wedding-cards and a newspaper cutting. She had married very well and has to this day my warm wishes for her happiness. And I should like to tip that boy: he must be pretty well on in life himself by this time, and doubtless married, with boys of his own.

A bon-vivant is represented in a little pencil-drawing as saying to his valet who is buckling up his waistcoat, "Leave a little play, Joseph; I am going to dine with a man who has the best cook in Paris." I suppose that while man lives on earth he will never cease dining, loosening his girdle and telling stories after dinner; and these stories will always be with him and form a part of his life, like his religion, and, like that, may even accompany him to the verge of the grave. I have a hope they will follow him beyond. If they do, how a certain Boston funny man must have chuckled when he thought of his last good thing on earth. He was dying, and the doctor, to his plaintive "I think I must be going," said, "Stuff and nonsense, man; your feet are warm — who ever heard of a man dying with warm feet?" — "I have — John Rogers!" and he passed away. Now as Rogers was burned at the stake, it was an affair of heat; with Tom Appleton it was an

Study of a Young Girl

affair of cold. All know how cold the northeast wind is in Boston: this led him to suggest the tethering of a shorn lamb out on the Common, in hopes that all might benefit by the dispensation which ought to follow according to the gospel of Laurence Sterne. Strange to say, I have had to explain this story to persons of a nation nearly allied to us, at least in language. To Bostonians, or even any one who has ever been in Boston, I apologize for these two Chippendales.

A Voice from the Past. In looking over letters yellow with age, I find one which being all about Boston may as well come in here. It is from Bicknell, and is dated February 22, 1866.

BOSTON, *Feb.* 22, 1866.

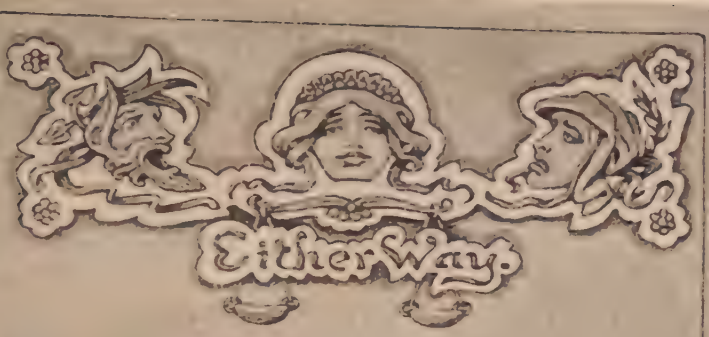
It was my intention on receiving your letter to reply immediately, but better late than never. The fact is, I have been hard at work; have finished my large picture and six others for Van Brunt. The latter pictures are composed of fruit and flowers. It is the commission originally given to La Farge. I have been very successful, to say the least. My flower-pictures took everybody by surprise; they are on exhibition at Doll's. Babcock's new pictures, including several flower-pieces, are there. Babcock's friends admit that mine are much better. Bancroft says that my flower-pictures are the only ones that compete with La Farge. One of mine I really think is powerful in effect. Doll offers an unlimited commission at my prices. I shall not do many, however. The Boys have gotten up quite a howl about other things of mine, including a large sketch of Hamlet and a large coast picture, which they say knocks everything into pie. To be serious, I think I have made some sketches that would please you very much, and wish you could drop in to see them. I know you

would have some encouraging words to say. I have carried out my project relating to an Art Club. We have taken a large hall in this building and shall properly fit it up. The following named gentlemen are the officers: President, William M. Hunt; Vice-Presidents, E. C. Cabot and W. A. Gay; also Henry Sales; Corresponding Secretary, George Snell; Recording Secretary, E. Adams Doll; Treasurer, "Bic." As you see, we have some good names at the head of our enterprise. We style it the Allston Club. We have a billiard-table attached to the Club which assists us in the great cause of regeneration. The Allston Club will be the Art Club of Boston. The Hall will make one of the finest galleries in Boston. Shall give an exhibition soon. Shall bring you out in full force. You may expect to hear you are elected member of this great Club. Give us a sketch if you can. We are heavy blowers for you. The V. stock is still on the gain; it is considered the best in the market. The picture-dealers are not doing much now, but expect to soon. I am in hopes to do something for you ere long; I have a fine prospect of it at least; will write more definitely in my next. I have had the pleasure of securing a commission of $5000 for Quincy Ward a few days ago. Dr. Rimmer wanted the commission, but I ran him off the track. *Dr. owes me one.* Cole has left Boston for good; has gone West. He has not been very successful this winter, and leaves Boston quite disgusted. Some of his former friends have been very hard on him. He goes to Paris in the Spring. Hunt goes next May, and Ames talks of going next summer. Ames is the same "dear old boy"; the billiard-table has done everything for him, — has not been absent a single night. Fletcher is not doing much; we have given him up as gone goose in the Fine Arts; he has gone over to the old Art Club. Alas, poor Yorick! — he is

still the same good fellow. Thomas Robinson is with us. He still harps on the subject of the Fine Arts; on that subject he is inexhaustible as the sea. "One thing we have settled; that E. V. is the best artist America has produced, be Gad." [These must be the words of Thomas R. Of course it must be understood that I have modestly "stepped back four paces" during the reading of this letter, yet I cannot help quoting what follows.] I think Doll has not sold any of your pictures of late, but hopes to soon. [How familiar that sounds.] Your new things would set the ball in motion again. I hope to hear good news from you, that you have made many friends and are encouraged. Jack has taken your departure much to heart. [Then he runs over a list of all my friends who wish to be remembered; and then takes place a thing I have spoken of before, — namely, putting the onus all on me, poor devil!] Your strength is with the young artists; they are all with you, and their admiration and love will culminate in an irresistible power. You must be our Moses and lead us out of bondage.

Your devoted friend, Bic.

And now to think that so many Moseses have arisen that there are scarcely enough Children of Israel to go round! Dear Bic! The last time I saw him was standing before his big picture of the Embattled Farmers firing "the shot heard round the world." I dare say that shot is still heard; but of Bic's painted shot — I have never heard a murmur. I am sorry to say that I don't even know whether he is dead or alive. So much for living abroad. That "Moses" he speaks of has not yet found the promised land, and never has had a follower.



He who can safely tread that dangerous Strand
Which just divides the Funny from the Grand,
Perhaps may hear men say, if he but live,
"He touched his humble lyre with no unskilful Hand."

Good luck attends the fall on either hand
Of him who treads that very narrow Strand
Which just divides the Funny from the Grand
If into Greatness he should fall,—that's Great;
If into Funniness,—he then gets gay;
Or he remains most Bland when he elects to stay

CHAPTER IX

Paris the Second Time

LIVES, LETTERS, AND PORTRAITURE — I LEAVE NEW YORK — PARIS AND PROPINQUITY — DINAN — VITRÉ — RETURN TO PARIS — DEPARTURE FOR ITALY.

THE winding-up of a war is always followed by a period of confusion which the reader will find only too well reflected in these pages. Perhaps I shall add to it by what follows, but as my second voyage to Europe was absolutely lacking in interest, I have thought best to insert this "intermezzo," which I suppose means "standing around," to take the place of narrative; and as it leads up to another letter of Josephus, all is not lost. The fact is, things so overlap each other that I did not know where else to put it, — but what a mixture! Here I am asking the gentle reader to read this prattling of a voyage across the Atlantic which took place so long ago that I don't even remember the date. "Standing around"—I should think so.

When I attended the Arcadian Academy of Pfaff's, I must have formed a portion of the unnoted background — unnoted, yet essential in bringing out the brilliance of the greater lights — the literary gents, hewers of words, not drawers of pictures, else there would have been "un' altro paio di maniche," or another pair of sleeves — a good expression which might replace Kipling's "another story," so useful but now somewhat shopworn.

I imagine this Italian expression arose in that so often quoted Cinque Cento — when the sleeves were tied on with points or bows of lacings, as is beautifully shown in many an old picture, and could be changed at will. Had I when I frequented Pfaff's but written some poetry, no matter how bad, it would have made a great difference: I should not have formed merely a background, but should have been dragged out into the light, if merely for the exercise of their keen wits. And to think of what fun they would have had with this venture of mine (how they would have enjoyed these literary struggles) had they but waited! — for some of them were young enough to have seen me and gone me years better were it not for that deplorable habit of dying young. Who now remembers Wood and his burlesques? Like Arnold and many another of that merry set, he died young. But all such things must be left to the pages of a Winter or a Hutton. It makes me weep to think of all I have missed by living abroad; but then, who knows but I also might have died young, — so perhaps it is better as it is.

I having served so frequently as background or foil for others — so frequently included in the expression "and others" so frequently left out in "Lives and Letters" — makes me all the more tender and fond of those similarly situated, and I also find them quite as interesting as those who "now have the cry." And so I should like to paint the portraits and give a few letters of these Ignoti.

And yet there is one little thing against my kind and benevolent scheme for making them known: these "Ignoti," these "Ignorati," did not do any really great things. Well, what of it? They remain just as interesting and amusing. The great talents of the great were given them: they did n't have to work to get them;

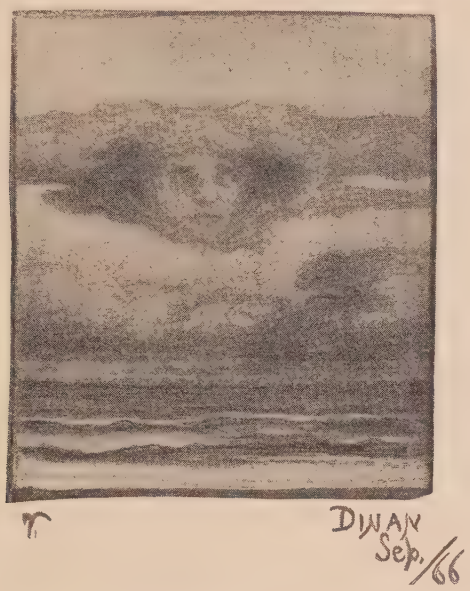
but somehow their narrowness, meanness, or snobbishness seems to have been produced on the premises, seems somehow to be more entirely their own work, than their great productions. Perhaps it all comes to this — that each man, being composed of two or three men, while we love one, we pitch into the other or others. In reading the foregoing, if used to reading between the lines, you will see how true it is, as I have said elsewhere, that while the wounds of pride or feelings, or of pocket, may heal, the wounds of *vanity* never heal. These imaginary lines I speak of are very real. Show Lowell the astronomer the disc of Mars, with a few dots and smudges properly placed, and he will at once be able to connect them with their proper canals, double or single as the case may be, and you will know just what portions of Mars you are looking at, yet these lines are only imaginary. This is the case with a few well-placed accents in a portrait. In Florence, in the old days, there used to be small coins yet in circulation, so thin and light that they would float on water, a thing we frequently verified at the caffè, where in spite of their tenuity they procured us many solid refreshments. They were called *cratzie*, I think. On some you could yet see plainly the arms of the Medici, only faintly, but still hinting at the balls or pills on the shield of that noble House. On another but a few dots remained, yet connected by these imaginary lines the pretty little head of the Madonna di Lucca sprang to life. This drawing shows how this was possible, and the great importance of properly placing these characteristic accents in particular.

I never sit at the well-spread board but that I look at the buttonholes in the lapels of the coats of the diners, and am attracted

at once by those without decorations. This is, of course, in Europe. Could those dumb mouths but speak, we should know more about the hopes and aspirations of their owners — yet how eloquent they are all the same. They look by contrast so bare and hopeless, and yet these empty buttonholes are slowly getting to have something distinguished about them, so that the time may come when a modest man will have to procure a decoration that he may avoid attracting attention. I foresee a time when those who leave out will be more hurt than those left out. That last dot should not be left out of my portrait. In reading the life of a great man, we are reminded how, like a splendid statue of polished basalt, he in his time may disappear under a cloud of discussion, soiled by the mud of abuse, and finally lie hidden under the dust of forgetfulness until some great rehabilitator sets him on a pedestal, where, seen in the perspective of time, he appears in his true proportions and in his pristine freshness.

And pray what has set V. off on this tack? Nothing except that he has been reading some "Lives and Letters" lately and has been so impressed by the confusion of opinions, both of friends and enemies, and all the complications of little daily events, that he finds the hero's outlines blurred, and that the more he reads the less he seems to find out — and then the uselessness of all the fuss and flurry. A little patience and all is made clear. The great, the seeming-great, and the insignificant, all worked hard enough to merit their daily bread, and certainly had their daily troubles; and when they went, their works survived or perished, the wheat remaining, the chaff blown away in the sifting of time. And yet V., catching the contagion, must needs put in his little oar. Well, after all, some of the finest portraits are those of very ordinary people: in fact, the greatness of the original and all we know

about him tends to spoil the picture as a work of Art, for we cannot help thinking more about the subject than about the painting. All I know is — that I was better off when I knew some painters only as painters and not as men. In the case of Ruskin, however, I have been glad to find out how really noble and tender he



was, even if he was always a little too good and frequently very cross.

And so, on looking over my old letters, I see that I have as fine a collection of loveable ghosts to tell about as any one. And for whom am I writing if it be not for them? I am thus giving them a new lease of life here on earth, and at the same time am opening a little window into the Past and showing how very much alive they were in their day: and if it be sometimes at the expense of a little modesty on my part — what matters it? I want my new friends to know my old ones. But where are my

own letters? God only knows. I am not editing my Life and Letters, although I think that would be a very good plan: at least I would get some fun and not leave it all to posterity. One thing is clear — I was a very much loved man, and if I could only have carried out the career my friends hoped for and predicted, I should have been a very famous one also; but alas, I was too fond of my play.

How could it be otherwise with such good playfellows to play with? But why did they not try to do some of the grand things they were hoping I would do? They seemed to put it all on me. I see in these letters how sorry they were to lose me. Josephus, after a furious outburst expressing his rage at arriving too late to see me off, as the rest of the Boys did, continues thus: —

"The Boys are well. I see them occasionally, though of course not so frequently as when you were among us. The connecting link of the association seems broken. Cas. has had a sale in connection with Warren, which, owing to Warren's remissness in proper attention, proved rather a fiasco for both of them, though some of Casimiro's things brought fair prices. Warren was completely slaughtered. The pupilage scheme does not appear to fructify much. Cas. has a pupil, a fine, healthy male of good constitution and tolerably plethoric purse. Charlie has also a pupil, a female of course, whose endurance I am not acquainted with, but hope for Charlie's sake she may hold out to eternity. Cas. works hard and has disposed of all his kerosene refrigerators — and will be mighty sorry, Sunday and Monday last having been the coldest days known here since sixty years — thermometer fifteen below zero. I, like the thrice-sodden idiot that I am, went to the rural district on the Saturday previous for a day's skating — result, a heavy cold and frozen feet. New Year's

night saw but a melancholy attempt at the usual Soletyngian Saturnalia. V. was not there; Hitchie was not there; Antonio was not there; Arnold was not there; Wood was not there; everybody was not there. Cas., Charlie, and myself were the only guests, and we proved barely sufficient to make more glaring the contrast with the days gone by. Sol provided his usual abundant hospitality and the feeding was done with the wonted prodigality which always characterises these reunions, but the sparkle and the verve were wanting, and we separated early, keenly conscious of the void left by the absent and the dead. Attended an orgy at Carolus's since your desertion, C. quite indignant that you had not called p.p.c. The Clairvoyant has safely arrived at his Embassy, and I suppose has ere this displayed his deportment to *las Limanas hermosas* (this is Spanish and may excite laughter). The Artists' Fund sale proved a success, netting some $7000. Academy reception takes place on the 17th inst. Some good pictures are promised. Dr. Rimmer of Boston is lecturing here on Artistic Anatomy, and attracts much attention from Art students. We are all much pleased that you arrived at the gay capital in season for the festivities of Nöel — French, and signifies, I believe, 'Rismas' [Christmas as Joe's darky servant pronounced it]. Hope you spree'd modestly. Have you delivered your letters to Hay and Nicolay, and did you find them good boys?"

And then he goes on to say that he has nothing more to add. I very much fear my letters to him are not so full. I did find Hay and Nicolay good boys. When on top of an omnibus David Gray said, the crowd being composed of himself, John Hay, Jerome Stetson, Coleman, and V. — "This is indeed being seated among the Gods!" — little did he or any of us imagine that there was a future Secretary of State in our midst.

This letter was received in Paris shortly after my arrival, and while making me fonder of all those left behind, did not make me in the least long to go back. I seemed to have burnt my ships; the future, uncertain as it was, seemed to me plain sailing compared to the complications of the past; yet the three fatal sisters were all the while preparing a most variegated thread of Life for me, in which two real sisters entered largely, as you shall see.

There is much meaning in the story of the Gordian knot. Things may get so entangled that it becomes the part of Wisdom to cut and run. This, in the form of a trip abroad, has been known to work wonders. With me it was not only that, but an uncontrollable desire to leave the confusion of my surroundings, and, collecting my scattered wits, set about doing some of the things I had dreamed of. I really believe it has now cost me more thought to give the reasons for my leaving than it did then to leave. I simply left, as a bird flies away on finding the door of its cage open. And yet I looked back on friends and kindnesses received and loves left behind with sadness. These, as I left, now stood out with more clearness, as the towers and spires of the town stood out above the dim mass of buildings below, seen in the distance. Soon all was lost in the mist of the approaching night, as the good ship Lafayette bore me into an equally misty future. The New York I left had no statue of Liberty then, but had plenty of license instead, and baby sky-scrapers were just beginning to rear their heads with high flagstaffs and eagles screaming against the blue sky they were soon to block from the view of the busy ants running about in the streets far below. Now they fairly comb the winds that blow over the city. But such as it was, I loved it and what it held, and was both sorry and glad to leave it.

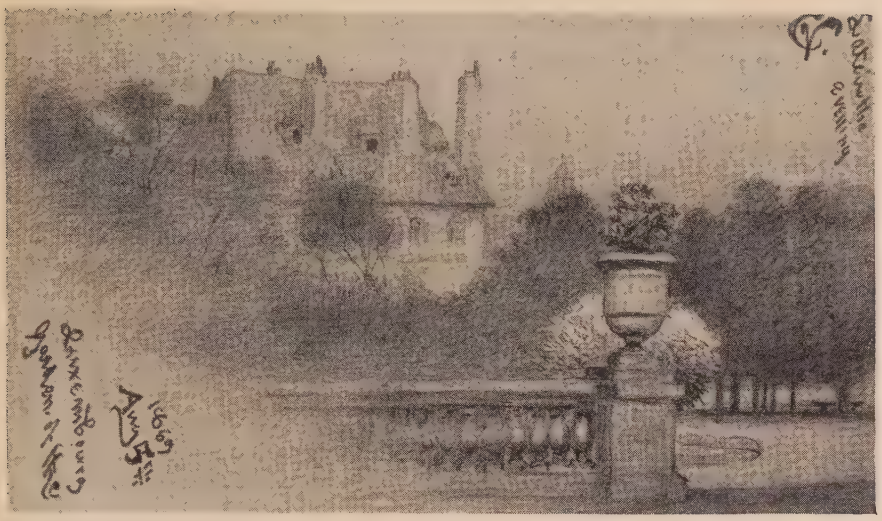
My friend little knew what she was about when she asked me to make these connecting links. I wish she had forged them, for I feel like Goldsmith's traveller, who "dragged at each remove a lengthening chain." I fear also to fall into mere narrative of travel, which falling would be to me an uphill work. Yet I see the justice of her request; also how are we ever to get to Paris and

that propinquity the effects of which influence me strongly even unto this day? As these Digressions are written more or less honestly, I confess I begin to feel a certain hesitancy come over me. I am approaching in the narrative as yet but distantly the family. Now a family will stand no nonsense; a family is in possession of dates and facts. As tampering with the truth is the very essence of romance, I always wonder how a family man can make a business of writing romances, for his wife must know that he sits there making it all up. My only safety, then, is to hie me back to that atmosphere of the past where fact and fancy go hand in hand.

The first fact I met with was that I was very lonesome and wretched, and having no fancy for that to go hand in hand with, the first days are to me as a gloomy blank.

I then sought a studio and was considered lucky in getting one in the Avenue Frochot — leading out of the Rue Pigalle. It was a little place with trees and an iron gateway, and was considered quite the proper thing. A son of the great Isabey, the marine painter, had a studio there, and also a very friendly portrait painter; but the spell of my French bohemian days was broken beyond repair, and I never took kindly to the dark and stuffy studios and the gloom of Parisian winters. The house was a rabbit warren, and I burrowed in it, with the vision of Italy ever before my eyes. And then the French were not as they had been before the war, and their "Pardon, monsieur," was now equivalent to our "You be damned." Then again, the French artists I did meet could see nothing in my work, for it did not resemble that of any one they knew, and so they could not classify me. The French have little respect for anything they cannot classify — which explains their slow recognition of Corot and of Millet.

Having arranged my few belongings so as to give a semblance of comfort to the studio and the little bedroom above, I determined to go to my friend Green in England, and see what I could do to help and cheer him up. I had written to him that I would share my windfall with him — that the half of it was his, for so I understood friendship in those days. Would I do it now? Not much. It would diminish the widow's third. But there was no question of a widow then, for there was no wife. But what am I saying? — no question of a widow! — did I not see with my own eyes in tea-leaves in the bottom of the cup of a wise lady that I



was to marry a rich widow — a Spanish widow? Not only that — but was I not at that very time circling like a moth about a very beautiful and rich widow? Do not long rides in the twilight in the Bois de Boulogne — winter twilights and in a luxurious carriage — predispose the mind to languishing thoughts? They do! — they do! But it was not to be, from the simple fact that there was another who was to be. How often this is the case! I have known men — but I digress.

And so I went way down to some beautiful county in England and found the poor friend of my Florentine days. The struggle had been too hard for him; I pass over the family tragedy, for there was one. This bright boy, whose drawings were as spirited as those of Couture himself, had given up his dreams and was painting little story pictures in the vein of Edouard Frère; and as the dealers bought them readily, he was not in want, for he painted up to the day of his death. I comforted him, and like a good surgeon removed the fear of Hell which the kind and good

family he lived with was pumping into him; and I believe I left him prepared and strengthened for the change which was soon to come. And so back to Paris again, mighty sad.

After getting back to my studio in Paris, I met Hunt and Coleman and some others of the old students of Couture. Coleman had just arrived from New York, and was expecting his mother and particularly some nice girls he had met with on the steamer. In the meanwhile we made a trip into Brittany, stopping first at Dinan, and then at Vitré on our way back to Paris, where we found his mother and the girls duly installed.

So, Hunt and his family having gone to Dinan, Charley Coleman and I joined him. We found or made a large studio on the ground floor of an old house. It was literally the ground floor, for the floor was the ground, and Hunt delighted in it. You could make holes and pour in your dirty turpentine and fill them up again, and generally throw things on the floor, and Hunt used to clean his brushes by rubbing them in the dirt and dust. I remember his once saying, "Would n't you like to take that mud in the road and make a picture with it?" The simplicity of Millet was strong upon him in those days, and indeed affected his art the rest of his life. Painted with mud! Why not? It would go well with other novelties. It reminds me of a painter I once knew, who when painting a hillside from Nature, — of a rather peculiar colour, — went to the hill, and getting a lot of the earth, had it ground up and used it on his picture.

Brittany is no doubt fine, but it rained all the time we were there, or was frightfully gloomy. The men used to sit silently in the cabarets and drink sour cider until they became so cross they could stand each other no longer, and then go home, where

no doubt they vented it on the family or bragged to their wives of their temperance and early home-coming. Our landlady was marvellous. The food was neither very good nor abundant, but the exquisite manner and choice French with which it was presented and urged upon us was beautiful, and I have no doubt she considered us rude boors for not appreciating as it deserved — not the food, but the *manner*. Her lies were perfect examples of Style.

Speaking of Style, I here painted, just to show Hunt that I could do so, a picture in the style of Millet. It was of a tinker mending a large brass kettle, black on the outside but bright within, and it did look very like a Millet. Hunt painted a stone quarry; C. C. C. passed much time painting a very pretty girl — and so, each man to his trade. We all worked hard and I believe accomplished little. Had we dedicated ourselves to painting the falling rain and the leaden skies it would have been all right.

One of the most delightful things in our stay at Dinan was hearing Hunt and his wife sing and play those dear little old-fashioned French songs. They seemed to have a large collection of them and I have been longing to hear them again ever since. Mrs. Hunt, with a little management, was most pleasant; she had singular ideas with regard to the bringing-up of children, however, for I well remember how she used to tell her little girls — not that lying was bad or wicked, but that ladies and gentlemen never lied. It would have been well if some individuals of that class I have known could have profited by her instructions.

One of the children, Enid, was endeared to me by this display of her character. We all attended a fête nautique given on the

river near by. There was the usual amusing tilting from boats and so forth, but when it came to what is called the *sport* of "la chasse aux canards," and Enid saw the swimmers with the greatest glee grab the poor ducks, and wringing their necks throw them into the accompanying boat, her indignation knew no bounds. With floods of tears and childish imprecations, she called down anything but blessings on their heads. "Bad, wicked, cruel men!" and "O, the poor, pretty ducks!" Hers was a perfect passion of grief, mixed with indignation at the cruelty and brutality of this so-called sport; she could not get over it for days, and I hope she yet retains that tender heart. I have seen her since as a tall, stately married woman in Rome. Some things are hard to realise; particularly, to me, the sad end of my friend Hunt.

While at Dinan I personally exemplified the adage that pride goes before a fall — only I have found that vanity has been the cause of most of my falls. There was a pony — but a word of explanation first. One day the little Hunt girls announced breathlessly that they had been riding in a Bawstick — for so I caught the word, and being reminded of Boston and herdics I thought they meant some kind of a vehicle; but found they meant basket — which they pronounced "bawsket" — whence my mistake. Now it was on that pony they had been riding, each in a basket, one on each side, and it had been great fun. Once when we were all assembled at the door, the pony standing there, I found he was so meek and tame that I began showing off by jumping on and off of him, and finally being convinced of his good nature and patience, I gave an exhibition of how I imagined the wild Indian clung to his horse's side while discharging his deadly arrows from under his neck. But the pony had his limit,

THE TINKER

and on reaching it he suddenly started down the street, developing a fire and speed I had not given him credit for. You all know how men in moments of excitement cling to things — such as a cigar, for instance; 't was thus I clung to the halter as he dragged me bumping over the cruel cobblestones of that stony street. "Hard were the stones that gave those bumps; tender the back thus bumped." I never realised how stony a street could be, —

stone houses on each side, slate-coloured sky above, and the hard cobbles beneath; but I clung on, expecting — rather hoping — that a hoof might end the suspense, until I, like an anchor, brought him up standing. Humiliated, yet with a remnant of vanity, I jumped on again and rode back to the more horrified than admiring crowd. I escaped with a slight sprain of the ankle, but you may be sure that day I rode no more. Bodily I bear no traces of this Gilpin ride, but my vanity bears traces of it yet. And that is it; we may get over wounded pride, but the wounds of vanity never heal — for I can yet remember a snub received long ago while things of far greater moment have been utterly forgotten. This was the snub.

I was dining with an English friend when something undeniably good was presented to us. It may have been a cucumber costing a pound to raise, or a strawberry filling a tea-cup, or plovers' eggs, the first of the season, or a pineapple grown under glass; in any case it was supposed to be the last word, and I said it was good — whereupon my friend remarked that the salt also was excellent. I never forgave him.

At the inn where we stopped in Vitré were some very pretty girls — one in particular I had contemplated attentively, a contemplation which I fancied did not pass unperceived. She was the kind of girl that looks good enough to kiss, and the determination to do so gathered strength as the hour of our departure drew nigh. But then there was the landlady and the others, and what they did n't see may not have been worth seeing; but I thought otherwise, and so hit upon this expedient. As they gathered about us at leaving I made them a speech. I said, "It is true we are but a rude nation, yet we have virtues and some beautiful customs, one of which is we always kiss the girls good-bye, and

THE GATE, VOLTERRA

this custom forms so much a part of our natures that to omit it would leave us desolated; we should feel dishonoured in our own eyes, so this rite must be performed." Whereupon I did most gallantly tackle the landlady; she was only too glad to be classed with the girls; and so by discreet degrees and by this most devious course I came to the one over whom I fain would have lingered

but for "les convenances." How paltry seemed the useless restrictions of Society! Through my example my friend seemed also to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion; and thus amidst much laughter and blushing we left with flying colours and all the honours of war—but I am sorry to add with only fifteen sous in our combined pockets. We had our tickets for Paris, however, and on the road were to find again how nice the French can be, thus going from one niceness to another, as you shall see.

The journey was long. The night came on, and we became

very hungry, and now we found that kisses, however sweet, while they may mitigate, cannot satisfy the pangs of hunger (this has been tried); so on approaching a station where we were to make a long stop, I took those fifteen sous with the intention of getting as much of the most substantial food as I could for that amount. Now I wish to say that my friend was a tall, spare fellow — let us say at once an elegant figure, which, whatever may have been his losses in other respects, he has retained to this day. It was cold as well as dark, and you must imagine this tall form slightly clad, with hands in its pockets, seen by the fitful gleams from the windows of the restaurants passing and re-passing outside like a phantom, a were-wolf, an embodiment of hunger. I entered and utterly perplexed the first waiter I met by the complicated question — what I could buy the most of for fifteen cents.

The handsome Madame, seeing his trouble, came at once and asked what the gentleman wanted. I told her I had but fifteen sous and was very hungry and wanted to make the best use of them I could. "Let Monsieur sit down and order his dinner." — "But I can't pay for it." — "That does not matter. Monsieur can send it from Paris at his convenience." — "But, Madame, you are too good." — "It is nothing. Let Monsieur be seated. François, ask Monsieur what he will have."

Now it is a hard and ungracious thing on receiving a favour to immediately ask another, but it had to be done; and so I said, "I have a friend." — "François, call the gentleman's friend." — And Charles entered, and on his seating himself, to his amazement I began ordering a good dinner, in spite of his muttered exclamations of, "Why, Ved, what are you doing? — Well, you are the — Well, I'll be damned!" and so forth. I was, however, awfully embarrassed between my desire not to seem to

be taking advantage of Madame's generous confidence and the wish to do honour to it. We had good wine and ended with coffee, petite verre, and cigars, to the growing amazement of C., who finally concluded I must have lighted on a twenty-franc piece in an overlooked corner of some pocket. The fifteen sous went to the waiter and profuse thanks to Madame. I really felt like bidding her good-bye after the manner of my country, but refrained — again thinking how paltry and so forth. The money was sent with many thanks, and I dare say she has grown old awaiting the stream of American custom therein promised.

As has been said before, when it was decided that I should be an artist, I was looking about getting my bearings; this sounds nautical. When that momentous question was decided, it would be equally nautical and nearer the truth to say that I was given a poorly provisioned boat and cast adrift — to get my living and my bearings as best I could. And here I found myself again abroad, without as yet having laid out a course for any definite port, but was just drifting or sailing before the wind, as much the sport of it as was the sailor-boy's hammock. But soon there arose a strong wind that was to bear me southward, as poorly provisioned as before, but with the feeling that once back in Italy I should be more at home, and that things would come out right in the end. At that time there was a man in Paris who contemplated tampering with pictures. He had formed a firm, and the firm bought from me a little picture, — "Girl with a Lute," — painted because I had bought a lute and wished to justify my extravagance. I got for it two hundred dollars, but it was sold afterwards in Boston for seven hundred and fifty dollars; thus all were made happy. Also they bought "Coast on a windy

day," one hundred and fifty dollars, and agreed to take at two hundred dollars apiece the nine small pictures forming the series of the "Miller and his Son." This, however, never happened, for the firm dissolved soon after; but the hopes did just as well as the money would have done, for with them and three hundred dollars from a sale in America I found myself in possession of six hundred and fifty dollars, plus hopes. Would you believe it? On this hint I spoke and was accepted. And so with a light heart and a lighter purse, in company with C. C. C. and his good mother and the dear Girl, I went towards the promising — if not the promised — land.

Fair child of Night and idle Dreams,
Creation of an idle brain,
Must thou only formed in vain?

Eyes seem even for their soft shading,
Jewels gleaming and then fading,
Beauty past fond lovers dreaming,
Can such beauty be but seeming?

As hidden stars in clouds at night,
Shewing first so small and dim,
They passed - such eyes so clear and bright,
So dawned thou on my dreaming sight.

Fair phantom Child of dreamy Night,
Brief was the vision as thy life was brief
Thy memory a joy thy passing yet a grief.

V.

CHAPTER X

About Myself

OLD LETTERS — A DIGRESSION ON A DIGRESSION — MY FADS — THE TEST OF THE DESERT ISLAND — TWO VOICES AND SOME ENDINGS — ADVENTURES — MORE ENDINGS.

WHEN I say that I really think the time has come to say something about myself, I can fancy a smile. What I mean is, putting aside all false modesty, that I think the time has come to say something about myself, without the prattling of Jekyll or the impertinence of Hyde. My ever kind friend has made me out a little list of what as a reader she would like to know or see filled out, missing links as it were, and I have found the list very useful. There is one question, however, I find it somewhat difficult to answer, that is, how I came to stay so long in Italy. It can be truly called staying, for I never contemplated settling here. The staying began in those days when people travelled with their couriers or passed the whole winter here, and also bought pictures; and we were all young, and life was pleasant, and I made a living. Then the children were born and I could not afford to break up here and go home to begin all over again. I had only my father living, and he lived in an impossible place, while my brother was in Japan and contemplated joining me here. For years I had furniture fastened only with screws, so that it could be taken apart when the time came for going home; but I finally had to glue it together, and it must have been then that I began to stick more closely to Rome.

There is no end to the things I could have done, and it makes what I have done seem a small matter. Had there been two of me made exactly alike, I most certainly would have had one go home while I waited to see how he turned out. As it is, I am still sitting on the fence, and from that vantage can see how much there is to be said in favour of both sides. And now it does not so much matter. I am amply provided with burial lots, having five — three in America and two here, one of which is an ancient one; and yet I am sitting on the fence.

And so it has come to pass with these stories my friends want to know about. Like the furniture, they have been kept fastened together "al meglio," I always hoping to take them home and distribute them personally. Finding, however, that I go home so seldom and that my friends — alas! — go away to their permanent homes so frequently, I have concluded to glue them together as best I may into a form more permanent than my breath, hoping it may reach those I care for before it be too late. Lowell says, "In letters, too soon is as bad as too late." Well, the too soon is past praying for, and the too late — but then Lowell says such a lot of things, and besides, he was talking of literature. Strange, — such is the force of habit that I believe this has turned into a sort of preface without my intending it. If so, it is like the child Dickens tells us of, "picked up unbeknownst on a cold stun step." I believe the child was taken care of, and I shall take care of this accidental preface by letting it lead up to my account of Roman happenings.

I am perfectly in love with this scheme of Digressions. Also I am perfectly convinced that if the question be once started — Out of what wood are the best toothpicks made? — it will lead to the question of Free Will and Predestination. I believe the

THE BOOK WORM

Universe started with one thing, and what we now behold is but a vast digression, composed of millions of smaller ones, of which the following is a little group.

Old Letters. — In writing these Digressions, as I am not trying to live up to anything or any one, hardly to myself, I simply go on at a jog-trot as it were, putting things down as they occur to me, something like that wonderful arithmetical boy who "lisped in numbers as the numbers came." It is true that I must hasten the trot a bit "as the traveller hastens as the day declines," for I should like to hear what some friend yet alive thinks of this last fad of mine, while I am yet alive to hear it. As there is a touch of sadness in the above, — which in some measure represents the pause made in taking another swallow or relighting a pipe, — I am led to fill it by the mention of a little picture hanging in the billiard-room at the Club. It might be called "Death and the Old Man," for it represents just about that and not much more. There is a table on which a candle has burned to the socket, a glass has been drained to the dregs, a broken pipe lies on the floor near a pair of old, empty slippers, the fire has gone out, leaving only ashes in the grate, and Death is gently helping the old man through the door into the darkness beyond; and that is all. He has lived and now departs; what more can we know?

And all this comes from reading old letters. I feel as if I had come from going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it, and had found nothing but a mass of worries, troubles, fears, doubts, hopes, sorrows, pleasures, and pains, with but few men like unto Job; and yet there were some, and how good and helpful they have been. This thought and the memory of some

really good time makes me conclude, so far as I am concerned, this old world has been "un monde passable" after all. Ah, if those good people could only have known as much as I know now when they were writing those letters, they would have been saved a lot of bother.

The fact is: —

> You either live for ever or your soul through space you scatter.
> In the one case — there 's no hurry; in the other case — no matter.

And there you are, so what 's the use of so much fussing?

A Digression on a Digression. — And that is the wonderful thing about reading these old letters — things dead and gone spring into life again. There I see the great mistake my father made in not staying in New York and growing up with it; how through the negligence of an old doctor I lost my mother; how my brother's eyes were troubling him; and how he could not beat learning into me — "He is so taken up with his play." In fact, the whole bag of tricks is alive and the tricks are in a fine tangle. The Mist of Time is gone; it is *Now* again. There is no perspective, and the general effect is hidden by the details, as our national hero found the town was hidden by the houses. And I fondly imagined I was going to sun myself in the tender radiance of the days of childhood. No, the legends are better than the letters; with just enough detail to convey the impression of their truth, there will be trouble enough, no fear; we shall need all the cakes and ale going. Perhaps I convey the impression that I got my share of the cakes and ale; I know I did of the troubles. Well, yes! and of the cakes and ale also. But just to show how little a man profits by his own theories, I give a letter I wrote to Frank Millet while bothering

about this book. As I never sent it, it may now be considered an old letter, and may serve as one of the *teselli* of which is formed this mosaic, which in turn I trust will form a picture.

My dear Millet!

You don't know how much your generous words once heartened me up. Now I should like to know just what you think of this thing. I know that it is not seasoned highly enough to suit the delicate palates of some of the boys, and is too coarse for the unco' pious or the too precious, and so fear for it a sort of middle ground, a kind of Tupperian Limbo. But after all, are not the Tupperites to have their pabulum? If the lordly eagle refuses the diet I offer, and the lowly ass eats it with avidity, shall I not stroke his soft ears and call him pet names? I may appear fresh at times; a lady once said to me (it was the first time I heard the expression), "V. you are the freshest man I ever saw." Little did she know I was the most modest man she ever saw—only *broke loose* which now seems to be the case. Well; if the thing does n't speak for itself, will anything I can say mend it? It may turn out that there are more people who will like this sort of thing (high prattling) than you or I wot of, and I am convinced that lots of such will turn up at the polls. Please let me know what you think. You may comfort, but it is too late to prevent. "The Moth will into the Candle." Ever yours, V.

My saving and now using this letter reminds me of Blake, who in his rage once threw a plate he was engraving from one end of the room to the other. On telling this to a friend, the friend said, "I hope you did n't spoil it?"—"No!" said Blake, "I took mighty good care not to do that."

In making a book, a theme is necessary. In making this one, I have merely selected myself as the theme. If any fault is found let it be in regard to the selection. I might have selected a better one, but I took that nearest at hand. Therefore, find fault, if you must, with the theme and my handling of it, but not with me. Also bear in mind that I write expressly for friendly eyes. As for those persons with unfriendly eyes, I should like to use regarding *their* eyes the quaint, archaic phraseology of the sailor.

I have seen several books made up of "Stray Thoughts," "Selections," "Maxims," and so forth, but I think it a bad plan. It makes me feel as if I were being shot at by sharp-shooters instead of running my chances in a general engagement.

I, therefore, since *Fads* have occupied so large a portion of my life to the exclusion of more serious matters, glide by discreet degrees into the subject of *Fads*.

Kipling tells of an Indian monkey seizing a stick, with some great scheme in his mind, who, after dragging it with him for a mile, throws it away, wondering what he had intended doing with it. It is so with Fads, commenced with hopes high burning, only to excite one's wonder years after; with the exception that we see that some of them, had they been perfected, would have well replaced those serious efforts which so often turned out failures.

As a boy, I commenced with miniature theatres, fast-model sailing-boats, camera-oscuras, kites, rat-traps, rearing rabbits, — who attended to that business so well that the question soon became one of the disposal of rabbits, — and machines run by water, which naturally led to the fascinating study of perpetual motion, of which I seemed to give a good example in my own person. At the same time, I had sense enough to see that a person

could not lift himself by his own boot-straps, and that it all led to the reducing friction to a minimum. So that, going over one's perpetual motion now and then, while not solving the problem, was a good exercise for the mind. Now I see that the only perpetual motion is the great Will back of all — which I can imagine resting, but never ceasing its motion; for that would be followed, not by chaos — a mass of contending forces — but by equilibrium, a vast crystallization of all things, which would mean death. Therefore, as I cannot imagine such a state of things, I cannot imagine death. Perhaps something hitched on to the great Will might end in perpetual motion. Here I would like to indulge in the fad of dividing my fads up into periods and so forth, but fearing such

a plan would show only too clearly that my whole life has been but a succession of fads, I refrain. I must admit that beginning with — let us call it — the Roman period, the fads became more serious and absorbing. Collecting bric-à-brac in general — great fun. Then the canoe craze worked me very hard; as did the bicycle, which ended in a most delightful trip to Venice and back. Mycology led to my getting all the books on the subject I could afford, and to making hundreds of drawings of fungi, much hampered by my always living where they could not be found. Then I had a very serious flirt with stained glass, involving the getting out of patents, and no end of time wasted, resulting in one very beautiful but very small specimen, which I call Aladdin's Window; but not having Aladdin's lamp to rub, I was reduced financially to the condition of the Sultan, his father-in-law. I believe a rotary engine might have completed my ruin, had not my patent-lawyers, while admitting that I seemed to have a good thing, dissuaded me from pressing the button. However, it served to let off a great deal of inventive steam. Of course astronomy comes in, together with the purchase of a telescope which now makes an excellent spy-glass. And always aviation, the growth of which, with a few little experiments on my account, I have followed with the utmost interest, from the Hargrave kite to the successful flights of Wilbur Wright here in Rome. I have even met Wilbur, and succeeded in making him smile in the presence of witnesses. I must include modelling, a very serious fad, yet a fad, as being somewhat of a deviation from the strict line of my ordinary occupation. I will just mention a few more to fill up the chinks. Japanese objects and prints, for I am an abject admirer of all things in Japanese Art; also of old woodcuts, initial letters, and title-pages, and old books in general, and, so far as my means

will permit, have made a collection of them. Likewise I have started little collections of casts of antique gems, intaglios, and coins, and of fragments of ancient mille-fiore glass, and other things too numerous to mention; — the ape's sticks, which I have not thrown away, however, so that they now form a large bundle or fardel which I bear about without grumbling, often wondering who will ever love them as much as I do.

The Test of the Desert Island. — This game can be played in the common or street-car. I invented it myself but I never could get a patent. It is one of my fads. It consists in supposing yourself to be condemned to pass the rest of your life on a desert island, and in being permitted to select from the long row of women opposite, *one* to keep you company. The game is strictly confined to the *male sex*. The moment you think of it you may commence — upper right-hand corner. Number One: not for your life. Number Two: seems able-bodied, and so might make a helpmeet adapted to the surroundings; I will look further. Number Three: healthy — not a beauty — but just think — *on a desert island*, with no hope of a companion but this one? Oh well, if you put it that way — *perhaps;* but let us see the next. Number Four: intellectual — inevitable discussions: no, if I must be banished let me at least have peace. Number Five: "willingly, my captain," I should think so! Let us go at once to the beautiful desert island — let us fly — I will take all the risks and pay all the expenses. But in fairness you must finish the row; no cheating in this game. Number Six; no — by heavens, *no!* Not even on a desert island! I won't play any more. You pull the strap, and, with one long look at Number Five, get out.

This game has had quite a success among studious and thoughtful people. It also is the origin of a popular Household word.

Two Voices and Some Endings. — I find to my surprise that I have written a batch of neat and appropriate endings long before bringing this work to an end; but as "many a man knows no end to his goods," perhaps I may find some better ones, or perhaps "make a swan-like end, fading in music"; if not, the Digressions will have to "go out Bang," as Tweedle-Dee or Tweedle-Dum says. Here they are. When a man is talking with himself, there always seems to be a fellow taking the opposite side. This also happens in well-regulated families, when the head of the family is talking. And yet there is another fellow. I may as well say that these voices are those of Jekyll and Hyde, only each man's Jekyll and Hyde are different from those of other men; for I have known men so meek that their Mr. Hyde would make a most excellent Jekyll for some other man. Be that as it may, as these voices are heard constantly throughout this book, as they have been throughout my life, I will briefly state my opinion of them both — and also give their opinion of me.

Dr. Jekyll does not know as much as he thinks he does, and is a well-meaning old foozle. Mr. Hyde, though a sad dog, is not half so sad as he ought to be, nor so bad as I have frequently painted him.

Jekyll. — Arising from a perusal of the "Digressions of V.," I lay it aside with regret; not that I regret laying aside the book, but I mean that I feel regret on finding so little where I had expected to find so much. The whole book is based on an erroneous conception of life. "Life is real — Life is earnest" — and he has signally failed in keeping the balance between the

lighter and the heavier — no — the more serious side, which I would fain have had predominant. I have been fond of V. — nay, even loved him. I have been with him all his life; we were boys together, and although I always noticed a tendency to levity which I unsuccessfully tried to combat, I never dreamed it could reach the point it has attained in this, his last attempt. I mean I never imagined his folly (for I can call it by no other name) would culminate in the production of such a work, from the perusal of which, as I have stated in the beginning, I have just arisen. We must part, and I hope the day will come when he will sadly repent the loss of a friend who has ever sought to lead him into the paths he never wished to tread, and from which he seemed unaccountably prone to stray; a friend who never failed to mingle the bitter draught of good advice with his effervescing and evanescent fool-drinks.

Hyde.—I throw down this book in disgust. Why in the name of common sense did he not put his more than questionable stories into Latin? He could have borrowed it for the occasion, and would better have borrowed his English as well. He makes me sick when he says he has had but few adventures. From my knowledge of life I read between the lines that his life has been one long series of adventures, and those of the commonest G. D. sort. I am disappointed in it. I had hoped for something much worse.

Adventures.—Some ill-natured person might object that I had not enough of moving adventures by field and flood to make my narrative interesting. Let me tell him that having adventures is a dangerous sport; had it been a safe one, my pages would have bristled with them. Adventures may be run into the ground. I

knew a man who had a most startling one: he was eaten up by cannibals.

No; I think things are better as they are. The cool sequestered vale of life is good enough for me, and now more appropriate than ever. No, as "Tintoretto of Rome" — of whom more anon — used to say, three great qualities are to be sought for in Art, namely, peace, tranquillity, and repose. And so I say of life, but I have never achieved them, or I might say *it*, as they are so much of a muchness.

As good Dr. Jekyll thinks we are drawing to a close, a few endings may comfort him, though I see no end in sight; yet when I do, I trust it may be final, and I only wish I could dispose of the two Voices "o' nights" as easily as you can do by shutting up this book. Here are the endings, carefully prepared beforehand to suit all contingencies as are our little impromptu sayings.

Endings. — A saying of Walsh about his "seeing Naples before leaving Rome," makes me think of writing a few endings before I am through, as Cerberus should have three tails to match his three heads. This matter of ending gives one to think. The elephant is a most imposing beast as he comes toward you; but once passed, his tail becomes a very inadequate finish for such a bulk — something like only a date and signature at the end of a book — or a name on the back of it. Yet of importance. Fancy two large volumes with Shakespeare on the back of one, and Tupper on that of the other. By the way, what is the matter with Tupper anyhow? Why should I gird at Tupper? I have not read him; I have simply taken him for granted. Neither have I read Johnson; I have simply played about him like a little fish, as he wallows like a whale in the pages of Boswell; and yet I gird

Saint Simeon Stylites

at Tupper. I ought to be most happy if, while differing from him, I sell as well. I now let my borrowed partners — Jekyll and Hyde — have their say.

Old Dr. Jekyll writes: —

"We are now drawing towards the close of our self-imposed task, and I think it well it should be so. V. must have exhausted all the old stories and expressions with which he is familiar, and is dangerously near the end of all the material which he considers new. There are a few expressions which I urged him to embody in the work to perfect it, but he said there was a limit. In all the English literature of his period, to which he should turn for style, the following expressions invariably occur: In the matter of distance it is always "as far as from John O'Groat's house to Land's End"; of a writer, "A chiel 's amang ye takin' notes"; of a man, "He was a prince of good fellows"; I personally am very fond of "If my memory serves me rightly," — but this I did not urge upon him. I therefore say, and say it with a certain satisfaction, that I think he has used — with the exception of the above phrases — all the commonplace expressions current in his day. Indeed he could not have done much more, and does not seem to have done much less. May I never be called upon to assist at another such birth. J."

Hyde's comment is as follows: —

"The thing is not so bad as it might have been; in fact I rather hoped he would have made it worse in some respects. As it is, he will be sorry he ever 'took pen in hand,' for I foresee a circus. If he does, I would suggest the following bit of doggerel as being appropriate; it is quite in his way. H.

"Peace just at present, yet I see
A lively time stored up for thee,
In fact — a Circus I foresee,
Exclusively for thee."

That I do not share in Hyde's forebodings is seen in the following ending which I wrote for the legends before winding them up; in fact it would make a neat ending for the whole affair.

A Quaint Ending. — The Quaint Legends should have a quaint ending. When we have restored the quotation "Quaint Legends of my Infancy" to its source (the "Bab Ballads"), and given back Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde to their owner, what is left but a sad funny man, or a funny sad man. And even then there may come along a critic and take away the "sad," and another and take the "funny," and yet a third and take away the "man," and — "Lo! the phantom caravan has reached the nothing it set out from —" Is this to be the ending? If so it would be like the ending of a short story Ellis once told me. Three old men sat thinking: the first said nothing, the second said less, and the third got up and went away. Well, let it be so; if only something resembling a V. remain, I shall have succeeded in my intent.

The fact is, these endings are as bad as beginnings, for no sooner do I make an ending than another rises in its place. They remind me of J. Smetham's description of a scene in Scotland: "On the right, seen dimly through the mist is the peak of Ben Whiskey; on the left, dimly, yet grander, the peak of Ben More Whiskey." But what is one to do. Only yesterday I had the pleasure of reading to a friend that prattle of Jekyll about commonplaces in literature, and the friend had never heard about "Land's End," or "John O'Groat's house," or the "Chiel amang ye takin' notes." What is one to do, I repeat, — especi-

ally one who trusts so much to the gentle reader as I do? Trust in the gentle reader! I should think I did. He must know as much about me and my book by this time as the natives of Timbuctoo did about the missionary and his hymn-book too by the time they were through with him and his book.

PAX
LET FAIR TOMBS STAND THE BUSY HIGHWAY NEAR,
WHERE THE DEAD MAY HEAR THE WINE CART JOGGING BY,
OR THE URGING CRY OF THE PASSING CHARIOTEER;
AND FROM THE NEIGHBORING FIELD - THE LARK,
AND ALL ABOUT THE SOUNDS OF LIFE'S GLAD CHEER.
WHEN WE FROM THE PYRE THEIR WHITE ASHES TAKE,
WE WILL LIBATIONS POUR, AND MERRY MAKE
TO CHEER THEM AS OF YORE; AND DRESS WITH FLOWERS THE URN;
FOR SPIRITS YEARN OUR JOYS TO SHARE: SO IT IS BEST
NOT TO SADDEN, BUT GLADDEN THEIR LONG PEACEFUL REST.
V.

CHAPTER XI

Rome

RINEHART — AROUND THE LITTLE TABLES OF THE CAFFÈ GRECO — A STORM IN THE CAMPAGNA — AFTER DINNER — PEPOON'S FIND — MEDIOCRITY AND MODESTY — RAUCH — "TINTORETTO OF ROME" — LANG AND HIS FINE HEAD OF HAIR — THE FIND — JAMES SMETHAM — MY PLACID FRIEND D. — INTERMEZZO — WILLIAM HUNT IN ROME — HAMILTON WILD — GIOVANNI COSTA — WALSH — TRAGEDY IN RETIREMENT — LE TRE FONTANI — A REAL DREAM.

On my arrival in Rome I at once hunted up Rinehart. He received me with open arms, and being in the same building with Rogers, introduced me. Rogers in his hearty way said at once, "Come and dine with us to-night and I will have some of the boys in to meet you." Of course I accepted with pleasure, as well as an invitation to breakfast with Rinehart at Nazzari's next morning. And then I did what I seem fated to do at least once on arriving at any town — committed the great social sin of forgetting an engagement. It was thus. The hotel air did not agree with my modest purse and I set to work at once hunting up a room and a studio. Finally, tired out and hungry, I went to the Lepri, had a good dinner, and going home, went to bed and slept like a top until late next morning. The first one I met in the morning was Rinehart? "What kept you from coming to the dinner last night? We were all there and waited an hour for you." What could I say? "And how about that break-

fast at Nazzari's with me?" Again — what could be said? However, I explained, and Rinehart forgave and turned the breakfast into a lunch; after which I went to Rogers and made a clean breast of it. He sort of forgave me — but there was Mrs. R. Well! it took the greater part of a year to live it down, but peace was finally established, and they became and remained my good friends for ever after.

Everything has been told about Rome that can be told. Of course, socially there were those at the top, and those climbing, and those content to be where they were; there were those who rode in their own carriages, and their inseparable companions — those who always rode in the carriages of others. And so forth, and so forth; but the distinction was not so marked then as now, and I dare say all who wish to remember will confess that we were then all much happier than now. But then again all were younger and all were alive — which I am sorry to say is not the case at present. As for Society — no man can do a thing well unless he likes it. Had I tried to cultivate Society I should have failed. I never go out into Society but sooner or later something disagreeable takes place. In fact, I am happy out of it and wretched in it, and so am the last person to write about it. This will be a disappointment to my unknown friends, but will not surprise those who know me. And so I have settled that question. Thackeray wrote well about Snobs because he liked them. All people in Society are not snobs by any means, but there is where you will be most liable to be taken unawares, so I keep out. To me they are not amusing — therefore like Job I will hold my peace: only, were I like him, I should say it over and over again, only varying the wording.

Some men commencing life in poverty, when they finally are

successful become parsimonious; others become extravagant. Rinehart was inclined to be the latter. He had that bad habit of under-rating himself: he was afraid to seem afraid of alluding to the hardships of his early years, and therefore spoke too often of them. I took occasion to give him a bit of good advice once, and think he acted on it. I said, "Rinie, you have nothing to be ashamed of. It is true you worked in a stone-cutter's yard

with very low companions, — especially humiliating in the South, — but you did not naturally belong in that condition. No one wants to hear about that. It only pains them, and can't be agreeable to you, so drop it once for all. We like you for what you are." I think it affected him — at least, I did n't hear much about his early days after that. He was very generous. He was deeply impressed with the kindness of people to him, and was never tired of showing his gratitude. He also never went back on a friend. He was always, whenever you saw him, wildly exuberant, yet very serious and painstaking in his Art when alone, and sufficiently canny in his money affairs to lay aside his earnings, and especially

wise in putting them into such good hands as those of his friend Walters, where they prospered until the Rinehart fund is the result. I do not believe Rinehart ever needed to call on Walters for one cent, but he had the assurance of a stanch and reliable friend back of him and it made all the difference in the world, and gave him that peace of mind which is in itself such a help to good work.

He went back on his friends however in one particular. He was fond of expatiating to them on his intention of being buried in Rome, and how he was going to leave a fund that would enable them yearly to pour champagne on his grave — yet he was persuaded to have his body taken home. He seemed always to feel that he would die young. He had a habit when dining, no matter where, of throwing out his hands; then, of course, all the glasses in his vicinity went by the board. This habit gave his dearest lady friend, Mrs. H., an opportunity for showing her magnanimity, for, seated next him wearing a new Worth dress, he indulged in one of his displays and completely deluged the dress with red wine. He was in despair, but she comforted him by saying it was an old thing she was trying to wear out, and that she was glad it happened, as it gave her a good excuse for getting rid of it.

And that was it. He was always breaking things and always asking pardon. And this was his way until the very last; for when he was dying, surrounded by his grief-stricken friends, his very last act was to throw out his arms in the old way, sweep a glass off the night-stand, and say, as he heard it break, "I beg your pardon." He had always been pardoned in this world, and I dare say it was not denied him in the next. I will take my chances with Rinie.

One day, when revisiting the glimpses of the moon, I bought one of the two remaining little tables of the Caffè Greco around which the boys used to sit in the good old days — for they were

good old days, in spite of these superior times, and I cherish them; they are my only inheritance.

The day I bought it they were putting on the door the announcement that the Caffè had been established just one hundred years before. This little table stands by my bedside and I ought to say that I hear the murmur of voices long gone and the merry tales — but I do not. It never says one word; *it knows too much.*

In the long room, way back in the Caffè — "The Omnibus" — the American and English artists used to congregate. This room the modern proprietor has decorated with plaster bas-reliefs, portraits of the great men who used to frequent it, some of whom are forgotten already. It is very foolish, but somehow I imagined that when I left the place youth went with me. I have been there lately, and to my amazement found that the whole thing was being enacted over again. I suppose that when the new boys get old and drop off, a new proprietor will put up a new set of bas-reliefs.

Among the shades about the little table comes McDonald. I do not remember much about him; I remember him mostly from having been the brother of Jock. Now McDonald himself was a well-educated man, which his brother Jock was not. In that respect Jock held the same relation to his brother that I held to mine — but in this respect only, for the humble Jock kept the studio in order, paid the men, and was only McD.'s brother.

His reading was not extensive, but he had observed in his brother's library that it took a great many volumes to make out a complete set of Plutarch's Lives. So when one day a man said, "Jock, what would you do if a man treated you as this man has treated me?" he answered without hesitation: "I'd kill um — I'd kill um if he had as many lives as —*Plutarch!*"

This was a fine new story—I took it home myself. It is somewhat shopworn now, but so is "to be or not to be."

Jock used to call the aqueducts "adequates." Something like our handsome Italian maid who calls the Catacombs the "Catatombe" — Catatombs — just as good. As the little Caffè Greco table perhaps wisely holds its tongue, I will drag a few things out of the "Catatomb" of memory — things which it must have heard as we sat about it on the winter evenings when the "vino caldo" smoked on the brass tray which it upheld — trifles, but yet having the aroma of those old days. My Caffè Greco days were the three years spent in working and waiting for the event of my marriage. When that took place of course the Caffè was changed for the hospitable houses of our friends — some older, some younger. We belonged to the young set, but the sets dovetailed together very harmoniously. I knew very little, for instance, of the Gibson period — although I knew all I wanted to of his fair pupil. I saw the ascetic Overbeck, walking about in the scene of his former glory — and old Mr. Severn, and have since regretted that I did not realise how much of interest I might have collected from him of the days of Shelley, Keats and Byron. By the way, my friends George Simmonds and Charley Coleman installed themselves in the Keats apartment, and we revelled I fear somewhat regardless of the poet's memory—for we were desperately enamoured of our own lively lives just then. After this time came the period of the young married couples—and dancing and picnics, and struggles and sorrows which came to us all alike, but which only served to draw us closer together — all that in due time, or as much of it as will prove interesting or amusing, for it must be remembered these things are written "Just for Fun."

"V." IN COSTUME

We used in those days to go out for long walks in the Campagna. On one of these occasions young Simmit was with us. Now Simmit was witty and wise, but never pretended to be as wise as Solomon, although as a matter of course he was supposed to hold some of his relative's peculiar views. We had walked far and were very hungry and thirsty, but were fortunate in finding an osteria with its bush, and turned in, right glad to rest and refresh ourselves. We had to take what we could get — bread, wine, ham and eggs. We drank and ate voraciously, Simmit keeping up with the rest.

The weather had been menacing, but we were not prepared for what followed. The sky darkened, there was a muttering of thunder, and the rain began to fall. Simmit went to the door to see what our chances were of getting to Rome with dry skins. Just then there came a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a tremendous roar of thunder, and all Hell seemed to break loose. Simmit coming back to the table, sat down, and quietly remarked as if to himself, "By Jove, what a fearful pother about a little pork!" Thus making another household word.

It was at the Caffè Greco Simmit used to hold forth on the themes Astronomy and Natural History. I am sorry I cannot remember more of the Natural History, for although not intended for publication, his contributions to that science were varied and valuable. I remember some of his observations on Astronomy. He always began by saying it was most important to bear in mind "that the moon revolves around the earth at right angles and at great length." He would then allude to the study of the globes celestial and terrestrial, and particularly the care needed to keep them free from dust. "Some people cover them with green baize, but I prefer brown Holland carefully hemmed by

a trustworthy seamstress." Before taking observations with the telescope he strongly advised "first freeing the tube from nut-shells or orange-peel, owing to the tiresome habits of children." He also pointed out that it is quite useless to try to make observations of the heavenly bodies "while a friend playfully holds his hat over the end of the telescope." He considered the theodolite a most valuable instrument "with the matting off, of course." He was somewhat doubtful as to perihelions. He had "once kept two in a bottle, but did not think they were very amusing." His most astounding assertion was one in regard to Natural History, a fact not generally known — namely, that the "elephant gives birth to its young in large and carefully corded packages." This he usually kept to the last, and I give it as the last you will ever hear through me of Simmit.

Having told of a storm in the Campagna and how it elicited an opinion from Simmit which seemed far from justifying "the ways of God to man," I will now try to give an account of another storm — not a real storm, an imitation storm, which our friend Casimiro caused to pass over his own placid features. His was borrowed thunder, however, as he only pretended to give an imitation of an imitation of what he had seen another do — but you felt, when he had smoothed his naturally bland face as a preliminary, representing the quiet which goes before a storm, that so far as it went, it — the quiet — could not be better expressed. Gradually the serene brow would darken and a tremor of the eyelids and a quick sidelong glance showed where the sheet-lightning was beginning to flash in the distance. Gradually the brow grew more lowering, and flashes of the eyes from side to side more frequent, and slight spasmodic openings of the mouth showed the nearer approach of the tempest and the muttering of the thunder;

then the eyes would suddenly open widely, and the mouth also — until with set, glaring eyes and a simultaneous chattering of the mandibles, followed by an open-mouthed blank stare, was indicated the final culminating crash. Then the features smoothed over, the sun burst forth, and when Casimiro had fully resumed his own peaceful face, no one could ever imagine it capable of representing such a "pother."

Here, to keep up that assumption of vanity, which I seem to do so easily, I feel like crying out with the little boy, "Me too! Me too!" — and will tell one of my own after-dinner tricks. It is a little discovery of my own which would have covered Columbus with confusion, and doubtless has by this time, he being immortal. You ask the waiter for a couple of boiled eggs, but arrange beforehand that one be hard-boiled, the other merely dipped in hot water; this is essential. When brought, they of course remind you of Columbus; you call him a duffer and offer to prove it, and also show the superiority of our modern scientific methods over those of his period. You say — and be careful how you word it — that you will place an egg on the table, and when you take away your hands, it will of itself, unaided, rise and stand on end for some time. And in fact, if you place it on its side and give it a strong twirl, it will rise and stand on end revolving for a long time. In vain your friend with the other (soft) egg (but he must know nothing of that) tries to do the same, and you may borrow Mr. Dooley's expression and tell him he may try till he "lays an egg himself" before succeeding. Better — have a dish of unboiled eggs brought with one hard-boiled — previously marked — which you take for yourself, and set the whole table twirling eggs; and all your friends will look just like those people seen in woodcuts in the "Boys' Own Book" looking at a scientific experiment in a

dark room. In short, a hard-boiled egg when twirled will stand on end. Why in the name of goodness did I not think of saying that before?

It was once the fashion and still holds, to go in the season of the artichoke (carcioffoli) across the river to the Ghetto to eat "carcioffoli alla Giudea" — that is, cooked in the Jewish manner. And they are very good, too, when washed down with the wine of the Castelli, and eaten in good company. The place now in vogue is Father Abraham's in the Ghetto; but long before his time, in the good old days, we used to go across the river. You always went through the black and lofty kitchen, with its boiling cauldrons of oil and the busy cooks; that was part of the fun. The artichokes are brought in, golden, and very crisp, but you are apt to find a few sharp points. One time, when our friend Griswold was along and seemed happy, he stopped eating suddenly, as if he had trodden on a tooth, and observed gravely, "I see that in eating carcioffoli, one must chaw carefully" — which saying in its day was considered rather neat.

Pepoon at Pompeji. The name of Pepoon is pleasing, and he had a pleasing adventure. It was this.

P. and a party of friends went to Pompeji in a vettura. They were a jolly crowd and had a good time. Now P. is a very stout man, but it is not all fat, as I know from his having made me feel his muscles. He was as hard as a board — a solid man.

While there, he stood watching a man shovelling earth into a cart from a newly excavated house. The man was on the other side of the cart and the guard was on an eminence close by, gazing at the surrounding country. The cart was full, so a lump of compacted ashes rolled off the top of the load and fell at Pepoon's

feet. A suspicion flashed through his mind, and he avoided flying in the face of Providence by putting his foot on it. The cartman was not looking, the guard was still gazing, and Pepoon, affecting to tie his shoe, stooped, and quickly put the lump in his pocket. During the return to Naples, Pepoon's abstracted air had been noticed, but nothing much was said about it. From the moment he had secured the lump he had never ceased to fool with it: his hand was always in his pocket picking and rubbing at the lump, till something hard seemed to be developing. From the weight he felt sure it was bronze, and as nearly as he could guess it seemed a figure; this grew to be almost a certainty.

With the excuse of washing and dressing for dinner, he rushed to his room, locked the door, and drew from its hiding-place a beautiful little bronze statue. Sacrificing a tooth-brush, he soon fully developed a figure of Hercules, naked as the day he was born, but with his club and lions' skin mantle. But Pepoon kept still and never felt safe until he set it on his library table at home in New York. He told me afterward that he had shown it to J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, and that Ward fell in love with it, and would have bought it from him at his own price.

If Pepoon was lucky, he was also wise. He held that pure water was the only thing for good whiskey; he only drank the best whiskey, and would say when the two were properly proportioned, "Now, don't drink that just yet; let us converse affably a few moments; — it ripens it."

There were two men of this period who passed over the surface of events without making a stir and departed without leaving a ripple, and yet I remember them so well — I suppose because they were such beautiful specimens of background — or the seldom heard cymbal and triangle in the orchestra. Of the latter,

Montie represented at times the loud cymbal and Haviland the tinkling triangle — or, better, body and soul.

Montie was remarkable for there being so little to remark about him. He was of French origin, was built like a Hercules, and looked, with his Turkish fez on, just like a strong, patient, good-natured Turk. I never saw him angry, but would have given him a wide berth in such a case. He was neither temperate nor intemperate, but smoked a good deal. He was never idle, but worked at a good easy jog-trot, so many hours a day, and this, as he seldom sold anything, had covered the walls of his studio from floor to ceiling with pictures — all of the same size and handling, and all of Constantinople — only the point of view differing.

He was never in debt so far as I knew, but evidently lived always on the verge of it. One day Roanoke sent him up a purchaser, and he sold a picture. Coming right down he said, "Roanoke, give me a drink, I've sold a picture." It never entered his innocent mind to treat Roanoke. He had never been known to treat any one; he never had the money. I once remarked to him, "Montie, you seem to be a pretty contented sort of fellow." He answered, "I believe I must be. You give me food enough to eat, wine enough to drink, tobacco to smoke, warm clothes in winter and cool in summer, a room to work and sleep in, and perhaps a French novel — and I really cannot think of anything else I need."

How such a man could die I can't imagine — but he did. His pictures paid for his funeral and not a cent was left over. No one was glad or sorry; but some one once noticed that his place at the Caffè Greco was vacant.

If I have put Montie under the heading of Mediocrity, I surely must put good old Mr. Haviland under the heading of Modesty,

for he was so modest that he had never attempted to do anything in his life, and thus could never be mediocre; on the contrary he had quite a reputation for being good for nothing. Good he certainly was, and every one was his friend, so among them was always found a quiet corner where he could be librarian or do something which would not interrupt his calm meditations. For in his bonnet he had a bee buzzing quite imperceptibly. I liked to be with him; he was so soothing. He was a Swedenborgian, and had all of Swedenborg's works, which he kept on a long shelf. I read about three feet, or a good yard of them, and at one time knew the meaning of *discreet degrees*, but now I only use the expression and think it a good one.

He had the head of a sage, the smile of a saint, and a slight stutter. One day he made this announcement, as the result of years of experience: "A man may be as wise as Solomon — and as strong as Samson — but if he has n't got the money he can't pay his debts"; thus making a much appreciated Household Word.

I will add one more shade to these background people and let them all fade away together. Palo is a little place on the coast near Rome. In America you would get there in about fifteen minutes by rail; here it takes much longer. It is a fever-stricken place, but if you eat well and stay close to the sea, and are cheerful, and don't go there during the fever season, it does very well. When the bathers come in crowded trains, it is lively; when they leave, the evenings are deadly dull. It was then that Sor Adriano was at his best, for he was a man for ever joking. Why this fun-loving, caffè-haunting Italian was banished to Palo was only known to himself and family, for evidently they were well off, and he evidently was not; but so it was. Once an inhabitant reproved him,

saying, "Sor Adriano, you are never serious; you are eternally joking." "Why," said he in return, "I am not half as funny as I could be; now if I should be serious with you, that would be funny indeed." It was at Palo I performed the surgical operation of cutting off that poor boy's fingers who had tried to play with a threshing-machine. Also there I painted some of my best little pictures — but Prince Odescalchi has restored a fine old castle and ruined the place by cutting off the beach from the public.

I shall write of Rauch, not to fill or round out these reminiscences of people I have known here, but because the spirit moves me to write of Rauch. In fact I fear that there will be no rounding off, but that I shall stop when I have nothing more to say or most likely long before that.

Rauch was poor; his father, an eminent painter of his day, left him a very little income, but as he gave it mostly away, he had to work hard to make up enough to keep him, his very little horse, and his very big Campagna dog. For the sake of the horse he had always to live in a studio on the ground floor — for they all lived together in one large room. I only knew him well after the death of the horse, an event which took place in the Via Margutta and was made the occasion of a *demonstrazione* on the part of his pensioners, the models, who assembled in large numbers, half in sport and half in real sympathy; for Rauch was a real friend to them in their troubles and was not only loved by them, but by that somewhat heartless thing, Society, the doors of which seemed always open to Rauch.

The fact is, Rauch loved everybody, but did not write poems about it, but put his hand into those poor old check-breeches pockets of his and gave not only his sympathy but his money, when he

happened to have any — and the result was that high and low loved Rauch. The ensemble of Rauch was composed of a thin man in an equally thin suit of check, a large grey shawl and a large white dog; add to this an infant's smile, and you have Rauch. After the death of his horse he came to live on the floor below me in the Via San Basilio. Whenever I heard the long-

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drawn-out preparatory notes of the nightingale or the song of the speckled starling or the cluck of the quail, I would go to my balcony and look down, and Rauch would look up with a smile and say that it was a "passa tempo" like any other. I presume all the birds knew him; certainly the blind, the halt, and the lame did. The hour I went to my studio was the hour he was returning from his sketching, always with the shawl, his traps, and the dog. He never wore, winter or summer, anything but that old check suit of his all the time I knew him, except that he had a rusty suit of black when he went into society; even then bets might have been

made as to under which ear the bow of his cravat would be worn. I used to say, "But you ought to wear something warmer this cold weather." His answer was that he was used to it. "But you at least ought to have a fire in your studio" (it was such a little one); but he would say, "Look at the dog; what a thick coat he has; he could n't stand a fire." "But why do you give up your bed to the dog?" Then it would be, "That's just it; you see he could n't stand a fire, but he suffers from rheumatism, and so I let him take the bed, and covered up with the shawl he seems to do very well."

"And so you have been to Egypt," he said to me; "I have often wanted to go there, and would go but —" Here he lowered his voice, and pointing over his shoulder continued, "While he lives, how can I?" "But, Rauch, you ought to eat meat and drink wine; you are running down." "Meat? yes, of course I get it for the dog; he must have his meat, but I don't think it agrees with me, and wine — I can't stand it as I used to do."

The fact was, Rauch was a very sick man. The dog went to where dogs go, and Rauch went on painting his water-colours and thus earned his bread and water, but gave more than half the bread to the birds. We all became anxious about him. It was something wrong with his stomach. It never changed his sweet childlike smile, and smiling he faded away. He had a splendid funeral: people not only sent their carriages, but went themselves.

Shortly after his death I was out on the Campagna: the sky-larks were sending down floods of song; and I most certainly heard the long prelude of the nightingale coming down from the sky together with the shrill delight of the larks. Now the nightingale, although of course he sings all days, does so always in the dense shade of the ilex; then how was it possible in an open field? Could it have been? Of course not.

My friend Costa and I always maintained against odds that "Tintoretto" had a sincere love for a certain quality which he achieved in his pictures — a broad atmospheric quality; this he was successful in, and the technic was also his own invention, and he was quite right when he said it would be hard to imitate. Whether he was right when he turned his pictures upside down and asked you if you did not feel dizzy, or when he told you to go up on the Pincio and look at St. Peter's through your legs — is another matter. He once painted a picture of the Lagoons at Venice (his happy hunting-ground), which I have always thought to be a great picture, in regard to this broad quality.

He was fond of making three qualities out of this one and insisting a picture should have these three things: namely, *rest*, *tranquillity* and *repose*. As a man he was singularly deficient in all three. As I have said, this quality he loved and his technic was his own invention. He used to make a decoction of Spanish aloes which he passed over his pictures to give them tone. "Now what is the greatest quality in a painting?" he would ask; "*toone — toone*" (for he had quite caught the English accent). "And what is toone?" — "Spanish aloes!" A good specimen of his logic.

To leave out "Tintoretto" in describing the Rome of those days would be like leaving the big drum out of a band, or, in describing Whistler, leaving out the white lock; so I feel I am committing no indiscretion in telling of two incidents, one always told about him, and the other told me by the ladies themselves, to whom it happened. It appears that T. was sitting at a table one evening in the bower of "Tragedy in Retirement," plunged in gloomy meditation. Only ladies were present, and they tried in vain to lighten his gloom, when suddenly T., seizing a pencil before him, wrote something hurriedly

on a scrap of paper, and with no more ado, quitted the room. The ladies rushed to see what he had written and found these words, "I must have fame or dye." He was young. I remember when I was young, having had trouble with that same word.

The three ladies lived where from the windows of their apartment they could see the back of T.'s studio. One morning, seeing T. out on his balcony clad in an old-fashioned American linen duster, engaged in the laudable occupation of dusting his pictures, they concluded it would be a good time to call on him, as they would not be interrupting him in his painting. They did so and were kept a long time waiting. When he did appear, he came to the door clad in a velvet jacket, with a copy of Browning in his hand.

I must tell another incident, showing how cleverly he extricated himself from a bad position. Meeting him one day, I told him of having read the account of a sale in which one of his pictures changed hands. "Do you know which picture it was?" he asked. "Was it one of my large ones?" — "Yes, it was one of your large thousand dollar ones." — "And what did it bring?" — "Exactly three hundred and fifty." — "I am amazed; it was the *worst* thing I ever painted."

One more. It was one of his after-glows, a subject which he treated very well. The sun had gone down; you were looking at San Giorgio with the glow full on it, and yet he had painted a crescent moon over the church. "How can this be?" I asked; "it would be a full moon, would n't it?" — "Ha, my dear fellow; I've got you there! I painted it from Nature." Now it was not painted from Nature; he never had painted a large picture from Nature in his life, but he was apt in making his asseverations to use the same breadth he sought for in his art. I only told him to think it over, and left. The next day he hailed me

VENICE

in the Piazza di Spagna. "Oh, I say, V. — you were right about that moon."

I do not believe he was a great reader, but when he did read he seemed to make discoveries. Thus it was on his discovery of Emerson — he at once hastened to proclaim the glad tidings to his friends and asserted that it was his profound conviction that America owed as much to Emerson as China did to Copernicus.

In the Club at home we all knew that Lang dyed his hair — had it dyed a fine black. "Why," he would say, "if I should see myself in the glass with grey hair, I would not know myself."

Now when Lang was in Rome he became negligent and allowed the grey to grow beyond the due line. All remarked what a pity, with such a good head of hair, he should not leave it its natural colour. The fact was, he had no hair at all, but dyed his wig instead. This mentioning of hair naturally leads to what follows.

My wife was once calling on the wife of an eminent man of letters, art-critic, poet, etc. Now this interesting person had an enormous head of hair, like William Beard, Parke Godwin, or Eggleston the Hoosier novelist; the main thing in his case was that he had a very big head of hair. On the centre table was lying Hare's "Walks about Rome." Whereupon she said, "Oh, I see you have Hare!" This fact was so patent to our friend and all those present that it caused a start; but she quickly added, "I mean Hare's 'Walks about Rome.'" I wonder if she bettered it.

Below in this same house is Piale's Library. This happening I know to be true (as the funny editor in the magazine says), for the lady in question, coming out of Piale's, met my wife and told her that it had just occurred. The lady went in to get Max O'Rell's "John Bull and his Island," and asked for it. The

young man in attendance said, "Madame, I think you have made a mistake. Marcus Aurelius has never written anything about England — at least not recently." Here his knowledge of French was a disadvantage.

A strange little picture. I have often wanted to make known to my friends a strange little picture or sketch I found in a bric-à-brac shop here in Rome a long time ago. I take this opportunity to do so, for though I have shown it to those I have thought would be interested, I have yet to find the one who could make an approximate guess as to its author, date, or meaning.

Description of pictures I think a nuisance, especially needless when they are shown by engraving or photograph, but I think it allowable to point out in this one what I see, and tell in this book what I think — for if you left out the *I* in this book, there would be no book left.

The illustration is a reduction from a very much larger drawing made from the picture; the actual size of the picture being only ten and one half by five and one half inches. It is painted on paper in oil-colour, and was as brittle as the gill of a Russola — so that I was obliged to glue it at once on a board to prevent its utter ruin. The colour is very rich and I think well distributed. First, as to its being a sketch for a picture, or a copy of a picture: On close examination you find what the Italians call "pentimenti" — changes. The height of a door on the right has been changed, and especially a hand which has eight fingers, thus recalling that famous horse of Velasquez with his eight legs, once painted out, now showing through again. This would make it out a sketch were it not for some very carefully studied draperies looking as if copied from some picture.

DRAWING FROM A PICTURE BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST

From the haste shown in some of the heads, and their being out of proportion when compared with the figures, and the jamming in of figures where they could not possibly go, we are thrown back on the sketch theory again. Subject: at first and for a long time I thought it represented a mad-house; but I found so much system in the madness that I was driven to the conclusion that it represented a *Theological Discussion* — a conclusion I still hold. That must be it. All the persons seem to be passing through, not so much a mind-storm as a mind-cyclone. They argue, dispute, and differ — but most of them simply yell. If it is not about religion, what is it about? Spelling?

The gigantic Moses-like figure in the centre shows the influence of Michelangelo; the introduction of the Phrygian cap in two instances, and a Voltaire-like head, would indicate the time of David. The Giant with his scroll represents, to my mind, Tradition. The Idiot, backed by an absolutely crazy crowd, seems to say, as he lays his hand reverently on the Giant, "What? — would you dare touch the very foundation-stone?" The seated figure in front of the Giant, with his little head turned away from the figure seeking to persuade him, must represent absolute pig-headed Belief, as deaf to all reason as the duck is impervious to water. The one on hands and knees with no head shown — presumably kissing the Giant's foot — must be idolatry of tradition pure and simple. Back of Tradition comes boiling out of the dark inner chamber a perfect mass of raving madmen — one with staring eyeballs seems in a fit of frenzied glee, while close to him, in sharp contrast, sits a philosophic figure who turns away from it all with an expression of fatigue and disgust.

The sketch theory is here sustained by the evident change in the position of the head of the last indicated figure. To the left

are the doubters and sceptics all howling at the Giant — the clenched fist of the last figure on the left pounding the bench is great. As to the background, I am sure Mr. Dooley would describe it as Hall Caine let loose. The more you look at these little heads, the more their expression seems to vary, although the intention of the expression always remains. I would only add that when I made a similar subject in the Omar Khayyám, I had not seen this little picture. Otherwise I should have been so much influenced by it that I might have given up making my drawing altogether, for I hate to steal — that is, knowingly.

I was introduced to James Smetham by my old friend Davies, and although I visited him, saw his family, and walked with him through what must have been to him the familiar scenes of his daily life, I have no idea where he lived except that it was somewhere in the outskirts of London. I seem to be far more familiar with the workings of his ever-pondering mind than with his outward habitation.

He was a tall, spare man with a very serious cast of countenance, not so much sad as deeply thoughtful; but he had a vein of humour which lightened all and made him one of the most sympathetic and charming of companions. His studio was more of a library than a studio, filled with books and small pictures — mere little panels of pictures, but only small in size, for the ideas were large and expressed in a richness of colour most satisfying; not realistic colour, studied from Nature, but a colour which caressed the eye. But they were above all filled with thoughts, and expressing moods, and all had a certain lyrical quality; they seemed to sing. I cannot remember many, but one I shall never forget — a thing one longed to have and keep as a treasure.

It represented two men, evidently intimate friends, seated by a fire which was the only light in the picture. The room was a rich gloom, with gleams of books, rugs, and gilt frames, but above all it represented perfect quiet—a retired room and an intimate hour. One was stretched in an easy chair, with his feet to the fire, smoking and lost in pleasing thoughts, while his companion seemed striking chords on a guitar. A long low window opened out into what Blake would have called "a little moony night"; winter was indicated by a few bare branches crossing this little bit of cool radiance. You were not looking at them; you seemed to be with them. Another was "Pilate's Wife's Dream." It was night, and a blood-red counterpane seemed like a sea of blood creeping up towards her breasts, threatening to overwhelm her as she lay under the spell of some nightmare. There were many more equally interesting, and his friends are fortunate in having had the good judgement to buy his pictures while it was yet time.

But the most extraordinary thing is yet to come. He showed me, in one corner, piles of books rising from the floor — many piles as high as three feet or more. Picking one out, he opened it. It was a Bible, evidently selected for its wide margin, and this white wide margin had disappeared under crowded notes written in a small hand; and there were three piles of these Bibles, all annotated in the same manner. No wonder he had more the air of a clergyman than of a painter. But he was not that; he was simply a great and incessant thinker. But there was more than that — here I must make a little digression.

A lady once gave me a book. What her object was, I cannot tell; perhaps she thought I dealt in symbolism and it would interest me. It was called "Symbolic Logic," written by the author

of "Alice in Wonderland," and it accounts for the pragmatic manner assumed toward Alice by the animals — the Red Queen in particular. He calls it a pleasing pastime. Why, my phonetic alphabet is positively hilarious compared with this most doleful of all the inventions of man. In it he makes squares and uses counters, and with these he takes sentences and dissects them, and you find out if their grammar is logically correct or not. Now, piles and piles of books Smetham showed me were note-books filled with curious squares, — thought squared off, as he said, — and virtually represented the record of his thoughts for the greater part of his life. He would take a thought, put it in a square, and as it developed carry it into other squares — ramifications and so on. If he stopped, he would put it away and take it up again — no matter how long after; put it away again, or carry it to its logical conclusion, and then the incident was finished. It was something like this: Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, and so forth. Sometimes the thoughts were harmonious and a peaceful progeny of squares the result, but often they met a cantankerous enemy and then a battle royal ensued; allies were called in, sides strengthened, and the fight was on. Sometimes a hero — a lucky thought — brought unexpected succour; the battle extended over many years and filled many squares and note-books. Sometimes, when beaten, a new advance in thought or science showed him a weak point in his enemy's armour, and to it again. I presume that there were thousands of wars commenced which were never settled, and could we but open those dust-covered mute volumes, those struggles of an ever-contending brain would spring to life under our eyes, and would but too plainly show how the dust of those incessant battles finally hid from view a noble mind as it sank con-

THE NINTH HOUR

quered beneath its dark cloud. His was the end of Ruskin — the end of all squarers of the circle, and the circle yet remains unsquared.

An American is always something of a foreigner to an Englishman, but to himself when in London he can never feel that he is a real foreigner, like a Frenchman for instance. Mentally he is treading the ground of his childhood, — the ground of Robin Hood, and Whittington and his cat; he joins Chaucer's pilgrims or goes roystering from tavern to tavern with Jack Falstaff. So London has a charm no other city possesses; it is familiar and novel at the same time. There I go about with fussy Boswell, or potter with Pepys, or with smiles or tears follow Dickens, through scenes of homely joys or gloomy slums. For my part I do not haunt the snobbish Clubs of Thackeray, nor enjoy so much his endless social tattle, nor for an instant would I dream of breaking into the jealously guarded grounds of Tennyson. When in London and in the body, I invariably sought of Saturday nights the peaceful abode of my placid friend D., a man whose very aspect gave one's perturbed spirit peace. I left noisy High Holborn and turned into quiet Gray's Inn Square; passing through that, and crossing another court, at its further left-hand corner I found a door, and ascending a time-worn staircase, knocked and was welcomed into my friend's wainscotted chambers. The windows of this bachelor abode of peace looked out into a misty greenery of trees, and through them came the rumour of the great city subdued to a restful murmur. My friend had, and I hope has yet, the most placid face of any man I ever knew. His was the face of a man at peace with himself, and his expression that of a man sustained by a modest but assured income. In this quiet abode he made his Shakespearean commentaries and

emendations, or painted his yearly picture for the Academy. That it was year by year rejected did not disturb him in the least; in fact I think he told me he would be completely upset were it accepted; such is the force of habit. On entering his cozy den, it was always — "There is Scotch and Hollands and claret; your pipe you will find on the mantelpiece, with your name on it; now make yourself comfortable," — and I did; and that is how it was; every one felt comfortable when with D. He had been one of the boys in Rome, and occasionally I would find one or two of such Romans at his Saturday evenings. Stacy Marks loved to attend; he who painted "Toothache in the Middle Ages," and latterly, wise-looking stuffed birds, and equally wise-looking old professors, things that would n't move. Then I frequently met Butler, author of "Erewhon," and another book, "The Way of all Flesh," which made a great stir in clerical circles in its day, now mild enough. I chiefly knew him through his "Instinct and Habit." In this he admits that he has taken an idea from La Mark, but has polished it a bit, as one would a rough diamond. It is, that the egg lays the hen; but this last was too much for the serious scientists, and he never had that recognition which I think he deserves. It is a little trifle the Darwinians have overlooked.

Most of D.'s guests were what are called briefless barristers; they all gave me the impression of being Shaksperean emendators, highly educated, but better adapted to turn in the quiet eddies of life than struggle in its rushing stream. Some were Scotch. Now it is well known that no one can tell a Scotch story but a Scotchman. Butler tried it, under the anxious guidance and supervision of an old boy present; I cannot tell it, but it was something like this: "Where are you going to bury me, Jock?" — "Well, Jennie, the Gawbles is the nearest and most convenient, and some very

STUDY OF A HEAD FOR "THE NINTH HOUR"

decent people are buried in the Gawbles." — "No, no; I can never rest easy in the Gawbles; I want to be buried in the Wood-lawn; I'll not be buried in the Gawbles." — "Well, Jennie, that's very expensive, but we want to please you. I'll tell you what we'll do: we'll try ye in the Gawbles, and if it does n't please ye, there'll be plenty of time to move ye over to the Wood-lawn." Butler thought he had been very successful, for his Scotch friend admitted that he might have told it much worse.

I then tried on them an old American story, — that about the darky and his master. "Tom, what do you think about that new horse of mine?" — "He's a mighty fine hoss, massa." — "What do you say when I tell you I paid five thousand dollars for that horse?" "Well, I dunno what to say, — but it kinder reminds me of dat ole tex' in de Scripters; I furgit de fus' part, but it goes on to say — 'and his money is soon parted.'" Butler and Marks laughed, but the rest at once divided into two sides, the one maintaining that there is no such text in the Bible, and the other that there was, only they could n't place it.

One evening there was an artist by the name of Bland, who not content with the good English Bird's-eye, must needs pull out a plug of tobacco from his pocket, and also produced a most formidable bowie-knife which he wore "concealed about his person," and proceeded to cut it up and fill his pipe with what he considered the proper cut. Of course he had to explain, and said he had acquired the habit of carrying it in South America and felt lost without it. He also told how he had set up as a sheep-farmer there, and how the Indians had carried off all his sheep and reduced him to absolute poverty, and how he had developed the talent for making lassoes which met with the approval of the guachos, and thus made his living; but he added that, although he could make lassoes, he could never manage to throw them.

This reminds me of my boyhood days in Cuba. All nice Cuban houses have back of the patio an inner court where the horses and charcoal and ducks and hens and pigeons are kept, — and the garbage; and where the slaves sleep, and where the kitchen is. From this place one day a fine rooster had escaped, and was parading on a wall, from which he would soon have flown to freedom

ENGLAND

had it not been for our Catalan porter, who, seizing a bit of cord, at once made a little lasso, and with the greatest dexterity threw it over the rooster's neck and dragged him back to captivity. Then he taught me the art, which consists in the trick of letting the ring hang halfway down the loop, so that, when you make the throw, it — the loop — opens; without knowing this, you might try all your life without success.

This case of Bland shows that it is never safe to assume where an Englishman has been or has n't been, or what he knows or does n't know, and above all, never assume he is a fool. The Englishman has his little way of getting even with you. Once in the early days, when I was fresh from our beautiful Fifth Avenue "stages," with their landscape decorations, red-plush cushions,

and the strap and hole through which old ladies seemed determined to pull the driver when they wished to stop, I was complaining to an Englishman of the hard springs and general discomfort of their omnibuses, and particularly making fun of having a conductor hanging on behind, — when he observed that I had forgotten to notice one thing, that the English omnibus was made in England, by Englishmen, for Englishmen. Here I stopped him, telling him he need n't go on; that I thought I had grasped the idea and that I would save it up for future use.

As a good American, I cannot let the Englishman have the last word. There was one in New York finding fault with our fish, our strawberries, pine-apples, and so forth, and telling how much better most things were in his own country; finally an American surprised him by saying that he would admit they had some things better in England than America. "What are they?" asked the Englishman. — "Why, — Englishmen."

I never could understand what was the matter with D.'s pictures; they were mostly subjects from Shakspere or Rabelais, in which the costumes were correct, the actions and expressions appropriate, the drawing not bad, the colour discreet, — no end of work, and yet (as an American quoting French said) there was a "Genesee squaw" lacking. I think myself that had his hopes of salvation depended on his pictures, it would have gone hard with him. Yet when I recall his sweet blandness, I cannot imagine that anything ever had gone — or would go — hard with D.

"*Intermezzo.*" — Did you never meet with a man who seemed to have the top of his head turned the other way? I mean — presenting a straight, high forehead which then slopes down to the back of his head, as Shakspere's cliff steeply faces the

English Channel and then slopes downwards and backwards into the country behind, — thus looking, in the man's case, like an intellectual bluff? Well, I seem to have gotten these Digressions somewhat into that state. You would think that the long-haired youth who steamed way into the misty future on the occasion of his second trip to Europe was a poor, sad, Absalom-looking chap, dim and sad as the portrait of that fierce old scold, Carlyle, in the picture of him by Whistler, but with a better-fitting coat. This was not the case. I fear you can easily see that these things are not written with the plump hand of youth. The real youth in question is to be found described in the pages of Marryat or Charles Lever. The dishes I set before you I fear lack seasoning. But as it is never too late to mend, I shall try to season them now more in conformity with the truth, even if not to the reader's taste.

In childhood, little boys were like playful puppies, little girls were kittenish, and remained so until late in life. Let the seasoning here be ginger. Did you never see a puppy get a scamper on? When he puts his tail between his legs, flattens his ears, and rushes wildly around? That was Boyhood. Add pepper and salt, —and to the Paris of boyhood add Cayenne pepper. In Florence this sad youth was as the frisky lamb and his demivolts, or the funny goat and his caprioles, — pepper, salt, and a little mustard. Wartime was Donnybrook Fair, with reels and rumpuses and rigadoons, —all mustard. Roman days, —all minuets and picnics and suppers with much curry, and so forth and so on. But now, when I am sad indeed and long for the peace of the hermit and his simple fare, just because I am healthy-looking, my friends expect me to stand with a racquet in one hand and a golf-stick in the other, one foot on land and one on sea, to one

thing certain never, — except the modest but assured income, understood.

Now you see how the man looked who had the top of his head on the wrong way, and the mistake I have made in not seasoning these Digressions as I went along. This reminds me that unless I jot down things as they occur, they are gone for ever, so I tell of meeting again in Paris the Rhodes of my first trip to Italy. He had been getting balder and greyer, while I had been getting married and children. He was lame from an accident which had happened years ago, during the War period, but was strong and hearty, — quite unchanged. I wondered if it could have been from his carrying out one of his innumerable theories. His practice, so he told me, had been for years to rub himself vigorously all over with alcohol; nor did he confine it to the exterior only, — he made it equally an internal cure which he attended to with great industry and punctuality. His room was filled with bottles of the remedy; in fact he lived in an atmosphere of alcohol, and yet, contrary to all the rules, the truth of his theory was in his case fully demonstrated. Here he confided to me his scheme for a great picture, and showed me a pencil sketch of it; and I have no doubt that, had he had the necessary talent, knowledge and industry, he would have made a fine picture. But it is strange that with his sense of humour, he did not see the humour of the situation, or had totally forgotten that he had shown me that same sketch so many years ago. Was this a case of arrested development? It certainly was with regard to the picture, and with regard to the man. I wondered if it could be as in the case of the mummy-heads I have told of, — arrested decay? Never mind; R. was a good fellow. Any man who puts his hand in his pocket and lends you money when you need it, is a good fellow.

THE CASTELLO FROM TORRE QUATTRO VENTI (CAPRI)

To say Hunt or Ham. Wild was to say Boston. But with this difference — Hunt was himself and Boston; Wild was pure Boston. Hunt in Rome seemed a fish out of water. There is a great difference between a city full of friends and a city with only a few friends. Of course he had Story and Wild and myself, but it was not the same. The air of Rome was not the air of Boston, and in spite of rides in the Campagna, with his grey beard streaming to the wind, he did not seem to thrive nor did he do much work. Wild was his stand-by and the friend of the family.

Wild was neat in dress, leisurely in speech, with an accent which appeared affected, but to him was natural. Some thought him finicking, — Miss Nancy-ish, some put it, — but underneath there was a real man. They tell of his being for days in an open boat with the crew of a foundered ship, when he turned out the

best and most courageous of the lot. He had a love for — and a fine sense of — colour. It had once appeared in print that Hamilton Wild was drunk with colour; that did the business for him; before that he had only been, "How came you so," — when in colour, but when I knew him, he took his colour neat. Wild was reticent about his affairs; only on two occasions did he unburden his heart to me.

One was when Story had been ill. Wild had been most attentive, sitting with him, reading to him, and doing in fact all that an affectionate friend could do; he said: "V., do you know that all this winter Story has never been near me, nor ever sent any one to me. I must confess that I feel somewhat hurt."

That "sent any one to me" must have meant a great deal, for I imagine he had very little, barely enough to get on with; no one would ever have dreamed that from his appearance.

The other occasion must have been the result of some complaining on my part, for I, when I am hurt, squeal loudly.

"Why V., my life has been one long snub. I have never had once — no, not once — anything I really longed for."

Poor boy! Poor boy!

W. W. Story was a generous and warm-hearted man, but his palace, his great circle of distinguished friends, his large studios and the daily caravan of admiring visitors, all made him forget poor Wild, the real friend, waiting in his studio. Oh well, there is some use for a future life after all; they are both there now; and perhaps Story has looked over his friends more carefully by this time.

It is not necessary to knock down Déscamps in order to elevate Costa in his stead. Costa has a very respectable hill of his own to stand on; and so have many others. I first met Costa in

Florence. The French held Rome and Civita Vecchia, and there was a lull. Costa had left off fighting and had come on to Florence and resumed his painting. He had brought with him some splendid lithographs of pictures by Déschamps; particularly fine was the "Defeat of the Cimbri." I thus became acquainted at the same time with both Masters. Costa and I became and remained friends from that day on. This is the story he told me of a certain brother of his, — a priest. The family was large, — sixteen, I think. Costa was one of the youngest. In the early days, whenever they had maccheroni, this priest-brother used always to say, "Dear me! Dear me! I have forgotten my handkerchief." While he was gone to get it, the maccheroni was served, so when he returned he got his portion from the bottom of the dish where all the butter had been collected. Time passed; and Costa with all his fighting and troubles also acquired much wisdom, so that in one of the rare family reunions, when this foxy elder brother again forgot his handkerchief, Costa bade him sit still; he would lend him a handkerchief, — for he wanted to have his own share of the butter this time.

Once Costa and I were painting in Velletri. We stopped at the same house and shared the same subject. This was an old church and a road leading up to it. An old wall on the hillside had loopholes cut in it, owing to the late troubles. It was a midday effect and simple to a degree. I went at it in that spirit and painted as directly as I knew how; afterwards I put in a contadino with jacket thrown over his shoulder, pausing to light his pipe. Costa approached the subject by parallels, — prepared it with red one day, and on another inserted greys, and again went over it, then took it to Rome and painted on it from time to time for several years; that was his way. I took it by assault; he, by siege. I don't

think he saw more in Nature than I did; but he saw more in Nature to paint than I did.

I say we shared the same room. On going to bed, I found my pillows were so many that I could not get my head on them, so I took out a famously hard one. This Costa eyed wistfully and finally asked me if I was n't going to use it. I said, no; and then be begged me to throw it to him; this done, he immediately put it, together with one of his own, on his feet, saying that he could never sleep without a weight on them. And I, who can't abide the weight of a fly on mine! I, who want the clothes raised like a dome of St. Peter's above them! How is this? Did he need his feet weighted to keep him from walking over all creation, and I need all creation, to get a move on? — to induce me to walk at all? These be fine questions, — but why turn fun into trouble. That is the way it was.

Were I giving the lives, or even an estimate, of the artists I have known, this would be most inadequate even as a mention of Costa; but as all the eminent people I have met have been so thoroughly written up, it is useless my attempting anything of the kind. Signora Agresti, the daughter of William Rossetti, has written a beautiful book on Costa. He was a fighter and the founder of a school. He believed in painting direct from Nature, with all the strength and love you are capable of; this he did, but he showed little love for those who differed from him. He delighted in stealing upon Nature in her most intimate moods, — taking her by "tradimento," was his very Italian expression; for he was a thoroughgoing Italian and was as great a patriot as he was a painter. As I say, my only aim is to give some little intimate touch regarding the people I have known. I hope I shall not mention this again, although it is ten to one I shall.

I have not said anything about Walsh, yet he merits a mention. He was eminently one of the Caffè Greco boys. Walsh would say such things as this: "By Jove! — that's a fact; I must see Naples before I leave Rome!" — from which one would judge him to be a Persian. How homeless he was is shown by his remarking on a very hot day, "By Jove! — this is the weather to take the pin out of your collar!" For him no busy housewife plied her evening care; no nicely sewn buttons for Walsh. "Ah," said he to a friend one day, "I see you're eating eggs. I frequently eat them myself; I consider them the best of the farinaceous foods."

The Boys were good to Walsh. He looked beautiful in his spotless shirt with his golden beard spread on it, as he sat in his comfortable chair in that sunny room the Boys had provided for him — dead. Poor, ignorant, harmless, loveable Walsh!

Charlotte Cushman was a *large woman* — a generous and good friend, and, I believe, an equally good hater. Tragedy lingered about her. I remember the way she quoted the nightingale — "leaning its breast up till a thorn," leaning forward with a large and appropriate motion. She was fond of having notabilities about her, and I shall never forget the deep voice and tragic way she said, on being informed that a noted young man was in town, "What! Simmet here? Bring him to me!" — at the same time grasping the air with "hooked hands." I thought of the small, tender, plump Simmet within that grasp.

Randolph Rogers and she had been friends, but he, being an excellent mimic, could not resist giving her "Sands of Dee," which, coming to her ears, caused a coolness to ensue between them. Being a generous person, as I said, she concluded to make peace, and so invited him to come again to her receptions. He went, but to his horror she called on him to give his famous imi-

tation of the "Sands of Dee." In vain poor Roanoke protested and begged to be excused; she was inexorable; so he had to give it, which he did with his most creepy, crawly effect. Being a consummate actress, she laughed heartily, but being a woman, she never forgave him, and they became worse enemies than before. I have seen lately that my friend Stillman tells this story differently — but the principle or lack of it remains the same.

Once I paid a visit to the Tre Fontane outside of the Porta San Paolo. It is run by the Trappisti — people who know how to hold their tongues, a good thing in this tattling world. Each day one is allowed to speak, and they take turns. So the visitor gets the *pent-up*.

I would not have believed it, had not one of the good fathers told me himself, that the spot takes its name from the fact that at the beheading of St. Peter or St. Paul, I forget which — I say this to my shame — the severed head bounded three times, and that a fountain sprang up each time it touched the earth. Now these Trappists are men who have taken the vow of silence, and it seems strange to me, — though doubtless stimulated by the example of the excellent liqueur made in France by their brothers the Benedictines, — it seems strange, I say, that they should make a drink they call Syrup of Eucalyptus, which has the property of loosening the tongue to such an extent as it does; — I know, for I have tried it. Now I do not find fault with them for making this drink, but if they found it was a cure for malarial fever by logic, I find fault with their logic.

The Tre Fontane is a spot noted for the prevalence of this dreaded fever, owing to the impervious beds of tufa beneath the soil which holds the water, causing it to stagnate, and this stagnant water causes the fever. The Eucalyptus, being a tree

of rapid growth, its roots absorb this water, so that by planting extensive groves of this tree they aver that the fever has been greatly diminished. Now would it not be just as logical to say that tight boots produce corns, that bootjacks remove the boots which produce the corns, and that by making a syrup of bootjacks you make a cure for corns? Perhaps it might; but not by logic.

I have alluded to O. and his wonderful dreams, and how he let the cat out of the bag by saying — on being urged to tell a recent one — that it had not been "developed yet." I here want to try an experiment, and see just how a dream would look honestly told and *not* developed. The tendency to develop is almost instinctive, so if this account has any interest it will be owing solely to its absolute truthfulness. It happened last night, and was written at once on awaking.

I was in some kind of church, with high windows, and mason's ladders were reared against them, so that people could look in. There was a clergyman and a feeble old man — a friend of mine — present. The clergyman said, "I told them not to put the ladders where they could look in." My friend was reading to me. I said, "There is a window open behind you; you will catch cold." My friend answered me, that the cold would do him good, coughed, and got up, and closing the window turned to the clergyman and said, "Perhaps my reading disturbs you?" The clergyman answered, "I am about to enter into contemplation, so that your reading and people looking will not matter" — and then he *faded out* of the dream. My old friend said, "It is scandalous about that man's tomb; he has put in it a paint-box — tobacco — whiskey — and all sorts of things; but here comes the genius" — and a girl entered. A small boy stood grinning; his name was Peter. The girl was slight, willowy, blonde, beautiful,

uncertain, fascinating, saucy, timid, appealing, familiar, and shy, and seemed to be the embodiment of contraries.

My old friend said, "Let us go up to my room." We climbed rickety step-ladders, entered a garret, through a small hole, and then a large room filled with books, papers, all sorts of things, a press for etchings, slender furniture covered with chintz, all perfectly neat and in order. There was also a graceful young cat with a numerous litter of kittens. The old friend seemed completely under the influence of the girl, —in love with her; she treated him with growing indifference, and was falling in love with me. He said, "She is a genius and must be taken care of"; and placing his hands on her shoulders, "I will take you to London; it will be the making of you. . . . Now we will look at your books; she has made them all herself — covers and all." I approached her and she fled. I seated myself, and she came and leaned on me while showing the books — wonderful books filled with amazing coloured engravings and writing. She was dressed richly, and at the same time so poorly, in thread-bare beautiful silks; they clung to her slender figure, yet sitting almost on my knee I felt *no body*, and the books again, made up of prints of all styles and periods, she nervously shuffled about with a mingled look of defiance and fear of coming criticism. Her eyes, dark, of no certain colour, gleamed through her tangled blonde hair. I can just manage to remember two subjects; those I remember clearly. One: a dark winter landscape, with fields of snow, a promontory with a beacon gleaming on it and a figure fleeing out of the foreground; on it was written, "The Fugitive," and a line of writing losing itself in the snow said, "*He runs swiftly over the snow; they are many but come slow, but they*" — here it ended. At first I could not understand whence came the great brilliance

of the beacon, but found the imitation print had a hole punctured at a spot corresponding to a hole in the cover, so that the light from the opposite window was shining through. The girl said to the old man, "There, he has at once found out what you could never see." Another picture was a brutal-looking man turning away from a woman to whom he held out a glass to be filled. She looked careworn and desperate and poured in wine, at the same time seeming to be adding poison, and under was written, "It finally comes to this."

Then this charming creation of unconscious cerebration, this waif of the brain, in her silken rags — this impalpability fades away, leaving an indelible impression, while Peter stands by grinning; then he too fades away, and I wake up and write it all down.

I wonder if my just having tried to translate a sonnet from the Italian of Signorini had anything to do with the dream; it certainly has to do with versatility.

Poor girl in gaudy finery dressed,
Prowling the streets when day is done,
Will you ever this lesson learn —
That she who gives herself to all,
Belongs to none?

Two Songs of Sadness.

"Fold thy Weary Wing—"

Flutter no more thy pretty wing against the cage
Nor try again to sing that morning song in glee begun,
When thou wast free and singing near the Sun;
For now the day is well along—'tis nearly dark,
And it is best thou fold thy weary wing and—a dirge sing.

"Cease Beating, Foolish Heart—"

Cease beating foolish heart and be at rest;
Thou timest now but sorrowing hours,
The closing, not the opening flowers,
The passing, not the coming years;
Thou countest now but falling tears;
Cease beating foolish heart and be at rest;

—V.

CHAPTER XII

On Visits Home, and Other Digressions

ON VISITS HOME — RIP VAN WINKLEIZING — THE GENTLE INTERVIEWER — THE SCALPING-KNIFE AND CALUMET — I'VE DONE IT AGAIN — THE CIRCUS — THEODORE TILTON — RATHER THAN — AT DINNERS — THE TOSCANO — THE MEZZO-TOSCANO.

PURSUIT does not always imply capture, and yet, as the negro minstrels used to say, — "the villain still pursued her." So I, still in pursuance of a plan to put some order into this book, have grouped the various happenings on my visits home under the above headings. Shakspere somewhere says that "Journeys end in lovers' meetings." Would it were always so; but I find that my journeys home so frequently ended in my not meeting the beloved, that I fear the gentle William is not always right, and that this grouping may lead to a melancholy monotony. To avoid this — at the risk of a loss of breadth in treatment — I will put these stories, or whatever they may be, together as they come to hand, and let them happen as they happened.

Having casually remarked at the Club that I had a good mind to go down to Varick Street and see the house where I was born, there being present an artist, one of a family of talented and — it is needless to say — very enterprising folk, as you shall see, I was amazed to receive next morning a prospectus with beautifully

designed and engraved examples of memorial tablets suitable for houses where celebrities have been born. An amazing promptitude, as startling as when you read in the probabilities "snow," you look up and there it is gently falling. This can happen only at home. Carrying out my resolve, I followed down Grand Street until it ended in Varick Street. Of the house of my grandfather, which was next to the one on the northeast corner of Grand Street, there remained but a hole in the ground filled with rubbish and burnt beams. That hole was the basement where on the window-sill, when a very little boy, I had painted my first picture, representing a stable with a ray of sunlight falling on a white horse. Like the hero in the Arabian Nights, I experienced a contraction of the bosom, but pursued my quest. In Varick Street, where my birthplace ought to have been, again a fire — and now a row of sheds. It was very sad. I was reminded of a passage in the diary of a little Southern girl, which ran thus: —

"That nigger Tom was over here to-day and wanted to build a chicken-house, but receiving no encouragement he went back the same way as he came."

Of course there was no question of the memorial tablet; indeed I had not set apart anything for that purpose.

The following happened when I was having an Exhibition — a badly managed "one-man show" — next to Sarony's in Union Square; I say badly managed, for I managed it myself. It was at this time I saw the last of poor Hitchie.

I have now made up my mind never to be interviewed except on a full stomach; you will gradually see my reasons for coming to this determination. I have found, in my experience, interviewers to be rather pleasant people, and newspaper men have always been very good to me, but there was a man who hypnotised me,

"V." AT HOME

(*Ready to be interviewed*)

— else how account for the meek way I accepted his invitation to step across the Square and have a glass of beer and talk over things comfortably? He was master of the art, and I talked well, and, pleased with myself, was gradually yielding up all the secrets of my life, when I found myself growing weaker and weaker every moment. This fiend in human form must have had his finger on my pulse, for he called for oysters and fresh beer, and I recovered, and again he bound me to the rack. His object was most clear; like the artist in a well-known poem, he wanted to paint a "dying groan." In desperation I threw off the spell and fled. He must have repented, or the account was too horrible for publication: that interview never appeared in print.

Speaking of the press: I have always been all my life the Criticised, and never felt the exhilaration of being the Critic. My plaintive voice is heard by few, while my critic's words go speeding over the land on the paper pinions of the press and are seen by thousands. I must keep silence lest I show that the arrow has struck home, while he exults in his immunity. My name is known; his is concealed. He shoots from under cover. He can take the bread from my mouth and clothe himself with the skin from my back, and then dance on my prostrate form, and I must imitate the stoical Indian and seem not to feel it. His opinion of me is disinterested; mine of him dictated by the ugly passion of revenge; and if I venture to remonstrate I become that most tiresome of persons — the man with a grievance. Would I change places with him and criticise the critic? Not for worlds. I tried it once and was informed that I had gained more notoriety by so doing than I had by my works. Yet it would be fine to seize a scalping-knife, and, brandishing a tomahawk, start out on the war-path. No, no; the burning Indian may stand the fire but the

burnt child dreads it. George Arnold used to say, "Better meet with a bear robbed of her whelps than the whelps of the press in their folly." That was what George Arnold said; I "make no comment."

I know it is as old as the hills, yet it so fits my case that I cannot help saying I am like that Irishman who never opened his mouth without putting his foot in it. I will give at once an example.

In my dancing days here in Rome, — in the days when I was fond of quoting the "Bab Ballads," as I am yet, — while whirling about in the giddy mazes of the waltz, happening to collide with a friend, I exclaimed, "Time! Time! my Christian friend!" — in which there is nothing remarkable except that he was the only one in that large assembly to whom that quotation should *not* have been addressed. Another: Comfortably seated at the Club, I resolve that I must do my duty and make certain calls; so tearing myself away from my pleasant companions I fare forth to the neighbouring Fifth Avenue and ring the bell at a certain house and ask if Mr. X. is at home? The Irish servant, a maid, said he had just gone out; but not to be deprived of the credit of the call, I ask, "Is *Mrs.* X. in?" The girl seemed staggered an instant, but recovering answered with a strange look, "Yes; in Greenwood!"

All weak animals strive to provide themselves with some means of defence, so I have an invariable exclamation in store for just such occasions. It is, "Well, I've done it again!" — which seems to relieve the tension.

What kind of a boy must he be who has not wanted to be a circus rider? For my part, the nicely raked ring has yet its charms. And then the clowns! My friend Waugh, painter and ex-clown, was a Shaksperean one; no snapping of the ringmaster's whip about

his legs. He once showed me his photograph; how handsome he looked in his spotless tights, with vine-leaves about the neck and running down his shapely legs. He only went out into the ring and talked. He said the great thing with the public was to *start right*. The first thing he did on arriving in a town was to treat all the boys and get all the stories about the best-known characters of the place. Then walking out boldly, he would say in his clear voice, "I'd like to know how the Deacon is getting on with the widow." If this brought down the house, the rest was plain sailing; all he said after that was pure gold.

I remember once seeing on one of my visits home what might be called Respectability Misplaced, and wonder if we have not all seen examples of the same thing. It was at a circus. She was a bare-back rider, but with such an innate air of respectability. Her neatly brushed hair, her spotless skirts, evidently washed, starched and ironed by herself, and she herself so clean, honest and homelike, made you wonder why at that late hour she was not in bed, with her little children about her, instead of jumping through hoops, and as nearly bare-back herself as the horse she rode.

It is strange how inevitably mingled with the joy of meeting old friends on these visits home, the sad note will intrude and make itself heard long after my return, when I sit thinking fondly of them all; and how among the gay flags of welcome there should always be some at half-mast. Thus it happened that on one visit I was invited to a circus and attended a funeral instead. It was that of one of the best men I ever knew, West Roosevelt. We used to meet at the Club and struck up a great friendship and were very fond of each other; I counted on his being a comfort to me for the rest of my life. He knew all about the wickedness of the

world and yet he remained pure and good. One evening he said, "Do you know what I am going to do to-morrow night? I am going to take the children to the Circus." — "Me too! Me too!" I cried. "Let me go and enjoy their enjoyment." — "All right; I'll let you know to-morrow morning." I wondered why he did not let me know. I did indeed receive an invitation, — but it was to his funeral. They sang — "Onward, Christian Soldiers." I had never heard it sung before and was deeply affected. As I sat there I could not help thinking how different he was from Hitchie, and yet how alike were my love and grief for each.

I have just seen the announcement of the death of Theodore Tilton in Paris; with it was a brief review of the *cause célèbre*.

I remember only one great evening passed alone with him. It was most enjoyable. When the time came, he showed me a measure, — a legal measure, for he said he could not trust them, — and also a Raglan overcoat which he said was most useful when going for and returning with the beer. He went for the beer and brought back plenty, and we drank the legal measure dry and talked of everything. I only regret I could not have had many such talks with him before his death.

All those I knew, who knew both parties, said Beecher was in the wrong. There were always two sides to every question. I only know that after that evening I felt very kindly towards Tilton. Who knows the truth? Beecher may have been only foolish — God help us all!

If this thing goes on, — for Tilton was just about my age, — I shall have to dedicate this book — "To the few left, and the many to come." This was written some time ago, now I see in the Paris *Herald* a little In Memoriam suggested by the anniversary of his death — written evidently by a good friend of his, which

I cannot help quoting, for it so well describes the impression he left on my memory:—

"To have a semblance of the old talks, I have been lingering over his works, and in 'The Fading of the Mayflower' came across these lines. They describe him so exactly that I believe all those who knew him well will recognise his 'mental photograph' in them: —

> "And he who in his pages can be mute,
> And who can spare whom he hath power to kill,
> Shall learn that in returning good for ill,
> The soul will find its blessedest pursuit.

"These feelings were the keynote of the gentlest soul I have met in the course of a long life spent in the busy throng of men and women."

In Italy they have long held the belief that consumption is contagious; I always believed it, and now our doctors know it to be so.

On one of my visits home I received a note from a dying girl. She begged me to come to her. I left the warm Club and went forth into the cold country, a long way from New York. She had been much loved; and had loved much. She was my friend and I went.

"Dear V. — how good of you to come, but I knew you would," — and we talked of Italy.

"V. — it is so strange — so hard to die; I am so young. They are very kind to me; see what nice jelly they have made for me — taste it!" And I at once took the spoon she was using and tasted and praised the jelly. "You must go now, — you have so far to go, and you must kiss me good-bye, — you must kiss me — kiss

me good-bye for ever, dear V. I shall never see you again." I bent over her and she raised her poor thin arms and clasped my neck, and I kissed her good-bye. She sank back with a smile and then — the handkerchief and the spot of blood. Then through my tears I saw the dark, appealing eyes and heard — "Dear V. — *addio per sempre!*" — and again the white handkerchief and the red spot of blood.

I believe there was once a drink called Bubble and Squeak, evidently a mixed drink, and I imagine in that case the Bubble was for the evening and the Squeak for the morning after. In any case, a friend of mine and his friend were dining together, mighty merry; when things became all rose-colour, his friend said, "Let me feel your pulse"; and on my friend extending his arm, he was grasped by the wrist, and on his cuff was written and duly signed an order for a picture, in which was included the price — a good round sum. My friend kept the cuff as a memento, but never painted the picture or told his friend of the order. I have often wondered if that bubble on bursting would not have given out a squeak? Most likely.

I shall never forget a dinner at the Papyrus Club, when I leaned forward with most intense interest from behind the fat friend at my side to catch every word of the Chinese Professor as he rose to make a speech. "I lemember many welly pleasant dinnels — many pleasant dinnels. Mistle Lonfeloo — Mistle Lovel — yes, many pleasant dinnels. I will now lecite a ploem — on Autumn — Chinese ploem consisting of seventeen lines all liming. Yes; a ploem on Autumn" — and then we had it — of all the most delicately modulated, excruciating squeaking! I was glad my friend was fat; I intrenched myself behind him. We had al-

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THE SOUL BETWEEN FAITH AND DOUBT

ready had much bubble and I simply went on with redoubled bubbling while the squeaks were squeezed out. But what's the use? — you must hear this kind of thing "lecited." And now at the last hour I am told that there is no such drink as Bubble and Squeak, then what becomes of all my fun? Time presses. I shall not swap horses now — so I shall let it stand.

I too have had "many welly pleasant dinnels." I remember being seated at the old Century Club, between Booth and Barrett. I had seen Barrett, when a young man, and had always predicted he would be a good actor. They were then both Summits. They both had rather long upper lips, shaved, which gave the face-scape a rugged or rocky character, so I fancied; but while gleams of sunshine played over these heights from time to time, I must confess, the atmosphere was cool up there, and I felt as if I were in cold storage. So it is with me when things get to be too serious; I always feel an irresistible impulse to say, Boo! But I don't.

A most pleasant dinner was given to a friend and myself by A. D. at Delmonico's. Almost all the guests were theatrical ladies, and charming. We waited for one, rather mischievously called the Vestal of Union Square. She was charming, also, — but somehow there was a stateliness over it all — a kind of living up to something, as it were, which so got on my nerves that in the lull I said in the most solemn tones I could assume, "Let us pray!" The tension snapped and disappeared like a Prince Rupert's drop, and we had music, dancing, recitations, and a real good time after all, a most enjoyable dinner.

But the greatest affair was at Daly's on the Hundredth Night of the *Taming of the Shrew*. It was broad daylight when we were through with it, and I was very tired. I sat next John Drew, and

STUDY FOR HEAD OF LAZARUS

through him was spared making a speech, as all the rest did. The whole table was one vast round bed of flowers, and the guests included all the talent of New York, and even some from surrounding towns. I am always dull, and so I wondered why General Sherman interrupted so frequently, until it dawned on me that he was toastmaster and had to. I don't remember his own speech. There was that noble, ruined tower, tottering to its fall — Lester Wallack: he rose and said that there had been some talk of a falling mantle; if he had a mantle and it must fall, he could think of no worthier shoulders upon which it could fall than those of his friend Augustin Daly. This was said with such manly

sincerity that, by Jove! I was inclined to believe it. Of course Mark Twain was there. He told of the difficulty of approaching such a great man as Daly on account of his faithful Irish henchman who kept out intruders. This Irish porter and his big dog proved an insurmountable barrier until he praised the dog and said he was presiding as judge at a bench-show; then the porter

LAZARUS

and the dog were all smiles and he was shown at once into the presence. I think Mark Twain, having a sense of humour, would be the first to admit that he made a rather long story of this. Then the beloved of all — Willy Winter, and the dear Mrs. Gilbert, and almost all the others. But the best — and also the shortest — speech of all was that of Ada Rehan. She rose, — she has presence, — and laying her hand on her breast said with great emotion, and that clear enunciation which is so delightful — "My friends,

I know you will forgive me; I cannot speak: my heart is too full." If this was acting, it was such good acting that I believed every word of it. And so home and to bed by daylight, mighty tired.

A worthy Pope once, when pleased with the discourse of an equally worthy friar, offered him a pinch of snuff. The friar refused with thanks, and at the same time thanked God that he had not acquired that vice. Whereupon the Pope remarked that he had better get it, as it went so well with the others. I have always been thankful that I acquired the vice of smoking early in life, in Cuba, thus saving much valuable time. I have given the Toscano, a great favourite in Italy, many names — such as *gravel-scratcher*, *test of manhood*, *bed-rocker*, etc., — for in the way of smoking you can no lower go. But the best name for it is "The last refuge of Man." For I firmly believe that, although Woman has taken possession of the realm of the cigarette, she will never invade the kingdom of the Toscano. Here Man reigns supreme, and may well nail his flag to the Toscano.

But we must distinguish carefully between the Toscano and the fair Virginia, — she of the slender build, frequently the despair of the new arrival, who seeks in vain to smoke it without previously withdrawing the little reed-like straw. The likeness between them may be best described as that between the Muffin and the Crumpet. I once asked an Englishman what was the difference between a Muffin and a Crumpet, and he said he held the Crumpet to be the female of the Muffin. This also just describes the relationship of the Toscano and our Stogie. When, on my visits home, unable to obtain my favourite, I have hailed with delight the Stogie, but must confess that it was something like revisiting the pale glimpses of the moon. However, I was delighted with the native Stogie as a substitute, and sought to introduce it

to those of the Club, pointing out how heart-rending a thing it was to throw away a good Havana (barely begun) merely to catch a train, when an inexpensive Stogie would do as well. I taught my friends how to cut them in two, thus getting two smokes out of one Stogie; and that by lighting them in private, that humiliating look of economy might be avoided; and I believe my propaganda took effect, and that these "Catch-the-trains" are smoked to this day, in private, but—on account of the humiliating look — *only* in private.

The Toscano is an alleged cigar, six and one eighth inches long; like Whistler, "I have measured it." It is always cut in two by the judicious, for very good reasons. It draws better; it gives two short smokes; you smoke less; and as it has been called strong, while you may waste the cigar, you save the man. Again, as the fair girls who "confectionate" it, being of a merry turn of mind, frequently mingle with the *flagrant* leaf hairpins, with the relative hair, toothpicks, nails, bits of stay-laces from their trim corsets, and *oggetti* too numerous to mention, so the cutting in two discloses forthwith this plan of having fun at your expense. Yet as the *Messagero* receives specimens and publishes lists of things found in Toscani, — I dare say they get some sort of satisfaction out of their pranks after all.

Now as to how the man is saved. The custom is to cut off the two hard ends; these go to deserving models and studio men; to the studio man also goes the stump, which he dries and smokes in a pipe, or sends to his old father in the country. *You* only smoke about an inch of each half, or two inches of the cigar. This moderation saves the man, if it does waste the cigar. I smoke about five a day; that does the business for me, and would most certainly do the business for many a tall fellow.

One more observation: the stumps of Toscani, thrown away in the street, are pounced upon by an uncertain class, — much as the sea-gulls pounce on the refuse thrown from a steamer; but I have noticed that the stump of an Havana is passed unnoticed by those who readily stoop to that of a Toscano.

Michelangelo, when a very old man, was seated one day amidst the ruins of the Colosseum. In my opinion, he was only loafing and waiting his opportunity. A friend finding him said, "Buon' giorno," — to which the old man at once replied, "That 's not right; you must ask me — Cosa fai?" (what are you doing?) "else what becomes of my celebrated answer, 'I am still studying'?"

Should any one ask me at this moment the same question, I should answer, "Smoking and thinking." *Q*. What are you thinking about? *A*. My life. *Q*. And what do you make of it? *A*. An unfinished sketch. — After which I would throw away the mezzo-Toscano, well knowing that I had lots of them in reserve.

Old Age still toiling on her way
Gathered a bunch of branches bare
Once waving in the summer's air;
Such is her doom.
To gather flowers no more;
Yet Fate one flower to her did spare,
'Twas lying in the winter air
Upon a tomb.

CHAPTER XIII

Perugia and Elsewhere

OMAR KHAYYÁM — WILLIAM BLAKE — HOTCHKISS — MONTE COLOGNIOLA — ORTE AND BASSANELLO — A GLIMPSE OF BAYARD TAYLOR — DOWN BY THE LAKE — A RUSTIC RUMPUS — FLEAS AND LITTLE TROUBLES — ELASTICITY — DERUTA — EGYPT — THE END.

As these Digressions are intended to give it may be an imperfect account of a somewhat imperfect life, I must give what all my friends are longing to know, some account of the *when* and the *where* and the *why* and the *how* I made my drawings for the Omar Khayyám. As I spell the Khayyám always differently, I shall hereafter simply call him Omar. It is so the fashion nowadays, in writing a man's life, to give such importance to his surroundings, that the man himself becomes like the slender wick of a large wax-candle — "consumed with that which it was nourished by." This is reasonable, but it involves a certain waste of paper.

We were living in Perugia when my friend Ellis brought me Omar and introduced him as only Ellis could. Ellis was a man who could read Chaucer, not only so that you understood him, but he converted him into a musical flow of melody. He was a man who, once reading a long poem, could recite it, and copy it out for you if you desired. Now this was so far back that it was in the time when Omar, or FitzGerald, was only known to Tennyson and his friends as "old Fitz," and to a few besides. But in

the little Villa Uffreduzzi, late in the afternoon, when the sun had gone off the house, in the grateful shade, out of an old Etruscan cup, many were the libations of good wine poured on the thirsty earth, to go below and quench the fire of anguish in old Omar's eyes.

Thus was the seed of Omar planted in a soil peculiarly adapted to its growth, and it grew and took to itself all of sorrow and of mirth that it could assimilate, and blossomed out in the drawings. To round out the candle — from the villa we saw the level plain of the Tiber stretching to stormy Assisi, always involved in clouds and strange effects and atmospheric troubles, such as followed in the moral world the advent of its great Saint. We, however, sat in the peaceful twilight and drank to Omar. I had my little boy with me, slowly twining himself about my heart with tendrils never more to be relaxed. His mother, proud of her two boys, had gone home and returned with but one. In Rome a little daughter came, and she was brought to the Villa Ansidei to which we had removed in the meantime. It had the same great view, and the same cloud-effects over the plain and on the great hill of Assisi are shown in many a sketch made at that time. At the Villa Uffreduzzi all was pleasure — and so it was down at the other villa for a time. In those days I painted dances and picnics — and girls weaving golden nets — until the day came when my little boy had to depart. Then followed the various attempts to banish even the memory of him, for the sake of others. He was placed in a cell in the wall of the cemetery of Perugia, in full view of the house, —so that he was never out of sight as well as never out of heart, — and then I painted a sketch I never show. And then we gave up the villa and passed the summers elsewhere. Once knowing Omar, I always intended to paint something in his

THE GOLDEN NET

vein. Ellis had also designs for pictures, but I have never heard how they turned out. We drifted apart. I will tell of Ellis and Blake afterwards, as they are in my mind inseparably united.

On one of my trips home, seeing that other people were making books, I thought — Why not make one myself? And of course Omar came into my mind, and the more I thought of it, the more the idea pleased me. So I mentioned it to the art editor of one of the principal magazines in New York, who said, "Yes, yes: take something popular and it might do very well!" I stared at him, and that magazine did not get the Omar drawings. In Boston, Mr. Houghton listened to my scheme, and asked, "But who and where is this Omar?" I said that was natural; he was too near; he only published the poem. To make a long story short, he agreed to bring out the book, and on the way back to Rome I thought it all out. In three weeks I had divided the verses into groups and settled on the subjects of the drawings, and commenced making them. I was somewhat wise also: I did not begin at the beginning and go through, but dipped in here and there through the book, so that they should not begin well and peter out, or begin ill and improve, but were kept as even as moods and circumstances would permit; but they boiled out, and I kept the fire hot, and they were all done — as is stated in the end of the book: "Commenced, May, 1883; finished, March, 1884." To those who object to the work, — and there are those who do, —I will only say that it is selling yet — a poor argument, but it must suffice.

It may be as interesting to know that all the money which enabled me to make the drawings was borrowed from an ever kind American banker in Rome at twelve per cent. You see he cast up his accounts every three months, and compounded things. On

my wife expostulating, he said, "If I could n't make twenty-four per cent I had better shut up shop." Telling this to some business friends, they thought he had the true commercial spirit. Some of the artists said, "Who would lend us money, if old H. did n't?" — and there was something in that. He admitted that he had lost less through artists than any other class. However, in settling up the affairs after the smash, he got the curve on one artist I wot of. Thus opinions differ. The drawings were all made in a studio in the Villa Strohl Fern outside the Porta del Popolo, Rome.

I am not a mystic, or very learned in occult matters. I have read much in a desultory manner and have thought much, and so it comes that I take short flights or wade out into the sea of mystery which surrounds us, but soon getting beyond my depth, return, I must confess with a sense of relief, to the solid ground of common sense; and yet it delights me to tamper and potter with the unknowable, and I have a strong tendency to see in things more than meets the eye. This tendency, which unduly cultivated might lead me into the extravagant, is held in check by my sense of humour, and has enabled me at times to tread with safety that narrow path lying between the Sublime and the Ridiculous, — the path of common sense, which in its turn is dangerously near to the broad highway of the Commonplace. There is another thing — the ease with which I can conjure up visions. This faculty if cultivated would soon enable me to see as realities most delightful things, but the reaction would be beyond my control and would inevitably follow and be sure to create images of horror indescribable. A few experiences have shown me that that way madness lies; and so, while I have rendered my Heaven

somewhat tame, at least my Hell remains quite endurable. Thus it comes that Blake can wander with delight and retain his mental health in an atmosphere which would prove fatal to me; and thus I am not fitted to pass a judgement on him — but I can at

"THE PARDON-GIVING AND IMPLORING HANDS"

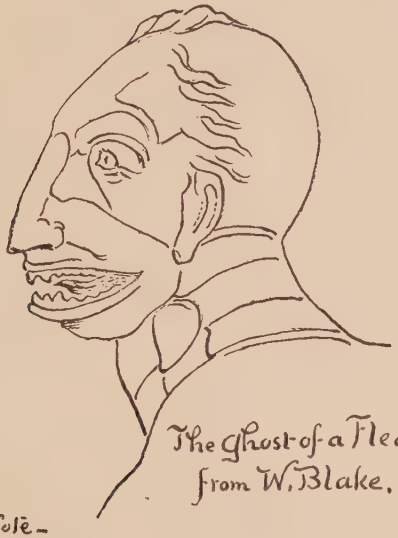
least give a little account which may help do away with that idea that he was insane.

My friend Ellis was a man saturated with Blake. The two large volumes, "William Blake, by Ellis and Yates," testify to this. He told me long ago in Perugia that he then thought he had found the key to Blake's wonderful and interminable mystic poems. I confess, with the greatest love and veneration for the man and artist, these long poems are to me a veritable Slough of

Despond; that in wading through them, when I think I have gained a firm foothold, it sinks from under me, while Ellis goes skipping from hummock to hummock and seems to come out dry-shod at the farther side. And yet, if Blake is ever to be interpreted, these two men are the only ones who give a promise of success. It would take a lifetime to really understand Blake; and what if after all it should turn out to be — not so. Since I have made a book that sells, I have frequently been asked to make illustrations for the Book of Job; but I confess, after the magnificent treatment of that theme by Blake, I should be lacking in modesty and judgement to make the attempt. Such a thing could only be done by the abnormal greed of a Doré, who attempted to illustrate the whole of Creation. Blake lived in a world all his own. At first, when he was in communication with the world about him, he did beautiful things we all understand and admire, but when finally the spirit of the bard, the seer, or the prophet worked mightily in him, he threw off all restraint and roved at will in the glories or horrors of his own creation; and it is only by the fitful gleams of his dawns or sunsets over seas of blood that we see but cannot understand the workings of his wayward spirit. And what is it all about? It is that what seems real is not real, and what seems not real is real, and that all is imagination. And he attempts to justify the ways of God to man — but not your God but Blake's God — and Blake's God is as Blake will have him. Blake thought that Swedenborg and Christ were right enough when explained by Blake; that no one knew the meaning of the Bible but Blake. And what do you think? Why, I think that as far as that goes, old St. Simeon Stylites thought he was right also. I think that when the moral sense in man is abnormal or diseased, he makes a pretty kettle of fish of the whole affair; and that no-

thing offends me more than these tedious exhibitions of vanity by people who in reality know no more about it than I do.

I except Blake; he never offends, and I am not sure but that he saw the truth; but he presents it in a too complicated form



Note—
The Original was drawn in all the glee of freedom, this is but the copy of a copy. The only thing approaching it in power is the head of a demon on one of the towers of Notre Dame in Paris. See Illustration to the poem, "The Demon of Notre Dame."

for my understanding; however, this does not settle the question of Blake, by any means — nor the question of the Truth either.

It was while at school, in Allan Cunningham's "Lives of the Painters," I first met with the name of Blake. He is there called the "mad painter," and so he remains in the minds of most people to this day. But I never doubted his sanity. He was a man

who had broken out of the prison of gentility, but not that of gentleness; thrown aside the shackles of Society, and lived a free life —a free man. By his own work he kept himself from actual want and thus was left to wander and dream in the world of his visions; this looks to me like sanity. Yet to me there is a lack of balance and proportion; I see it in his work and in his writings. Ellis thought he had discovered a key to his utterances and designs which might explain all the mystery—and it was this: Blake took the world about him and used its names to clothe his description of the functions of the human soul, mind and body. These last he divided up into conditions of the soul and states of the mind, and so forth, giving to these divisions names he thought appropriate, such as Albion, America, Africa, London, Cheapside, Houndsditch, Holborn, and so on. Now, what made me doubt his complete sanity, or his lack of the sense of proportion, was coming across such things as his meeting a Fiend raging down Fleet Street, and finding out that the Fiend was no other than an engraver with whom he had a quarrel. Well, I could not help thinking, if such a pother is made about an engraver, what words will he use when he meets with the Archangel Michael or the Devil himself? Or how am I to tell, when I come across some such magnificent outburst of righteous wrath, that it is only his meeting an engraver or his shoemaker who has disappointed him? But as I said before, this does not settle the question of Blake, by any means.

Any one looking at his head must see that he was a fighter, a Bismarck, and the business of his life was the founding of a great kingdom in his mind. He had no time to waste in explanations, for great battles are being fought and the wild wastes of his world are deluged with blood, and the air tremulous with cries

The Great Hill of Assisi
(*From Perugia*)

of agony and the howlings of despair, when not hushed in the icy silence of eternal cold. And all this you see by the light of blazing suns or pale auroras, or flashes of lightning against skies of inky blackness. Unlike Bismarck, his blood is not real blood and the darkness is only ink, yet of the two kingdoms I think Blake's will outlast that of Bismarck.

And then the scenes of serene or solemn peace he leads you into! To Blake, Death was the stepping from one room to another, for he was already living in that world of his, and our world was to him but an illusion and a hindrance. I have thought that, when I step into that other room, I shall not be afraid to meet St. Peter and shall not want to argue with St. Paul; but should I meet Mr. Blake, I shall remove my nimbus, if I have one, and replace it on the approach of Bismarck.

In Blake, it depends on what you are looking for. He somewhere sadly remarks, "I know the wicked will turn this into wickedness, but the wise into wisdom." If you seek for wildness, extravagance, and the grotesque, you will find it; for instance — when a friend is invited into his little garden and finds Mr. and Mrs. Blake sitting in the costume of Nature — they were playing at Adam and Eve; or when, wishing to be truly Biblical, Blake had some idea of enlarging the family by the introduction of a concubine. It is said that Mrs. Blake's bursting into tears put an end to this last scheme. These two stories, Ellis, who can prove that black is white, explains away. I think they are worth saving—as stories.

And consider his always contrary way of looking at things. He sees the same sun you see, but to him it is a red wafer; and the sky — he will just walk down to the end of a lane and touch it with his stick. No; his sun is ten thousand angels shouting, *Glory to God*

in the highest! And angels — should the wind sit in that quarter — are mere tools of the Almighty with no wills of their own and therefore devils; and devils are angels, with a will capable of defying the Almighty to all eternity. Another slant of the wind, and you and I and Blake and God are all one. Of such things in Blake you will find plenty, and most people will seek no further, and so, in his art, will stop at his exaggeration, and much of his writing will repel them. But back of it all is Blake's real world, where in his art and writings you can find simplicity, grace, beauty and grandeur, and when these are not fully expressed they are finely hinted at. But his great wealth of ideas, all clamouring for expression, must be taken into consideration, and the need of daily bread, and the empty plate silently set before him by his patient wife. One wonders what he would have done had his father been a wealthy wine merchant and left him a great fortune. I can't imagine him different, for I see him at once giving it all away. To those who know Blake, nothing need be said; I have written this as a hint to those who do not know him, and also thinking it might interest some to know what I think. I could easily tell what others think, but that would be compilation. I do not pretend to measure Blake, — that would be giving my own measure and the comparison would be disastrous to one I wot of. Also, what I have said may serve as an answer to a question often asked me, "Why don't you illustrate the Book of Job?" Let any one look at his illustrations of that subject — look at them with Blake, not against him — and the "Why?" will be answered. No; that thing has been done.

To know anything about Blake, it is absolutely necessary to read the two volumes of Gilchrist's life of him, and all you can of

the three large volumes of Ellis and Yates. Blake is safe; he will be more known as time goes on — better known to some; for to the great majority he will forever remain a sealed book. The key given us by them is admittedly imperfect; to me it is like the combination of a combination-lock — which I can neither master nor remember; the explanation is as complicated as the thing explained. But they are on the right track, and given youth and a strong mental constitution, under their guidance I might start on quest — for I should like to know. The truth is a temporary affair — constantly changing its position — truth to one man, illusion to another; or perhaps all is illusion — who knows?

Ellis was always most helpful and also most generous in showing his sketches and stray ideas. Among his drawings was one with the title, "Vertigo." It represented a gigantic figure standing on a vertiginous peak, seemingly gazing on limitless space; but he was not seeing, he was only staring with wide-open eyes, the glazed eyeballs devoid of pupils, and you felt dizzy as you looked at him. In an open sketch-book lying on the table I could not help seeing a drawing with an inscription which has intrigued me ever since. It was that of an old woman looking at you — but with *such* a look. Under was written — "Met her in an old church in —" (and then came the name of town and date); "she gave me *the look*." The look I saw in the drawing was not of gladness or sorrow or shame or guilt, but only of wonderful intelligence. What could he have meant by "the look"? Perhaps, had he told me, the pleasing mystery would have faded away; perhaps he did not know what "the look" was himself — but it was a wonderful look. I wonder if there is a secret Society to which "the look" — that look of pure intellect — is the password. Chi lo sa?

Hotchkiss! The name — how expressive of the man! I did not like him at first because I did not understand him, but he became afterwards my dearest and best-beloved friend.

I remember how once on the occasion of some great festa, on leaving the Piazza del Popolo with my friend Ross, we left behind us the crowd and confusion and the noise and blinding glare of the exploding fireworks, and entered a dark and deserted street and saw in the sky at the end of it the tranquil moon. I said, "What a reproof!" — and Ross, "Ved., that's a rather good remark of yours." I thought so myself, and it is just what I feel like saying again when I meet with a picture by Hotchkiss, after seeing those of other men. Not a trace of ostentation, but full of most exquisite, delicate work, and giving just what he saw and felt — some tranquil scene in Nature at her best.

I met Hotchkiss first in Florence. He was a very tall, spare, delicate-looking man, who had evidently suffered in his youth, for he had worked in a brickyard under a hard relative who was strongly opposed to his artistic tendencies, and had evidently there laid up the germs of that malady which was ultimately to be the cause of his death. For he died young, and now lies in his neglected grave in the land which he loved so passionately and painted so lovingly. His art at this time was the pure product of the teachings of Ruskin, and it is strange — or has been in my experience — how unsatisfactory that teaching turned out. I was deeply affected by it myself; Stillman used to avow it had been his artistic ruin; and Hotchkiss, when I met him again after the War, in my second return to Europe, vented his indignation in unmistakable terms. He said he was honest enough and industrious enough and loved Nature strongly enough to have gotten on well enough without having lost years in those Miss-Nancyish efforts so dear

PORTRAIT OF A MODEL

to the readers and practical followers of Ruskin. I know to the literary mind Ruskin's language is beautifully convincing and sufficient, and to the moral mind his real goodness turns aside the question into a moral question. Again I must say it is strange to see how in the practice of *his* art-writing, he violates and disregards all those precepts of strict adherence to truth which he exacts from the painter. For instance, the Japanese fulfil to the letter all his requirements, and he calls their art the art of the Devil — because they do not happen to be Christians. But let all this go; it is not Hotchkiss, but has a great deal to do with him.

He was somewhat uncouth, and his recent experience in the brick-yard — an experience useless in every way — made him somewhat rude, and his insidious malady, pettish; but he had a sweet smile and the most beautiful clear eyes I ever saw. Here I will tell of an incident which I cannot help thinking must have had a great influence in changing him into the charming companion he became when, after my equally useless experience during the War, I met him again in Rome. I go back to Florence. We had been to Volterra together, where his rudeness must have been at its worst, and

I really began to dislike him. We were now back in Florence, making careful studies of the Mugnone below Fiesole. He was on the edge of a little stream, with his long legs twisted about his three-legged stool in a manner suggesting cork-screws, when a good old contadino came down to him and began talking. He turned to me and said, "V., I wish you would tell that damned old fool to go away and not bother me." — "Do you know what he is saying?" — "No, and I don't care a damn." — "Well, I do; you know you are on his land; he says he always brings down his oxen at this hour to water them, but that he will take them around another way so as not to disturb you; and also that he would like to bring you down a chair, as you must be very uncomfortable on that stool. In fact, the 'damn fool' is a gentleman." He grumbled out something and said no more, but it must have made him feel very small. Shortly after this I left for home, and as I have said on my return I found him quite another man. And then we went sketching on the Campagna, and went to Perugia, and were always together until he took that last, fatal trip to Sicily, where, at Taormina, he lies buried.

Our tastes were the same; we lived together, painted copies in the Gallery, which was then in an old church where the pictures, intended for churches, had just the right light, and not as now in the old Town Hall. I shall never forget those peaceful days spent in the white light of that calm and spacious church. The pictures have never seemed the same since they were taken from their natural home. In Perugia we bric-à-bracked together and bought all our modest means would allow. It is now heartrending to think of the treasures we might have secured for almost nothing in those days, had we but had the needful money; Maestro Giorgio plates, chests, stuffs, rare books, and so forth. Even as

it is, I have some fine things bought after I was married, when we lived down at the Villa Ansidei.

Hotchkiss was the friend I have told about with whom I went to see the mountains of Gubbio, and found that the worst plan for seeing a mountain is to be on it. Remembering the fine views we

had of them when halfway to Gubbio, we went back to a sort of osteria, and the good people agreed to take us and do what they could for our comfort. But even then it was a long walk to what an Englishman would call the sketching-ground. We used to start early, a boy carrying our traps, and settle near a group of large oaks on a hill-top. The boy would also bring our lunch. And there we passed the day and made innumerable sketches of the mountains, and notes of their ever-changing hues.

It was here that the long, lean, black Perugian pig, with his enormous snout, afforded us an endless source of interest. The soil was a yellow clay, and when ploughed was broken up into large, hard lumps. Over a field of this a drove of pigs, as they

rose and fell with the inequalities of the ground, looked like ancient galleys ploughing their way over the sea. I made a drawing of one for my friend Davies, and called it, in memory of a similar title in Ruskin ("The Strength of Old Pine"), "The Strength of Old Pig," and indeed it needed strength to pry apart those masses of clay, to find, fallen from the trees, an acorn lodged in some crack, which only the keen scent of the pig could detect. For the people were desperately poor and every visible thing in the shape of food was gathered up by the sharp-sighted children. They were so poor that I saw a man tying up the nose of a dog — winding it round and round with a piece of twine. I said to him, "What in heaven's name are you doing?" He answered, "He eats the green Indian corn in the fields." — "But," I said, "you might let him do at least that, if he is so hungry." — "There is not enough for Christians, let alone beasts," he replied. A few soldi liberated the dog, but it would take more than a few soldi to help those poor souls. Beasts have no souls in Italy.

Davies, in return for "The Strength of Old Pig," told me the story of a countryman and a recalcitrant pig. The man, at the end of his patience, finally addressed the animal in these words, "May that man die of an apoplexy who wishes you well!" The pig was evidently beyond that man's powers of expression. Of these pigs it might be well said that it would take two of them to make a shadow — but there was one exception, the pig at the house; he was a Benjamin, he was being fattened up for a purpose, and it was his fate to give an example of the truth of the proverb that pride goes before a fall. He was one unruffled mass of chubbiness, the envy of the surrounding swine; there was not his like in all the hill-country of Gubbio. I had heard preparations, and arose early and looked from the window. There on the

white road he was cheerfully ambling along, and in his glee would wantonly pick up a straw and give it to the merry breezes to be borne away, as if in sport; and all the while on a low, long bench were the sharpened knives and before it a huge, green bowl; and more — a man of giant frame stood there, holding in his hand behind his back an apple. All was prepared and he yet went on with his heedless sport. Blind! Blind! How often have I not seen these preparations and the apple under other forms! I draw the veil for a moment. When he next made his appearance, it was in another character: stuffed with sweet-smelling mountain herbs, roasted whole, he now came forth the finest roast pig ever seen in all that countryside. In fact the countryside responded with enthusiasm. The wine was broached and soon the back of the landlord's door was filled with chalk-marks and crosses. It was a red-letter day, or rather a white-letter day, long remembered — for afterwards the good man, pointing to those chalk-marks and crosses, said that that record was all he had to show for this most successful festa.

Up on the hillside where we worked under the shade of the oaks while the sun blazed beyond, we took after our lunch our siestas. Here one day I saw a curious thing. High up in the sun-blanched sky I noticed a white ring of cloud just such as the smoker makes. It lasted quite a while and then melted absolutely away. I knew where it had appeared, for it was just beyond a certain branch of the tree under which I was lying. After a doze, I was amazed to see again the ring in precisely the same place it had been before; then I watched it with great interest; it again disappeared as it did at first. I then waited for it, and again it appeared and as utterly disappeared as before. It must have been a movement of the air, which near the water would have produced a water-

spout; had I had a glass, no doubt I should have seen it revolving rapidly.

Near this spot I found a beautiful subject. It was one of those little hermit-like hamlets left over from the Middle Ages; it had its strong tower, the houses themselves formed the walls, leaving in the centre the usual piazza, and outside, the little church. All is up and down in that country, and so while crowning a hill it was far below us. It was evening; and so it was in a vast shadowed foreground, while the pale, barren mountains back of it had taken on a rosy glow. A slender thread of blue smoke arose from one of the houses — one evening meal at least was being prepared. I found this subject, but Hotchkiss fell deeply in love with it and begged to be allowed to paint it also. This he did most exquisitely, and I see it with ever-renewed delight in the house of a friend here in Rome.

Our lodging was rude enough, but the people were simple and good people, as people go. The beds of corn-husks were so high that Hotchkiss got into his by means of a chair, while I, trusting in my agility, tried to jump up on mine, but failed until I had backed out and taken a running start. Through the cracks in the floor we could see the contadini drinking in the room below, and I venture to say that some of them must have spent as much as three soldi apiece for wine at times — but that was not often. I once asked a boy who had done me a favour, to take a glass of wine, but he, thanking me, replied that he could not, for wine made his head ache. Think of a boy saying that in my early days!

The landlady would reach out, grab a passing chicken, and, wringing its neck, would throw it to the girl and say, "Here, — peel that for the gentlemen's supper!" Yet both she and the pretty girl wept when we left, and the good man bade us fare-

BY THE WORLD FORGOT

well for ever, as he was passing away as Hotchkiss was — consumption; and so those days, never again. And yet I had had, and was to have, many happy days with my friend before "the destroyer of delights and the separator of companions" made his appearance.

On reading this over, I find I have said nothing about his art. He was careful from the beginning to the end of a picture, taking every precaution that it should be enduring work. His view of Mount Etna is marvellous in its detailed accuracy; the eye seeking for it, can trace the tracks of every eruption ancient and modern — and yet with all this detail the vast space is filled in with a clear and delicate atmosphere. Some day his name will not be left out as it is now in the History of American Art.

Monte Cologniola was very much my idea of a hermitage. You could have people about, or be alone, when you wished. Now at Perugia, down at the villa, you were surrounded by contadini to such an extent that you could not stir out of the house without at least eight pairs of eyes gazing at you. Even up in the trees they were, with long sacks, stripping off the leaves for the oxen, the sacks looking like huge caterpillars, making a premature autumn in the midst of summer. And then no matter how fond you may be of the family, you can have too much of family complications. The incessant interruptions are always so reasonable it seems ungrateful or boorish to complain, and your work suffers. At Monte Cologniola, all was peace; no more the anxious question of what are we to do about our maid and the carabiniere, as it were, and a thousand other little problems. Count Ansidei's contadino, who took charge of the villa, had a most convenient way of dividing up history: — the Etruscan tombs, for instance, near us were

of the time of the Antichi — the Ancients; anything medieval was of the time of the Affanni — or of the time of the Troubles, which pretty well describes that complicated period. Monte Cologniola stands on a hill overlooking the beautiful lake of Trasimeno, and served to prevent Perugia being taken unaware or by surprise, from the direction of Florence, and dates from the time of the "troubles." The lake is the colour of a turquoise, and at sunset becomes streaked with ribbons of marvellous hues — but then comes the chill and the malaria; you see the colour of that in the faces of all who live on its borders.

It has but two streets, and the kind paternal government had put a nice new number on each house, for the better collection of the taxes; and that was all, unless it gave the name of Corso Vittorio Emanuele to the largest street. When I painted this street, looking toward the only church, I put in it, pacing along, a solitary goose, and called it the "Pride of the Corso." It had a church and tower, two gates with their towers also, a small town hall, a wonderful cistern well, and the Count's house, where lived his *esattore*. In fact, the Count owned the town, but I took possession of it in the following manner. I first gave a few soldi to all the old and infirm, and to make myself solid with the young, who can be very annoying to the stranger, I had bought in Perugia a stock of those good, hard, solid balls of candy — such as dissolve slowly in the mouth and can be loaned to a friend for an indefinite period without sensibly diminishing their bulk; this, and always giving ten soldi to those who posed, and two adamant balls to the boy who kept the rest off, made me master of the place. I made a good old frate of the church my friend, and in the evenings he and the esattore and I used to have long talks sitting at the door of the palazzo. At a certain point — at Ave Maria — the

old frate would rise, cross himself, and muttering a prayer would resume his seat, saying, "I beg your pardon, you were talking of the tall buildings in New York; pray continue." Later, when the evenings became chilly, we would sit in the only big room, with the life-sized portraits of the Knights of Malta, and the little girl would throw on the fire dry ginestra from time to time, and light up the Knights on their loose canvases, while I told long stories of strange adventures. I think my whaling stories had the greatest success, for my friend Y., who came to stop a day or two, said, "By Jove! do you know I believe I was as much interested as any of the others. Where in the world did you pick up such a lot of stuff?"

My first stay was a month, and I painted all the best bits, and going back I made another stay about as long and put in all the figures, for I painted always with reference to that, and kept about three or four things going each day. It was delightful and so peaceful. One place — a most retired spot overlooking the lake near a contadino's house — I felt persuaded must have been the spot where some great Roman senator, weary of his cares and dignities, must have retired to, for rest and peace; for I always fancied him in his ample toga sitting in the shade of the trees at a stone table, and taking fruit and wine brought him by the contadini's little girls. This became a real thing to me. These Knights of Malta were the Count's ancestors, and not only did they wear their crosses on their breasts, but the wind, always filling out and flapping back the loose canvas against the stretchers, had worn a great cross on each picture. Had they been my ancestors, how I should have cared for them! They have probably flapped away into nothing by this time.

In one of my pictures (they were all sold afterwards in Boston)

there is a man washing out an old hogshead; he was preparing for the vendemmia — the vintage. "Why," I said, "have you a vineyard?" — "Lord, no; but we all go picking grapes, and they give us some, and some we steal, and so get enough to make this barrel of wine." — "Well," I said, "that's good; you at least have your wine." — "Not a bit of it," he answered; "I have to sell that, for we are only too glad to get bread enough. Why," said he, "look at that house — how can a man and his family live, with such a rent? I pay fifteen lire [three dollars] a year for that house." Of course that was too much, but the priest's house cost more. It has a balcony overlooking the lake, a little garden attached, good cellars — a beautiful old place; but the rent — seventy-five francs a year! Now, my friend, don't think of trying it. I know it would cost next to nothing, but that old couple — Trouble and Care — would take up their abode with you from the first day.

My friend and I went down to the lake to paint the twilight, when the colour becomes so marvellous. I took with me a light coat to throw over my shoulders when the chill set in, and a flask of whiskey to throw over the inside. When coming back, mounting the steep hill, we tried this experiment: I was the tallest, then came my friend, and then the boy carrying our traps. We agreed to cry out on emerging from the cold stratum of air into the warmer one above. I emerged first, then my friend, and finally the little boy, at intervals of only a few seconds apart: the difference between the cool air and the warm is as marked as that.

To show how good the poor are: that man of the tub and the exorbitant rent had taken in a poor little waif and he shared the family crust with the other children. The usual story; the father goes to America and is heard of no more, the poor girl dies, and

the child is left to die or live as fate wills it. He used to lie in the sun like a thin little dog at my front door, and I fed him from my table and saw him in that month grow smooth and shiny. The great well was like a huge amphora sunk deep in the ground near the old palazzo of the one great room. It was intended to hold enough water to last a long siege, but was dry, as the Count could not afford to have a rain-pipe made from the old town hall, to fill it. It was the great amusement of the children to drop stones into it, and to hear the booming sound they made on reaching the bottom. I got the Count to put in this pipe, but the poor man could not do much with the twenty or thirty people feeding each day at his table in Perugia — another old Italian story, to go with that of the deserted child. Anyway I did some good, and departing had a regular demonstration — a procession, with flags, borne by the younger boys, let us say at half-mast, fluttering from their torn garments.

The usual artist, swearing at the children, would have been stoned out of the place; while I secured peace and a certain amount of affection for about twenty-five lire. I could tell much more, but the fear of becoming tiresome, like Lady Toploftus's carriage, "stops the way."

During my two stays at Monte Cologniola, I did not wander far from the town, for although fond of walking, I so dread the walk that I do little wandering as a rule; but I did go down to a little hamlet on the borders of the lake, which seemed the abode of ancient peace. Of course it had its walls, its gateway, and its piazza. My friend Davies used to tell of a man's answer to his question, "What kind of a place is it?" — "Oh, c'è piazza, c'è caffè, c'è tutto." Here the caffè and the tutto were lacking, the piazza only remained. But such as it was, I had barely wandered

forth into that empty space when an old woman passed me followed by a lean little chicken; she gave me a pleasant, "Buon giorno, signore." The only other sign of life was a guardia of the dazio smoking his after-dinner cigar as he leaned on his elbows and gazed dreamily down on me. Suddenly the old woman's smile of salutation changed to a look of rage, as she caught sight of a young woman coming out of a door opposite. Turning to me and pointing her lean finger at the girl, she broke forth, "Behold her, signore — 't is she — that ugly vassal! — 't is she who has reduced all my beautiful chickens to this one alone!"

To which the girl: "How! wouldst have with me? Thou usurer! thou viper! thou witch! wouldst thou tell all thy lies about me to the forestiere? There! make fewer asseverations and go to thy house and there make thy poisons!"

"I call God to witness," cried the old woman, falling on her knees before me, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, "all my beautiful chickens — twelve they were! They appeared a company of lambs when they went forth of a morning — and one by one they were stolen; and now there is not but this one poor beast left! It is she who has robbed me of them all. Ask her if she can tell who is the father of that child!"

Then the girl: "Thou art the thief — old maledicted apoplexy! — with the evil eye! Why all this to me alone?" — Then to me: "She sells them and says we steal them — that liar in her throat!"

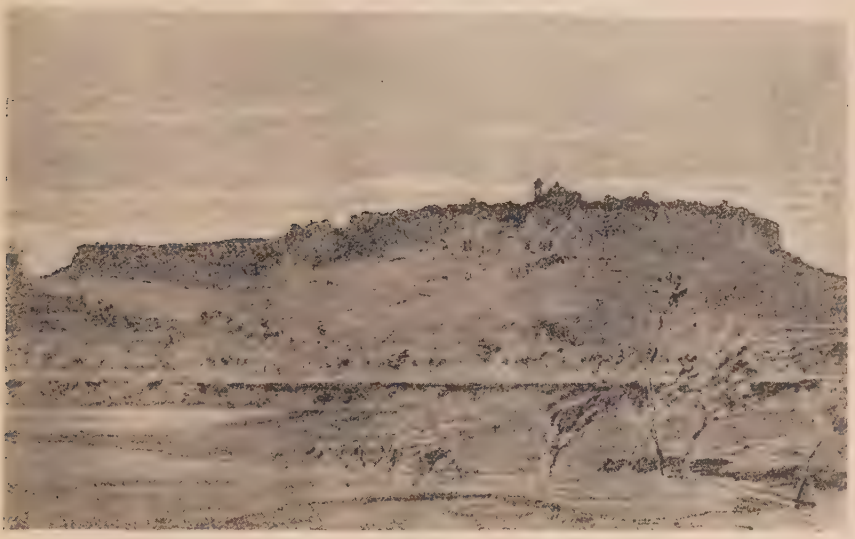
And the old woman: "'T is she! 't is she! I smelt the odour while they were cooking, and it came from her door, the ugly thief!"

By this time all the inhabitants were on the spot; to them it seemed a mere entertainment. The guard looked over his

shoulder and, smiling blandly at me, uttered the single word, "Femmine!" — females.

"Orte, the ancient Horta, presents no object of interest beyond its situation." (*Baedeker.*)

And now let *us* take a look at Orte. My friend Davies had told me about it. He also describes it in his "Book of the Tiber," and



ORTE

I wishing to see it, he revisited it with me. I went there alone afterwards. The station of Orte is where you branch off to go to Siena on the one hand or to Perugia on the other. Going the Siena way you pass close by, but you no sooner begin to marvel than you pop into a tunnel and lose sight of it, only to see it in the distance on emerging. On the Perugian route you at once cross the Tiber, get a good view of it, and — if you are the right sort — wish you could stop over and see more of it. But was it not worth

seeing more of in Italy? Often by particular request I have commenced to show the numerous drawings I made while at Orte, but have found that most persons were so taken up by telling me of the places the drawings reminded them of that I fear they did not get a very good idea of Orte. And yet drawings are the only things which can give an idea of that wonderful place — not of the interior but of the exterior of the town; for although it cannot be compared to a whitened sepulchre, yet in some respects it resembles one. Therefore its outside is better than its true inwardness.

If the drawing I show does not arrest the attention, I will try another tack and tell of happenings. Orte was where we saw an Italian eat macaroni. Nothing strange in that, you say; yes, but you did n't see this Italian eat macaroni. I have told, I fear, once before, and hope to live to tell it o'er and o'er, how I explained the hole found in macaroni. I said, "You have seen them lower it into themselves at Naples, by the yard. Well: the hole is to breathe through during the operation." To this man was brought a plate which would have been ample for four of "us 'uns"! This mass he at once proceeded to stow, aided by the fork used as a rammer — not stopping to take breath until it had all disappeared; he then took a long breath and a glass of water, and wiping his mouth, exclaimed, "And now bring me something to eat!"

To tell the truth, not much happened at Orte, except hard climbing and work, although had we stopped at an inn called "Delle Tre Belle," from its being kept by three handsome sisters, incidents might have been developed. No; nothing very startling happened, and yet one scene made a deep impression on us. Late one evening as we were washing our brushes, we heard a soft murmur in the street below our windows, and on looking out

saw, as well as the darkness permitted, that the narrow street was full of little children. It was very dark, a lamp was burning before a Madonna, making it seem darker; a splendid star hung in the sky — the evening star. They seemed going through a kind of service. An old woman led off in Latin, but a Latin so glib that it would have shamed most of our professors. To this the childish voices made due response, and then a hymn arose from those little ones to the Madonna, something about a Stella Matutina, so beautiful that it brought the tears to our eyes. It was so different from my Sunday-School at home. Had this been my school, what different memories I should have now! Ah, well; had I lived at home I doubtless should have lived more strenuously, but I know that my dreams would always have been of Italy.

Another evening we made a call on an Italian family who had been kind to Davies during his first visit to Orte. Really delightful people, with of course the usual touching spectacle of the good handsome portionless girls slowly fading, and yet making a happy home. We had good wine and fruit and nuts, and a guitar and music and recitations, for a nice fellow came in — of course too poor to marry one of these nice girls — who turned out the life and soul of the party. Then the old father gave us branches of cherries, as fresh as when the branch had been freshly cut from the tree, although it was now long past the season; and he also took us downstairs to see how he managed to keep them. They were suspended from sticks and covered with large glass jars, mouth down, the air carefully excluded by a packing of clay. As a good American I thought of what a profitable thing this would turn out at home; but I dare say these good people are just as happy in their ignorance, and also the old man in surprising his friends

with his "trovata" or invention, as if he was nourishing the trade-microbe in America.

While at Orte we varied our work by a trip to a little town not very far away — Bassanello. We had been told to look out for the "white-eyed" people who were sure to be there, as we went on a great festa. By "white eyes" they simply meant blue eyes. It seems that the Romans after a victory over some Northern barbarians had allowed their prisoners to settle somewhere in the neighbourhood, and their descendants could still be distinguished by their blue eyes. So much was this the case that I noticed out of five people three at least had blue eyes. I had only time to make a note of the outline of the town with its old church and old castle, and see a beautiful fresco of a youthful Saint George receiving a banner from the Madonna, patting gently the neck of his horse the while, when we had to leave, but that note made me return to this little-known town long afterwards, and my struggles there shall be duly told. So I return from my trip.

In Orte I made the acquaintance of an intelligent pig. At one time I thought to put all the pigs I have known into one chapter, even an old Florentine one, but have concluded, as in the case of fools, to "let them come along naturally as they are sure to do," although I warn the reader that I have a Perugian one in store for him which he will find under the heading of "The Anxious Pig and Weeping-Willow." I had found a very beautiful old campanile curiously lost among the closely-packed houses — which I had seen by chance through the hall of what had once been a fine palazzo. I commenced operations by opening a large door leading into the yard, and putting a heavy stone against it, settled to my work. The yard contained some pieces of carving in stone, an old stone hand-mill, a pig and chickens and brushwood, and

an ivy-covered wall behind which rose this beautifully proportioned tower. Now, woman is said to lighten the labour of man, but I have my doubts about girls, for back of me, up a noble staircase, rising rank above rank, soon established itself an array of girls of all ages, and there they sat making their comments on me and my work. And now saunters up the pig; he was a fat and saucy one; he eyed me over suspiciously, taking his time about it; and having formed a decidedly unfavourable opinion, simply with his long snout, thrust aside the heavy stone and let the door swing back on me and my work — as he very well knew it would.

I gathered that the girls were highly amused. Three times did that intelligent beast send that stone flying; three times did I drag it back amidst the derisive shouts of those rude girls. I am no bad hand at repartee in Italian, but the pig had the best of me in the estimation of those girls; but finally I sharpened the end of my rest-stick, and when that fatuous beast came for the fourth time, I gave him a vicious jab. He left with a loud squeal and also left me in peace, and I concluded that cruelty to animals was, when judiciously administered, not always misplaced.

A glimpse of Bayard Taylor. How it happened or when it happened I can't remember, but where it happened I remember perfectly. 'T was at the close of a long, sunny day, riding in a train going towards Orte. Of course with such a companion it was delightful. I remember telling him how amused I had been by a wonderful parody on an Arab song of his — something about the light streaming down his "jasper arm and o'er his opal fist," and saying it was one of the best things I had ever seen, when he exclaimed — "Of course it is; I wrote it myself."

This bit of road is a favourite of mine; it is like Kate Field's lemonade at sea — good both ways; it leads to Rome and away from Rome, for after a long residence both ways seem equally pleasant. Just before coming to Orte, you pass a miniature Orte, a little town on a plateau near the Tiber. Opposite this, rising from the road, are green fields closed in by a low range of abrupt rocks filled with caves, a most ancient and Etruscan-looking spot. It was evening and from the caves, with their doors of wattle-work, ascended thin threads of smoke; the caves were inhabited and their inmates were preparing their evening meal. I cried, "Behold the dwellings of the Troglodytes!" This seemed to

tickle my friend immensely; he repeated the word troglodyte over and over. I thought then that it was to him one of those belated words like "Pinguid," but have since thought that Taylor was wondering why in the name of goodness he had never used it in a poem or a parody.

How I do love these poor little forgotten towns, off the track of travel. It will be noticed that I have little to tell of the great I have unwillingly brushed up against in the course of my life, but much of some poor old forlorn Rauch. And it is the same with these towns with their past grandeur and present decay:—some Rauch of a town, quite out at the elbows, has all my love and sympathy. At the same time they have their defects, as you shall see. The first thing I saw on my second visit to Bassanello was that the sindaco had thrown down the town wall between a little old church and the castello, thus destroying the old gate of the town, in order that from the Piazza one might see a bare, straight road and an ugly house he had built for himself. The next was that just on the spot from where the old church, the castello, a pine and some other trees made a most beautiful composition, they had built some ugly tenement-houses — Progress. I felt like saying something about green monkeys and the graves of their ancestors. That is the danger of delay, and reminds me often of the advice I always give my friends about bric-à-brac; when you see just what you want, buy it and take it away with you, and your after life will not be spent in unavailing regret. I never could quite make out about the sindaco; on my first visit, on telling him that I would like to return and do some sketching there but doubted finding accommodations, he said, "Just come to me and I will arrange all that for you"; — so, full of confidence, I went. He had

a good house in town, but somehow I could not find out from the family where he was, and in addition they seemed to regard me with distrust and made me feel as if I were an imposter. Finally, one of those inevitable bystanders so well known to the traveller, told of a woman from whom he thought I might get lodging; this was essential, as the night was coming on, and the trap that brought me had gone away.

The first thing I saw in going down the principal street, which had been newly whitewashed from end to end, was a black object which came whirling out of a window. It looked like a black pin-wheel fringed with claws; it turned out to be a cat, which at once slunk back into the house, but not before a woman, leaning out of the same window, yelled — "Eccola! Brutta ladra — tu ritorni?" ("Behold her! Ugly thief — dost thou return?") This person was my future landlady, a mild good creature who was like those poor little idiot children of long ago — the Aztec Twins — who were described in the handbills as "harmless unless aroused." She also at first regarded me with suspicion, and asked me what I did. I said I was a painter. To this she replied, "You have come too late. Look at the street; that was done last week." I then had to get down to real Italian and say that I was not that kind of a painter; I had come to "portrait" the town. She then admitted that she had a room, and I was taken to see it. I do not know if you can form an idea of its size, unless you know the size of that pride of an Italian woman's heart—"un letto matrimoniale." This bed filled it so completely that it must have been built in the room itself. This snug fit, as I found out afterwards, rendered it necessary to conduct most of my toilet outside the door, or half in and half out, for I made the door serve as a screen, the family sleeping in the outer room. In

the united dining-room and kitchen downstairs I sat at meals on the flattened side of a log of wood with four legs. Enough to say all things were in harmony and I could stand it. The cat from time to time made her exit from the window, looking unhappy, but always returned, and after the first shock at such an untoward occurrence, accepted bread from me when offered, and even overcame her amazement at a bit of meat.

It is needless to say they were poor, and I also could pose as a poor artist, without much difficulty. I found such had been the march of progress even in this remote place that the fresco of the St. George had been taken care of. It was in a little chapel a step from the town, and when I saw it first was in a perfect state of preservation. The chapel was open to the weather, and a little puddle in the floor was much patronised by the town pigs. Now they had fitted a door which after a long wait for the key was open to me. The dampness thus shut in had almost ruined this beautiful fresco, and my sketch is now most probably the only record of it left.

The castello was in perfect preservation; the battlements still roofed over and stone projections like hooks were ready to receive the hanging shutters to keep out the enemy's arrows; and there also were the holes through which to pour melted lead down on the heads of the enemy — not a very mild answer, but no doubt served to turn away wrath. I obtained admittance; it is a grand old place and would make a fine residence anywhere else, but certainly that town left much to be desired as a neighbourhood. This must have been the owner's experience, for it had been fitted up with an attempt at modern convenience, carpets and so forth, but the old caretaker said the family never came. Some former owner long ago must have been a great admirer of

female beauty or been fortunate in his relatives, for the portraits of charming and mischievous-looking beauties of the time of Goldoni lined the walls, and made one think that if the now desolate halls were haunted one would like to attend a haunting.

Haunting as I do old palaces and castles, I have become quite a connoisseur of ghosts, and must confess that the pretty, pimpante, powdered and patched beauties of the big-wig period make nicer ghosts (to my thinking) than those sour-visaged piagnoni of Savonarola's time. Be that as it may, a letter to the majordomo from the owner of the castle might have procured me much better lodgings than those I did not enjoy in the town itself. This discomfort soon drove me away, but I left with the conviction that an artist cannot have a better or more untouched hunting-ground.

In going to Viterbo from Bassanello one passes through an ideal country for the gentle brigand, who is not totally unknown there even now, but he is not now what he used to be, but on the contrary is a very disagreeable and tiresome person. I was glad not to meet him, but there was his very ancient and lofty tower from which his sentinels could watch the approach of the traveller for miles around. I went to see this tower and found it the ruins of a robber baron's stronghold. There were caves near it, blackened by the smoke of shepherd's fires under old oak trees, and all the materials for splendid Salvator Rosa pictures. One view was beautiful and peculiar; over great green fields of sprouting wheat there arose in the distance a pale blue pyramid, but an enormous one; it was the mountain of Soracte seen end on, thus forming a solitary pyramid-like peak. If Soracte looks so grand, what must be the effect of Fujiyama with its snow-capped peak. No wonder the Japanese worship Fujiyama.

And then I came to Bagnaia, and then to Viterbo, my favourite town.

There was a man who used to get into rages over the loud crowing of his neighbour's rooster. The neighbour, who was a reasonable man, admitted that the bird was a loud bird, but said in extenuation that after all he was n't crowing all the time, — he only crowed now and then. "Yes," said the man, "I know that; it is n't when he crows, but when I 'm expecting he 's going to crow, that bothers me most."

It is not what people say about us, but what we think they are going to say about us, that bothers us the most; that 's the trouble.

The foregoing is a zig or zag by which to get back to Perugia.

In a villa near us, in Perugia, lived the large family of a sculptor friend of ours. From an observation made by one of the boys, I have always thought he would have made a good naturalist. Coming in to his mother one day, after remaining a long time in thought, he said suddenly: —

"Mother, don't you think hens are very elastic."

"Why, Harry, what makes you ask such a question?"

"Oh, nothing; only you know that bare place in front of the contadino's house; well, I saw a hen running across it in a great hurry; then she stopped and sat down, and when she walked away — there was a great big egg that I am sure was not there before, so I thought she must have been very elastic."

That boy was evidently a born naturalist, instead of which he has become an architect. Now I believe that a man should have a stock of varied information, yet I cannot for the life of me imag-

ine how such facts as this can aid him in his career as architect. Pondering this, it suddenly struck me — why, of course; there is the egg and dart moulding, a thing they always fall back on when they cannot invent a better — which seldom happens.

In Perugia there was stopping one season a really great painter. I don't think he had a very keen sense of humour; if he had, it was peculiar like himself. I only know he used to laugh heartily over what *he* considered funny. One day he bought a most beastly old plate; I think it was the ugliest plate I ever saw. We were all buying bric-à-brac then, and he thought our transports nonsense; he never bought anything except painting materials. So we were surprised on his announcing that he had finally come across such a fine piece of pottery that even he could not resist buying it. Now there was present the wife of another artist who was easily hypnotised; so, when he at last unwrapped his find with great solemnity, she was fully primed and went off into ecstasies.

This joke of his — the only one so far as I know — must have lasted him the rest of his life. But here the reader has a right to say: What on earth has all this to do with little troubles — especially fleas? Nothing — except that he once said he liked fleas; they tickled him. I told you his sense of humour was peculiar. In this he differed slightly from an old German who used to say, "It is n't de piting — I don't mind de piting; it 's de vaulking— de vaulking."

In an old sketch-book, I find the records of a hurried trip I made to the town of Deruta, once celebrated for its pottery, although of course it was also noted for its share of troubles in the very troubled Middle Ages. It was only a voyage of exploration,

and it is a lasting regret that I have never returned to profit by my discoveries, for I find in a note among my sketches that I considered I had found the best tranquil river scenery in Italy so far as my experience went. With my faithful contadino and a little one-horse trap, I left the Villa Ansidei, and on getting down into the plain through which flows the Tiber, came across groves of venerable oak trees, which would have been so useful to me had I ever painted a long-contemplated picture of the Oaks of Dodona, with the brazen shields hung in the branches, clanging in the wind, and the flocks of pigeons being fed by the wild priestesses watching them for omens. I was also reminded of Decamps' truffle-hunter and his grubbing sow. There is something so amusing in this idea of hunting by the aid of a pig, that I can't help interrupting one excursion by another and translating what a charming Italian writer, Dr. Cavara, says on this subject in a little treatise on "Funghi," or mushrooms. The good Doctor says: "A well-trained dog, faithful and obedient, is without doubt preferable to a surly sow. In the first place, you have an active companion for your excursion and can without trouble explore a wide extent of territory. And you see him participate with eagerness and intelligence in the hunt — all joy when he has made the find, indicating it with scrapings and strong sniffs in the hole which he digs. You need not say a word to induce him to let you finish the operation, for, giving him a piece of bread, no matter how small, he will lie down beside you, satisfied and proud of his work, gazing at you with his large eyes all love and intelligence. The sow, aside from her knowing where to find the truffles, gives you no other pleasure. Slow of step, a grumbler, often annoying, petulant, constantly hunting with her long snout where there is nothing for you, and then difficult to get away when she has found what you want—

for you have to be quick indeed to prevent her from appropriating to herself the long-sought truffle. She certainly is not for this quest the animal *fin-de-siècle.*"

Here I start up the little horse again, remarking that this way is the best way to see the country. Your contadino sits by him in the stable to see that he gets his well-earned oats, thus foiling the wily hostler, and although a bicycle is good, the little horse, no matter how tired he is, does not burst his tire and leave you stranded, as a bicycle might. Following the river we came to a hamlet with wonderful haystacks against the stormy sky. It was autumn, and all the colour in the landscape had been brought out by the rain, as the colour is in a freshly varnished sketch. And what a relief to see the dry, yellow clay of the Perugian hillside replaced by a rich coffee-coloured loam as the soil was turned over by the plough. And then came an old mill—and an old high-arched bridge, and an ancient church, a very little one, and then a tavern at the foot of the ascent into the little town of Deruta. The town is walled by its houses, which look directly down on the ploughed fields outside. I did not go up to it, but contented myself with noting its picturesque gateway, promising myself to return and explore it some other time. I am sorry, for an antiquarian friend has told me it is a painter's town and that I could have found lodgings, but not for the horse, so perhaps that explains why I stayed in the tavern below. This friend tells me how, later, in this same place, where not a scrap of the celebrated ware was brought to me, he heard of the finding of the sites of former furnaces, and, not losing a moment, went there and secured thousands of pieces of broken pottery, the celebrated Deruta ware, and how—guided by the patterns—he had managed to piece together several plates and formed a fine collection of fragments which he

"V." IN HIS STUDIO

(*Via Flaminia*)

sold for a large sum. Such things are constantly happening yet, and Waldo Story not only found, on the site of an old furnace, splendid fragments of Samian ware, but the very moulds themselves, from which casts can now be made as perfect as ever. And such beautiful things that it is an unending wonder to me how an art can so utterly die out of a nation as that did. This savours of Polonius, and reminds me that at the tavern was a very old man who was allowed to earn his daily bread by doing odd jobs about the place — but only his bread. When I saw him, he was sitting in the ample fireplace turning patiently a spit on which a long row of birds was being done to a turn. On these I feasted later, and I also gave the old fellow some wine. It was touching to see his gratitude. I did not think then, — for I was yet young and strong, — but have since thought of a certain old fellow patiently turning a spit full of beccaficos for others to eat. This making me sad, I stop.

Egypt. — A knowledge of the difference between the cartouches of Thotmes the Third and Seti the First is not necessary to enable one to feel the grandeur of Egyptian architecture, nor does the name of Cleopatra add to the real beauty of Philae. Size is one of the essentials, but in Egypt it was wisely used and never fell into the monstrous; but it is not altogether that — rather a certain inherent grandeur of conception which finally satisfies both the eye and the mind, belonging to the things themselves and totally independent of a knowledge of their history or meanings. It is their unwritten meaning, their poetic meaning, far more eloquent than words can express; and it sometimes seemed to me that this impression would only be dulled or lessened by a greater unveiling of their mysteries, and that to me Isis unveiled would be Isis dead.

The Roman Forum was infinitely more poetic buried than it is disinterred, and the sight of its skeleton is more painful than poetic. But to return to the number of grand Egyptian conceptions, all different expressions of grandeur. Take the wide-based pyramid, contracting high up against the blue to a single atom, and all its sides lit by the sun. Or the Sphinx, her charm gradually growing on you like the dawn she seems waiting for. Then the two patient Memnon giants, now mute watchers of the East, far out on the green plain of growing wheat. See the delicate tapering of those needle-like monoliths, the obelisks, and feel the growing sense of their size and weight. And then what gateway can possibly form a grander entrance than the Pylon to the mystery of the temple beyond. And that song in granite, Philae, its stones still singing as they sink submerged in the rising tide of utility. How overwhelming the impression of those four great kings at Aboo Simbel, as they sit against the mountain-side waiting that rising star whose slender ray will at its appointed time pierce the rocky and colonnaded corridor, to rest deep in the mountain on the smiling face of its god. All else sinks into insignificance compared with this pervading spirit of grandeur. Hieroglyphs and symbolism run riot, degenerating into the ridiculous; the beauty of the goldsmith's work, — all these seem of little worth and the records of past life, stately ceremonials and enslaved peoples, while helping one to under-

stand, do not constitute the beauty and the grandeur of Egyptian architecture.

I will here mark the end of this — for me — sublime and sustained flight, and not waiting for the critic, lure my Pegasus down to earth and tie him to my bed-post, by saying that to me at least there was nothing funny in Egypt — nothing to be laughed at. There the people seemed more happy than the crowd in Broadway during business hours, in spite of its blessings of liberty and vast wealth. The song of the Sakieh and the groan of the Shadoof did indeed recall the plaintive cry of an oppressed people, but that oppression is now but a tradition. I have seen more poverty and more unfortunate, distorted cripples in one day in the streets of Rome than during my whole stay there — and women can walk the streets of Cairo without being insulted. Throwing stones is a poor business, yet one cannot help chucking a pebble now and then, just for fun; so I will say that the Arabs at the pyramids compared favourably in courtesy, dignity, and dress with the check-suited, Murray-laden camera-snappers, who write about them, and if laughter there must be, the native has the best of it. The landscape seemed beautiful, simple, and grand, with a total absence of that exaggerated colour, that expensive jewellery, with which the modern landscape in many pages is bedight. A little amber, a little amethyst, a little pearl, perhaps, but like salt in a salad, Nature seemed to use these things like a sage. Now the afterglow to me was a thing beautiful beyond words, so that a certain writer may be pardoned if to him it was "an exquisite spasm." At the same time I must confess that the afterglow which most impressed me was that after a long camel-ride: then indeed I felt that I could echo his words — and that it

was "like an exquisite spasm, a beautiful, almost desperate effort ending in the quiet darkness of defeat."

I saw Egypt, but did not live there, although I felt that I could have lived there for ever. The two portions I liked the best were Nubia and the Delta. I merely read the menu, as it were, of the first, and had a glimpse of the second, passing through it. And then the Desert! But how useless such discriminations when all was so absorbingly interesting. I felt that my interest and liking, could I have lived there but a short time, would have turned to love. And again I felt that it is being spoiled rapidly. Yet there is always the Desert — perhaps the best of all. I wish — but why wish, after the lesson of the futility of human hopes one gets there?

Here I am reminded (the whole book is but a reminder) of the old man turning the spit of beccaficos for others to eat, and I somewhat sadly yield the beccaficos to them. If this book has an imperfect and abrupt ending, it is because I have no longer the heart to go on. Part of its imperfection consists in my not giving a notice of each of my friends, as I had intended doing, for I have experienced how painful it is to be "left out." This I foresee will be a lasting regret. The reason of its abrupt ending may be gathered from these few words sent me by an ever-faithful friend together with a few flowers of her rearing: "There can be no need of comfort for you now — with the memory of that beautiful figure of repose and youth lying where you had so long looked on suffering."

XII
You rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for one in vain!
XIII
And when like her, oh Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,
And in your blissful error quite forget
What you were once—here, down, and gone like That!
TAMAM

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

A List of the Works of V.

SOLD SINCE THE YEAR 1856

(Prices given only up to 1867 as "an example and a warning" to young painters.)

NEW YORK

Sold in New York 1856	The first picture sold by V. was a copy from an engraving of Wilkie's Blind Fiddler: disposed of in Cuba at a raffle, for	$40
	Painted for his old master, Mr. Brinkerhoff, a picture of a ship, — the ship his son went to California in	$10
	Number of pictures, 2	$50

FLORENCE: PARIS FIRST TIME

Went to Paris, April 18, 1856, and July 1856.
Then on to Italy.

Sold in Florence from Aug. 1857 to Dec. 1860	Landscape with sheep and old well	$20
	Canal in Venice	10
	Portrait of Kate Field	55
	Copy of Rembrandt Head: for some college in the South	40

1857 to 1860	Boy playing a mandolin: bought by an Englishman in Leghorn	30
	Album of studies made at night: sold to Mr. McGaw	40
	Total in four years (number of pictures, 6)	$245

NEW YORK — WARTIME

	Sold to one Hatfield:	
Sold in New York during the War, 1861 to 1865	The Knight's Signature — soldier sealing letter with hilt of his dagger, scribe standing by	$25
	Italy in the Fifteenth Century	20
	The Revellers — seven figures; all "how come you so"	20
	Jealousy — young man reading letter to old fop, girl spying them (only picture sold to dealer during the War)	25
	To Miss Jerome, New York:	
	Venice	75
	To Charles Siedler:	
	The Sentinel — "Who goes there?"	30
	To Mr. Guyer:	
	Portrait of a Lady	50
	Plaster cast of Endymion	50
	Plaster cast of Arab Slave	30
	To Martin Brimmer, Boston:	
	The Questioner of the Sphinx (may be considered a large sketch, more carefully studied afterwards)	500
	The Fisherman and the Genii	250
	The Roc's Egg	200

THE MUSE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

(*Design in plaster for a monument*)

1861 to 1865

To Miss Hunt, W. Hunt's sister:

The Monk's Walk (small, long picture; the upright of same subject lost in Madison Square disaster)

To Mrs. Milton Sanford, New York:

View near Florence, Bed of the Mugnone Torrent: The Autumn Leaf(?)
Monk(?) 3 pictures 200

To Tom Appleton, Boston:

Lair of the Sea-Serpent 300
Monk's Head 37

To George W. Long, Boston:

Venice 75
Fauns 75
Children gathering Flowers 75

To Mr. Hitchcock, Boston:

Plaster cast of Endymion
The Revellers — variation 40
Jealousy — variation 80

1865

To Mr. George Snell, Boston:

Monk, writing 75

To Mr. Ritter:

Tubs for washing Sea-weed 100

To Mr. Osgood, Boston:

Man packing Sea-weed — Cohasset 100
Tubs for washing Sea-weed 100

To G. Whitney, New York:

Phœnix
The Sentinel — variation 200

1865 *To Jeremiah Curtis, New York:*

The Lost Mind	575

To Mr. Bigelow, New York:

Little Girl, reading(?)	50
Painting — Arab Slave	250

To Samuel Allen, Boston:

Sketch — Geese	150

PARIS SECOND TIME

Leave for Paris second time, December 8, 1865. My stay in Paris the second time included a trip to England, and a stay in Brittany.

1866 *To O. D. Ashley:*

No. 2 of the Fable of the Miller and his Son	300

To Barry and Co.:

Girl with Lute (sold afterward in Boston for $750)	200
Coast on Windy Day	150
Total sales in 1866 (3 pictures)	650

(N. B. On this became engaged. Men were brave in those days — because the girls were fair.)

ROME

1867 Here commences the financial fun. No barometer could register the ups and downs, but in general the financial barometer was set fair — more properly — "from fair to middling."

Left Paris December 1st. Arrived in Rome January 4, 1867.

1867 *To Dr. Stearns:*

Small picture of woman with strange head-dress going upstairs, looking down on youth; red sunset — very romantic — must have been replica of picture painted in Florence and given to Kate Field

To A. B. Stone:

Hermit of the Desert

To Jeremiah Curtis:

Etruscan Girl with Turtle
Peasant Girl, spinning

To Mrs. E. B. Finch:

Street Scene — Figure at Well
Cypresses at San Miniato

To G. W. Long, Boston:

Cohasset(?) 300

To Mrs. Bullard, New York:

Cypresses(?) 150

Pictures sold by Doll in Boston:

A Lonely Spring
The Gloomy Path
Girl feeding Chickens
Two Monks
Landscape — Italy
Artist's Studio
Music — six figures
Cohasset
Cypress trees
The Ambuscade
Italian Gateway

Eleven pictures: in all (dealer's commission not deducted) 1000

1867 *Sold by Doll subsequently:*

Cadiz 225

To J. F. Kensett:

The End of a Misspent Life (small picture; no note of price)

To Ticknor and Fields:

Four drawings, "Enoch Arden" 150

I must not forget, indeed cannot forget, how gratified I was by the sale of the latter picture to Kensett, the landscape painter. I did not, but the public christened it "Old Mortality."

No account of drawings on wood, comic valentines, drawings made for calisthenic man, and in graphotype, and sketches and drawings given away, — a pernicious habit.

Total receipts in America for four years (59 pictures) 5652

In gold 2826

I said I would earn my living and I did. I have given these figures to show the financial beginning of a life. Owing to my archæological researches, the reader will have obtained a better idea of the dates in that life than I can retain myself.

1868 *To Mrs. Enoch Bullard (daughter of Mrs. J. Curtis):*

Small picture, five figures, Music Party.

To Mr. W. W. Herriman:

The Alchemist.

To Rinehart (the sculptor):

Music Party (left by him to Mr. Herriman).

To William Hazeltine:

The Painter.

Landscape.

1868 Cadiz.
White Fort.
Spanish Flag against dark sky.

To Mr. Martin Brimmer:

The Roc's Egg.

Must be some mistake, as he is just down for one Roc's Egg (a big one, although the picture was small) in sale in Boston; a — for me — fortunate fondness for eggs.

To Charles Gordon:

Small head and fancy frame.
The Sea Princess.

Doll of Boston sold a small picture of Geese. What — more geese? He has already been pricked for that — but so it is put down. After all — what is one picture more or less, when so many have been painted — as you shall see.

BOSTON

Sales by Doll.

1869 *To Mrs. Huntington Wolcott:*

Boccaccio — small picture; three figures in garden. A good little picture.

1869 By the way, from Boston I must have extended my travels, for I find I was married to Caroline Beach Rosekrans, July 13, at Glens Falls, N. Y. Also, as these are accounts, I find we received moneys from our respective fathers. I remember mine wanted to give much silverware, perhaps thinking thus to keep it in the family, but I advised cash, which was accordingly substituted. Poor father — little did he know! Keep money in this family! — much.

Sales in Boston resumed, — by Doll, understood.

To Mrs. Howland G. Shaw:

A Gleam of Sunlight.
Near Perugia.
Tall upright Study from Nature — painted when I was with Hotchkiss.

To Mrs. Governor Andrew:

Dawn.

To G. W. Long:

Etruscan Girl.

To Miss Georgiana Lowell:

Commission No. 3 of Fable of the Miller and his Son.

To David Gray:

Commission for small Cumæan Sibyl.

To G. W. Long:

Head of Abel.
(You will see how G. W. and others stuck by me.)

To Samuel Allen:

Landscape — San Remo.

To Mrs. Milton Sanford (Kate Field's aunt):

Saracinesca Girl.
Oriental Head.
Roc's Egg — still prolific.

1869 *To George Yewell (painter).*

Music Party.

Sketch. From price must have been small, but then the compliment; — fellow artist, you know.

ROME

Thus endeth the lesson of 1869, and Rome commences again, — I, this time, a married man; also commences with my giving lessons to a Mr. Page and a Miss Peabody. Also found that as a teacher I was no good, although as a picture-

doctor, called in to give advice in cases of weak and ailing pictures, my services have been found invaluable.

1870 *To Mrs. William G. Heath:*

Soul of the Sunflower (head).

This was a commission and I was to get $300; but as I painted it in one sitting, I told her I could not think of asking such a price, without more work on it. She would not allow me to touch it again and gave me $400, — and of such is the kingdom of heaven. This was in April, — estimable month.

To D. M. Armstrong (fellow artist, — good friend).

Lessons and sketch.

To Charles Gordon:

Large sketch of Alchemist.

To I. O. Eaton:

Composition (landscape near Perugia).

To H. Fargo, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Memory.

1871 *To D. M. Armstrong:*

Sketch.

Landscape.

(You see, my friend was still undeterred, although an artist himself.)

To Miss Bangs:

Sketch.

Dancing Girl.

To Charles Howe:

Girl with Casket.

Greek Head.

1871 *To D. N. Barney:*

Glimpse of the Sea, Bordighera.

These Bordighera things were painted from sketches made on a trip down to Italy from Paris, or three years afterwards, on our honeymoon.

To Miss Ellen Frothingham:

Music Party.

To W. S. Gurnee:

The Dance, Fifteenth Century.

This being an important commission for me in those days, the payment was in three instalments, the last one in 1872, thus helping along.

To Edmund A. Ward:

The Dancing Girl.

To Miss Bangs:

Torre dei Schiavi (landscape).

To Captain R. S. Oliver, Albany:

"Break, Break, Break," — may have been only waves, or a head seen in clouds over the sea?

To F. L. Higginson, Boston:

The Dead Abel.

To E. A. Ward:

Girl, spinning.
Archway and Sea.

To Miss Bell Barney (Mrs. J. Gurnee):

Six pencil drawings.

In this year also received small legacy from my brother, he having died at San Francisco on his way home from Japan. Also three trunks full of beautiful Japanese objects.

1872 *To W. W. Herriman:*
Wedding Procession.

To R. S. Oliver:
Ideal Head.

I find that about this time I commenced selling photographs of my work, singly or in sets. Afterwards I sold also many retouched with colour and gold, — on the principle that "mony a mickle makes a muckle." (I am doubtful about this quotation, for I have found that no one but a Scot or Scotchman can ever get anything right in Scot or Scotch. I am doubtful about last also.)

To F. W. Guiteau, Irvington, New York:
Bordighera, storm effect (small).

To Henry A. Dike, New York:
Large Bordighera landscape.

To Miss E. S. S. Clark, Boston:
Troubadour.

To Miss L. Shaw, Boston:
Small landscape, Arch and Sea.
Small figure.

To Mrs. George Beebe, Boston:
Small Ideal Head.

To Mrs. Fannie L. Fiske, Boston:
Ideal Head.

To F. W. Guiteau:
Small Bordighera landscape.
(It is astonishing how they return to the charge — these friends of mine.)

1872 *To Charles Fairchild, Boston:*
Christabel (small).

N. B. The word *small* prefixed or added to the title of a picture is getting on my nerves; I am sure this will lead to a Digression sooner or later.

To S. M. Colman (brother artist):
Small Ideal Head.

(N. B. Received $900 awarded for land taken for streets out of the old place in Brooklyn.

1873 *To Mrs. Warren, Boston:*
Small Ideal Head.

To Ada A. Draper:
The Sorceress.

To Mrs. Wyckoff:
Small Ideal Head.

To W. W. Herriman:
Greek Actor's Daughter (charcoal drawing).

1874 *To William Dorsheimer:*
Sorceress (drawing).

To Frederic Hall, London:
Tower and Lake Trasimeno.

To C. E. Detwold:
Roman Girl (head).

To W. Hooper, Cincinnati:
Landscape with Figures.

1874 *To W. A. Brown, New York:*
Twilight (subject?).

To J. R. Lowell, Cambridge:
Burghers and Water Nymphs.

To Governor E. D. Morgan:
Florentine Picnic.
Girl at Shrine.

1875 *To Mrs. J. W. DeForest:*
L'Improvisatore.

N. B. I must say here that many of my pictures were sold on the instalment plan, and that the payments coming in from time to time were of course always welcome, and also that this was a good arrangement for me. They tell of an English soldier who begged the corporal to take charge of a sixpence of his, for otherwise he would only "lavish it"; our "lavishing" was of the most modest kind, yet I will confess that I did manage to buy "oggetti" occasionally, and it is maddening to think now of the bric-à-brac that could have been bought at that time, — things that would now be quite a fortune. But what can one do with a sixpence?

To G. M. Nickerson, Chicago:
Storm in Umbria.

To Henry Sampson:
Moths and Blossoms.
Greek Actor's Daughter (painting).

To J. F. Morgan:
Sorceress (charcoal drawing).

To General Lucius Fairchild:
The Long Road (small).

1876 This year Boston, ever faithful, again to the front.

To Mrs. David Sears, Boston:
The Sorceress — a little copy.

N. B. The reader who has followed me thus far will begin to think that I painted a sorceress occasionally. The fact is I did paint a good many sorceresses, but I varied them, and what would you have? — "young ravens must have food."

To Pierpont Morgan:
Greek girls, bathing.

To Mrs. W. A. Tappan:
Two small sketches.

To Lady Ashburton:
A Spring Dawn.
Roman Girl (head).

To Joseph N. Fiske:
The Golden Net.

N. B. On account of the flies in Perugia, we set all the girls in the house to making fly-nets, and I made and carved a sort of easel to hold the nets in the making, — a pretty object which I introduced in this picture.

To ———:
Drawing of the Cumæan Sibyl.

This was a monochrome in brown — oil-colour. I wish it had been better, but she wanted it. Of course I greatly improved things in the picture I painted afterwards.

1877 *To Miss C. J. Wilby:*
Girl and Sea-Gull (sketch).

1877 *To Mrs. T. Shillaber, San Francisco:*
Hide and Seek.
Two small panels.
Water Nymphs.

To Thomas Shillaber:
The Phorcydes.

To P. V. Rogers, Utica, N. Y.:
Girl with Poppies.

1878 *To E. B. Haskell, Auburndale:*
Small Venetian Picnic.

To Mrs. L. G. Woodhouse:
Fisherman and Mermaid.

To Mrs. E. L. Andrew:
Small Picnic Party.

N. B. The fact is, there was a good deal of picnicking in the Rome of those days and I fell into the habit of painting picnics.

To W. H. Herriman:
Young Marsyas (small).

To Samuel L. Clemens:
Head of Medusa.

1879 *To Mrs. F. W. Tracy, Buffalo:*
Small Picnic (at it — yet).

To Mrs. Davis Johnson, Staten Island:
Venetian Model (small).

To F. W. Tracy:
Young Marsyas — large.

1879 *To Miss Jennie McGraw:*
The Dying Sea-Gull and its Mate.

To J. C. Hooker, Rome:
Blossoms and Moth.

To Scribner's Magazine:
Drawing of Marsyas.

N. B. I long ago determined that I would not give my work for publication on the "going to do you so much good" principle, — so always have charged something. Where it is not given for some charity, "the labourer is worthy of his hire."

1880 *To Mrs. P. V. Rogers, Utica:*
An Old Saint (head — small).

To Mr. Moore:
Sea Princess (sold by Williams and Everett).

To Mrs. L. W. Johnson:
Medusa in Hades (drawing).

To Mrs. Sylvanus Reed:
Young Medusa (head).

To Mrs. A. B. Stone:
Venice — small.

BOSTON

1880 Exhibition in Boston, at Williams and Everett's.

I have told all about this sale elsewhere. It must be mentioned that fifteen per cent was deducted, and admission charged.

To J. G. Blake:
In Memoriam.

To Rev. H. P. Allen:
Star of Bethlehem.

To T. G. Appleton:
Head of Eugenia.

To E. Rollins Morse:
Going to the Well.
Monte Cologniola.

To William G. Russell:
Old Man and Donkey.

1880 *To H. L. Higginson:*
Pride of the Corso (a solitary goose in a deserted street).

To W. S. Houghton:
"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing"; a dead mouse among old books.
Street Scene — Donkey.

To George P. King:
Gateway, Monte Cologniola.

To A. Hemenway:
Spinning under the Olives.

To H. L. Higginson:
A Sunny Wall.

To C. J. Merrill:
Rainy Day.

To George P. King:
Ivy Tower.

To A. Hemenway:
Young Saint (head).

To Mrs. M. H. Sanford:
Rainy Day, Orte.

To E. Rollins Morse:
Gateway, Monte Cologniola.

To John H. Sturgis:
Twilight, Magione.

To Miss Howes:
Sunset, Lake Trasimeno.

1880 *To Richard Sullivan:*
Twilight.

To N. T. Hamblen:
Fleurs de Lis.

To Miss Alice Williams:
Old Church, Velletri.

To Joseph Burnett:
Street Scene, Olevano.

To Dr. Haven:
Identity.

To Miss Bangs:
The Incantation.

To George P. King:
Waves at Palo.

To George B. Blake:
Lonely Coast at Palo.

To Mrs. George H. Shaw:
Fishing-boat at Palo.

To Mrs. W. C. Cabot:
Poetess.

To Charles Fairchild:
The Questioner of the Sphinx.

To Jesse Abbott:
Old Castle at Palo.
(N. B. Palo, a small bathing-place near Rome.)

To I. C. Bates:
Figure with Jug.

1880 *To F. J. Dutcher:*
Poetess (sketch).

To David Merriman:
Moonlight under the Olives.

To Mr. Durant, Wellesley College:
Cumæan Sibyl.

List of pictures in sale ends here — thirty-six pictures in all.

ROME

1881 *To Junius G. Morgan:*
Roman Model, posing.

To Miss C. A. Brewer, Boston:
Tivoli (small sketch).

To L. Prang, Boston:
Fortune (Christmas card prize — $1000)
New Year's Card(?).

To Century Co., New York:
Five magazine covers.
(N. B. One was never used.)

To Mrs. Agnes E. Tracy:
Iris Flowers (Japanese vase).

(This year sold a block of land in Brooklyn, L. I.)

AMERICA

1882 Modelled fire-back, Sun-God (cast-iron).
Modelled fire-back, Japanese Dragon.

1882 *To M. H. Mallory:*
Modelled Tile, Esmeralda (Annie Russell).

To Williams and Everett:
Pansies and Spirea (Japanese vase).

To Louis Tiffany:
Drawing (interior apartment?).

To Century Co.:
Drawing head- and tail-pieces — trifles.

To A. H. Barney:
Mermaid — ordered from Tiffany, stained-glass window.

To Harper and Brothers:
Cover for Christmas number for *Harper's Magazine* (Tile Club Supplement).
Head of Samson (drawings).

To Louis Prang:
Aladdin's Lamp.
Christmas card.

To Mrs. Agnes E. Tracy:
Ideal Head.

To E. B. Haskell, Boston:
Seated figure.

I find royalties — small sums — were coming in from fire-backs. At this time I got out patents for various things, costing me a pretty penny, — but I would tamper with them. At present patents are not mentioned in the family circle.

To R. M. Pulsifer, Boston:
Ideal Head.

1882 *To Louis Tiffany:*
Drawing (stained glass).

AMERICA AND ROME

1883 *To H. A. Priest, Auburndale:*
Children (Bordighera).

To T. W. Hathaway:
Japanese still life.

To Tiffany:
Cartoons for windows.

To Robinson F. Horton, Boston:
Ideal Head (charcoal).

To Harper and Brothers:
Title-page to Poe's "Raven."

"A rolling stone gathers no moss" — at least it did not on this trip.

ROME

1884 *To John G. Moore:*
Drawings from *Omar*, illustrating verses 24–26.

H. M. and Co.'s first payment on account of Omar Khayyám received. This was a bad year, — great variations in the financial barometer. Omar Khayyám to the rescue. After this, up to the present moment, 1909, O. K. has extended the helping hand at stated intervals. I am only keeping account of things sold; as for things done, — they would fill a volume.

1885 This year the receipts were from H. M. and Co. on account of O. K. Something in royalties on patents, never amounting all told to enough to make up for the money spent in getting them out.

1885 *To General C. A. Whittier:*

The Pleiades.

To Queen Margherita d'Italia:

One edition de luxe of O. K.

Afterwards I had, together with wife and daughter, a most delightful private audience with the Queen, in which she told me never to have an exhibition of my works previous to sending them to America, without letting her know. She was kind and gracious, but as usual with me I have never taken advantage of such opportunities. I might have become a Cavalliere — think of that!

To Cassell and Co.:

Drawing for the "Ballade of Dead Actors."

Might have painted three pictures in the time spent fussing over this drawing (for which I received $105). This year, with the sale of but one picture and one drawing, marked low-water in a financial way. Of course I was painting on things all the while, which afterwards turned to account. But as I have said, this is only an account of things sold; as for money, it was dribbling in from various sources; it never "gooshed in," as the Scotch engineer said of a leak.

1886 This year the usual sales of books and photographs went on, and moneys from H. M. and Co. on account of the O. K. came in; so such things need not be mentioned again.

To Mrs. L. G. Collins, New York:

Sorceress (small).

To Miss Mixter, Boston:

Ideal Head — Dawn.

To Mrs. S. V. R. Watson:

Ideal Portrait.

This was of her daughter and was to be a portrait to those who knew her, and a pretty picture for those who did not,

1886 and so it turned out. One person coming in, thinking it to be only a picture, said shrewdly, "Ah; you must have been seeing Gertrude Watson lately." — I answered, "Yes; she was sitting to me this morning."

To Dr. T. W. Parsons:
Ideal Head (red background).

To Mrs. M. H. Simpson:
The Pleiades (pastel).
Ideal Head (?)

To Count Ludolf, Austrian ambassador:
One Rubáiyát,

To J. B. Lippincott, publishers:
Use of "Delilah" (drawing).

1887 *To H. M. and Co.:*
Publishers' Colophon.

To Mrs. Agnes E. Tracy:
Cup of Love.
Tito (drawing).
Delilah (small).

To Colonel J. G. Moore, New York:
Samson and Delilah (heads).

To H. M. Whitney, Brookline, Mass.:
The Fates gathering in the Stars.

To Mrs. W. G. Webb, Salem, Mass.:
The Soul between Doubt and Faith.

1887 *To Mrs. J. S. Cabot, Boston:*
Pier-head, Viareggio.

To General C. A. Whittier, Boston:
Young Victor.

To Miss Lily Bangs, Boston:
Under the Olives.

To Miss E. Howes, Boston:
Breaking Waves.

To Harcourt Amory, Boston:
Salt Marshes (small).

To Samuel Longfellow, Cambridge, Mass.:
Dreaming Clouds.

What could have happened this year? Boston certainly did itself credit, — far be it from me ever to complain of Boston. The financial barometer fairly soared.

ROME

1888 Three eights in a line. "Miching Mallecho, this means mischief." In this case it meant money, and 1888 seems to have caught the beneficent microbe from 1887.

To J. Randolph Coolidge:
Fisherman and Mermaid.

To Blanche B. Haggin:
The Cup of Death (drawing).

To Harper's Magazine:
Use of Faith, Doubt, Sorrow.

1888 The number thirteen is not an unlucky number in my case, and I have a great respect for eight. On this day my ever good friend, Mrs. Agnes E. Tracy, bought the drawings of the Rubáiyát, thus insuring their being kept together. Otherwise I should have sold them at auction. I counted them in at the end of this list as separate work — drawings

1889 Now follow two lean years, — but they fattened up wonderfully afterwards, and indeed became quite frisky at times.

To Mrs. Marshall Field, Chicago:
Ideal Head.

To J. R. Coolidge, Boston:
Ideal Head(?).

(You see what ideality brings you to. Now had I but painted cabbages, — splendidly, understood, — the tintype, as they used to say, would have been different.)

1890 This year was very infirm — owing to the presence of Ideality, but old "truepenny" — thirteen, "bobs up serenely" — and so does Boston again.

To Mrs. S. D. Warren, Boston:
Head of Tito.

To I. B. Wheeler:
Ideal Head — Morning.

1891 The year recovers its financial health; but please remember that whatever I may be in other respects, financially I and my aspirations are extremely modest. Note that 31 is the reverse of 13.

To Mrs. A. E. Rondebush (formerly Mrs. Tracy):
The Soul in Bondage
(This was what I call an important picture.)

1891 Santa Cecilia.
Bas-relief.

The first one only is counted in things that are mechanically repeated. That is, only mentioned once in list.

To Mrs. G. L. Bagnell, Paris, France:

The Last Man.

Another "important" picture, being a carrying-out in painting of that subject in the O. K. The sale of these two pictures made of the year a fat one, — but, dear me! compared with the years some people have, you might call it an anatomical preparation. — You mean your earnings this year might be considered modest? — I do — very. But to continue: —

To Mrs. F. Scorer, England:

Poppies and Cypresses.

Copy of sketch made in the Villa Strohl Fern, where I made the drawings for the O. K.

To Thomas K. Lothrop:

Sketch on the Nile (small).

To Miss Elizabeth F. Gregory:

Sorrow, Doubt, Faith (a small replica of that subject).

1892 This year was kept fairly distended by sales, and the receipts of payments on pictures previously sold.

To Daniel Merriman, Mass.:

Heart of the Rose.
Cypresses and Poppies.

To Miss M. E. Garrett, Baltimore:

Bronze bas-relief.

This thing was a fire-back. I imagined, as it was filled with a mass of heads looking out of it, that, lighted by the flames or the flickering light of the dying fire or the glow of the embers, they would seem alive and recall lost or absent friends.

I have never sold but two of them; one was left in a fireplace in the old home of the Century Club down-town.

1892 *To Mrs. A. E. Rondebush:*

Melpomene.

My friend was formerly Agnes Ethel — a great favourite with the public and still remembered by some. She was a great loss to the stage when she quitted it to marry Frank Tracy of Buffalo. Charlotte Cushman once said to her: "You say you are sorry you are not a great actress; but you can make people cry. Let me tell you, that is a thing I could never do." I think she was a great actress; but be that as it may, I leave this testimony, — she was really a great friend.

To William H. Herriman:

The Enemy sowing Tares.

And here come two more friends such as are seldom found, — Mr. and Mrs. Herriman. They do not need my testimony, for they are respected and beloved by all who know them. The picture of "The Enemy" is a small one. I painted it much larger, but did not improve on the small one.

To Wunderlich (dealer):

Chrysanthemum (head).

Morning Glory (figure).

Wunderlich sold these pictures to Frank J. Hecker (Detroit), who presented the "Morning Glory" to my friend, T. S. Jerome, now in Capri.

AMERICA AND BACK TO ROME

1893 This year was positively obese.

Order for the Medal to be given to the Architects and Artists who decorated the buildings at the Chicago Exposition.

1893 *From C. P. Huntington:*

Order for a ceiling and decorations and a picture to go over a mantel-piece in dining-room. Ceiling-subject, "Abundance all the Days of the Week."

Picture: "Goddess Fortune, stay with us."

Received order through Mr. Post, the architect.

Here a few words as to why I did nothing at Chicago. I found all the other artists had their work cut out for them, and that those in command did not care for such things as I had taken with me. I presume there was nothing appropriate in subjects. So while the others were hard at work, I sat on the fence and waited. Then suddenly it was proposed that I should make four large decorations — circles — twelve feet in diameter — in a high dome on a curved surface, in the *permanent* Art Building, in four months. Now I had never had experience in getting others to work for me; these things could not be painted below and hoisted up; they would have to be painted on the spot, probably on a suspended platform or in a basket — God only knows how. But I do know that I was sickened by the sight of ambulances constantly dashing by with the dead or dying — and it gave me to think. Permanent Art Gallery — not things to be burnt up. Now I cannot "discharge" myself at the word of command. I must have time to think, and these things had to be done right off, — and I was very sorry, particularly so to disappoint McKim, who had kindly taken me on to Chicago. Just then came this offer to do the Huntington ceiling, through the kindness of George Post, — the best commission I have ever received, — which I could paint in Italy, for enough time was given me. In fact, the work was ready before the room was to receive it. I accepted it gladly and renounced the other offer, for which, to tell the truth, I had no stomach. A sort of council of war was held, before which I appeared, and from the looks of its members I expected to hear an ambulance-call. I escaped with my life, but with the general disapproval. It is now long ago, but it may com-

fort these men to know that my conscience has not troubled me the least little bit. And so to Rome — mighty merry, glad to escape from that stupendous but troubled dream — the Exhibition in its making. I saw the White City afterwards and then it was a dream indeed, never to be forgotten.

To Scott A. Smith, Providence:

Florentine Head.
Sketch.

ROME

1894 This year keeps up the tradition, financially fat and playful.

To the Misses Walker, Massachusetts:

The Art Idea.
Large decorative panel in McKim's beautiful building, the Art-Gallery — Bowdoin College, Maine.

To Melville E. Stone:

Lazarus (head).

To Scribner's Magazine:

Use of designs.

I only put in these notices of the use of designs as showing about what time notices of my work may be found in various publications.

N. B. The order for the Bowdoin College panel and the sale of the "Lazarus" are the only transactions noted for 1894, but the order made up in importance for the lack of sales. Perhaps a word about this decoration may not be amiss, for I remember now that a friend once said, "Such things are just what people want to know"; so perhaps I may be supplying a "want" long felt; at any rate, the alleged curiosity of the public must be my excuse. I was told that the ladies (charming persons) who gave the order, finding that they could only afford to have one decoration, wanted that I should be selected to do it — which was a compliment

1894 I fully appreciated. I painted it in Rome, took it over, and saw it rightly placed in position in the time specified. In the meanwhile, however, by some subtile financial method, three more panels had been ordered, and the subjects were Florence, Venice, and Athens, so that mine, already composed, had perforce to be Rome. Fortunately the "Art Idea," for want of a better name, suited this scheme admirably. Nature — on which all Art is based — stands in the centre; Sculpture, Architecture, and Poetry are on one side, and Harmony, Love, and Painting on the other, — and so may respectively stand for the genius of Michelangelo and Raffaello, who in their turn fairly represent the art of Rome. But I had to lead off blindly, while the others knew just what they had to do, and besides had the advantage of time (no inauguration for them), — time, which one artist availed himself of fully, to the manifest advantage of his work, — a fine thing. The putting-up of the canvas was a ticklish affair, but was accomplished successfully by Mr. Hesselbach.

The method used is called "marunflage," much practised in France. The canvas, about twenty-two feet wide, was first cut to fill the semi-circular space, then rolled up from each side toward the centre, where the two rolls meet. The night before, the space for the picture had been coated as thickly as possible with white lead, and early next morning the canvas was taken up on the scaffolding. You see, the back of the canvas had also to be painted thickly, which was done as they went along. First painting thickly the space between the rolls, the canvas was placed against the wall, and that space well fastened by a board holding it in place; and you can imagine that the least difference in matching the marks previously made would have resulted in a disastrous misfit. And to my horror this happened. A cold chill ran down my back, and I instinctively felt in my pocket for a flask, — but alas! I was in Maine; Prohibition was against it. However, Hesselbach rose to the occasion. He had the courage to pull off the canvas, — had it held up on all sides by help hastily summoned (covered as it was with paint) and replaced

1894 it correctly. Now when I tell you that the picture was painted with a dull surface like fresco, — and that any touch of this oily paint would have made a shiny spot, — and that being lighted from above, any such spot would have been most disagreeably evident, you can imagine the care and skill required in this operation.

I found Brunswick a beautiful place; it was late in the year, pure bracing air, a somewhat stern Nature, but with a sense of elevation; in fact I never felt so like being up on the surface of the earth as I did here. I do not think this arose from its being at the top of the map. My friend Garnsey took me a drive down to the coast; it was not the season, and the summer houses were all closed, but the landscape, although somewhat stern, was pure and beautiful. The professors were most cordial, but I did a thing which was most ill-advised; it is so long ago that I don't mind making the confession. I had passed, in putting up the picture, through so many superior emotions that when I was invited to attend a soirée, I went to see "Robin Hood" instead. I hope I am forgiven by this time.

In Maine I suffered much from thirst. I found the girls who waited on me at the hotel were superior persons — far superior to their position; this they made clear to me by a certain indifference with which the services were rendered — and serious to a degree. This tone I lowered somewhat by asking one of them to bring me apple-pie, — that is, if she had any real *serious* apple-pie; and I saw through a window at the end of the dining-room a lot of giggling faces, and when the pie was brought, she so far unbent as to admit that she too was going to see "Robin Hood" with her young man. I must say, regarding the thirst, that it arose entirely from my ignorance in regard to the handling of ropes.

1895 This year the financial barometer descended to a degree marked "paltry," — a financial filament, — an impalpability.

1896 A most estimable year. Of course it is understood that I was constantly getting sums from the sale of the Rubáiyát, from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., — and from Curtis & Cameron

for reproductions; also sale of reproductions in studio; an honest but undignified proceeding, — but very helpful.

1896 *To Harpers:*

Use of designs.

Five decorative panels for the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

I may say in favour of the panels that I made them to go with the architecture — to look as if made for the place they occupy.

To F. H. Thomson, Philadelphia:

Diana.

1897 The receipts of this year were as they say books should be, "few but good."

To Mrs. H. M. Wilmarth, Chicago:

Santa Cecilia (marble).

To Congressional Library, Washington, D. C.:

Minerva (mosaic).

(Not the greatest thing in the world — not the worst; it might have been a "Fluffy Ruffles" posing as Minerva. About half the price went in expenses.)

To Harper and Brothers:

Use of Bowdoin College panel.

1898 A lean year.

To Mrs. R. C. Lincoln, Boston:

Diana passes (drawing).

Sold by Doll and Richards, Boston.

To Mrs. W. S. Bliss (Miss Barney):

Heart of the Rose (drawing).

To John le Covert, Lyons, France:

Five heads (sketches, very small).

1898 *To S. E. Barrett, Chicago:*

A Glimpse into Hell, or Fear. (Five heads represented as looking into Hell.)

If there is an impression, and I know there is, that I sit here in Rome under a plum tree with my mouth open, into which the plums are constantly dropping, I hope it will be dispelled, for delightful as that would be, unfortunately it is not the case.

1899 Ninety-nine the Italians consider to be the number of the *disgrazie* or misfortunes of Pulcinello; I have said this before. They never amount to one hundred, for that would mean death; but there is no fear of that, for he is immortal, as are his vices and vivacity. I am somewhat superstitious about numbers, and I take it 99 is a lucky one, for this year swelled up visibly.

To Blackall Simonds, Esq., London:

Street Scene — Capri.

His brother, my old friend George Simonds, is the author of the statue of the Falconer in Central Park, New York.

To Sir Bruce Seton, London:

Tragedy (a sketch).

Bronze bust — Cumæan Sibyl.

To Mrs. Jesse Hayworth:

Head of Tito.

To Mrs. Agnes E. Tracy:

Lair of the Sea-Serpent — the original sketch.

N. B. A second appearance of this rare beast. I first saw him during the War, captured and sold him to Tom Appleton of Boston; he seems to have escaped and been caught again; further on you will see the last of him.

1899 *To John R. Maxwell:*
Fisherman and Mermaid (drawing).
Memory.

To Elizabeth H. Houghton:
A Glimpse of the Tiber.

To Daniel and Helen Bigelow Merriman:
Silver Wedding Memorial Cup.

BOSTON

1900 High-water year — quite an inundation. February: Exhibition and Sale at Williams and Everett's, Boston.

To Miss Susan Minns:
The Cup of Death.

To Edwin B. Haskell:
Hillside with Sheep, Perugia.

To Mr. Thayer:
The Sphinx, Egypt.

To Dr. Bigelow:
The Morning Glory.

To Mrs. Lincoln:
Soul in Bondage (drawing).
Muse of Tragedy (drawing)
Tail of the Sea-Serpent (drawing).

(This represented only the tail of the great snake as he is putting out to sea through the surf at night — his last practical appearance so far as I am concerned. The rest sold were a drawing, some coloured reproductions and a bas-relief, amounting to quite a little sum.

March: Exhibition and Sale at S. P. Avery's.

NEW YORK

1900 *To Spencer Trask:*
Old Cedar, Newport.

To E. A. Grozier (Boston Post):
Lazarus rising from the Tomb.

N. B. New York made up by buying a great number of coloured reproductions, — but then Boston was first and had the pick. Boston also has its qualities.

ROME

1901 This year was a "Number five, fat."

To Mrs. Beriah Wilkins:
Happy Thoughts (small bas-relief).

To a Mrs. H. (cannot make out the name):
Antony and Cleopatra (drawing).

To Theo. Marburgh, Baltimore:
The Sorrowing Soul between Doubt and Faith.

To George O. Morgan, Pittsburg:
The Sphinx, Egypt.

To T. M. Lasell, Whitesville:
Love ever present.

To Carnegie Art Institute, Pittsburg:
The Keeper of the Threshold, or An Emblem of Life.

1902 This year back to normal, — prose, not poetry.

To C. B. Rogers, Utica:
Bronze Head of Sibyl.

1902 *To E. B. Haskell, Auburndale:*
The Eclipse of the Sun by the Moon.
Bronze Faces in the Fire.

1903 This year commenced lowery, — but was made glorious summer by the sale of nine small pictures. I have a friend who used to say that he would do thus and so when he "sold his dog." His picture represented a large dog, life-size, a spirited animal, but he never seemed to "get a move on." For many years this had been the case with this series of small pictures, — until a person of more than ordinary discernment broke the spell.

To H. A. Thorndike, Auburndale, Mass.:
The Miller, his Son, and the Donkey.
A Young Victor.

1904 This year, a "number five, fat" would have found his coat rather tight for him, — a little abnormal.

To Mrs. James A. Moore:
The Enemy sowing Tares.

To Booth Tarkington:
The Throne of Saturn.

To the Misses Wolcott Perry:
Greek Girls, bathing.

1905 This year was a "decline and fall off" the Roman Empire, — a very "reserved and serious year," yet upheld by reproductions and royalties, — the Rubáiyát still holding its own — a remarkable proceeding for an illustrated book.

1906 Came up smiling. No one was hurt in the crush, however.

To Frank R. Chambers, New York:
Greek Girls, bathing.
The original sketch — Sibyl returning to Tarquin.

1907 This date marks the beginning of this present foolishness, — I mean this Book, and the end of this list, at least for the present; I trust it may go on. There are more things on the inside of my sleeve than have been pinned on the outside. If the list goes on, I dare say it will be as it has been in the past, — an up and down; and the "small but assured income" is as far off as ever. Something to live for, you say? I had rather live on it.

To J. W. Ellsworth:
Thatched Huts, Viareggio.

To Harold McGrath:
Ideal Head (drawing).

1907 N. B. It must be borne in mind that this list is very incomplete. It was a compilation of scattered notes until the good girl took hold of it; many things have been left out. I dare say the things sold represent only about half of the work done, — things begun and abandoned, and futile work in general. Also there are hundreds of sketches and drawings. But what must be the record of a really industrious man, — for I have been called idle, and I think I am. Only for an idle man, it must be admitted I have been very busy.

Fearing this list may have been rather lugubrious, I think a little digression is in order, and the mention above of Thatched Huts gives the necessary cue. These huts of Viareggio, owing to the dampness of their location, get to be of a velvety blackness from the mingling of black and green moss; bright green vines grow over them, with orange-coloured gourds, and the evening sun through the trees flecks them with orange gold. One evening, while sitting tranquilly and pleasantly employed transferring them to my canvas, as they say, I witnessed a scene which filled me with horror. All artists know how valuable and beautiful are the cold grey-green tones of the familiar cabbage; in this case the cabbage becomes a foreground plant; the foreground was indeed a noble array of foreground plants, and I was about to use them to give the singing quality to my sketch, — make it thrill, — when I heard the tinkling bells and the trampling of innumerable feet, and a flock of sheep appeared on the scene. How describe the ferocious greed and cold-eyed ruthlessness with which these alleged innocent beasts fell like ravening wolves on the really innocent foreground plants and tore up, bit off, and devoured them, leaving a track of desolation to mark their passage. Now I appreciated the truth of the little Boston boy's remark on seeing some sheep, — "Sheep — dangerous animal."

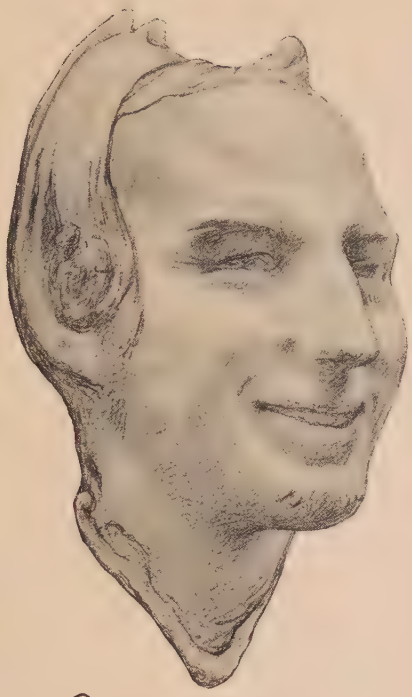
Ham Wild used to tell of this boy, who was of weak intellect to be sure, but who must have had lucid intervals. One day he was sitting folding and unfolding a handkerchief and looking at the monogram, when he finally murmured, "Fits

1907 complete." It had belonged to his grandmother, who had the same initials. I could not help thinking that his "Dangerous animal," applied to sheep, "fits complete," but also that ruthless greed perfectly describes their chief characteristic. It was also told of this boy that when asked one Sunday what church his people had gone to, he replied, "The Presgipiscopal Church."

By the way, you need not think that I don't think some people will at once cipher out how many pictures I have averaged per year — but I don't think it will be of any value, as the painting of some of them spread over years, while some were done in a day. However, it is one way of amusing yourself. It is "la matematica" — and to me the result would mean nothing.

List commencing in Rome, 1867, numbering	262
Add things sold before	52
Makes in all	314

This account shows not only "vestiges of creation," but of order, and is doing pretty well for a painter-man, who, had he dedicated himself to business, might have turned out a success — "con reserva," as the Italian papers say when giving an account of the probabilities of a man recovering after the usual knife incident.



Caricature.

Pencil drawing by H. 1909 from a terra-cotta by MacNiel

" That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrent me."

Speculations and Contemplations

On a Sale in Boston

I CALCULATE that the thirty-six pictures forming the sale, or actually sold, in Boston at that time would, if taken from their frames and placed closely together, cover a canvas eight by six feet, and three fourths of another of that size. The first canvas represents about the size of a full-length portrait, and half of the second a half-length portrait. The pictures were mostly small, and of all sizes, so that the calculation is only an approximation; but the Cumæan Sibyl by itself would account for the half-length portrait, and the others would cover the full-length. Think of the time I spent on the Sibyl, and contrast it with the half-length portrait, which can be polished off, say, in two weeks, usually less. It is generous to say that the rest of the pictures would cover the full-length canvas; properly distributed they would have covered a large space and would have formed a nice little gallery of pictures for one small town, — and the town might have been worse off. And to think that a fashionable portrait-painter would have received for his two portraits what I got for my thirty-six pictures. Yet I was considered fortunate, the exhibition a great success, and I received numberless congratulations.

The work on these things extended over several years, and at my rate or by my method of work would have taken me at least two years to produce. Of course I am to blame for not being a portrait-painter, or more prolific, or producing with more celerity; but then, I have heard of portrait-painters taking their time also. But turn it as you will, the thought and work required in making thirty-six greatly varied pictures is more than is used in making two portraits. The contrast is only in regard to the work and remuneration, and it is assumed that the artist of the little pictures is not a fool, and that the portraitist is not one of those clear out of sight. I wish to note here that I have been considering these pictures without their

frames. Properly framed, with the frames getting wider as the pictures diminish in size, — which is a good rule, — they made quite an imposing appearance, in fact filled a gallery. And now the *work*. The landscapes required long walks over hill and dale, and when perspiring, getting at once to work so as not to lose some effect, perhaps catching it and a cold at the same time. Sometimes working surrounded by a grinning crowd and hearing their unflattering comments, or perchance attended by a solitary boy with a bad cold in his head, munching an apple; this last is a fearful thing and is as dangerous to one's peace of mind as sheep are to foreground plants. Then coaxing people to pose, — and on returning, tired out, washing your brushes, as I have frequently done, when virtuous. After your outing, on returning to town, the mere handling and care of thirty-six pictures, seeing to the framing, and so forth, is hard work. Then, in the case of figures, getting the models and making the studies and drawings, and all the disheartening work of arranging folds that won't fall properly — or stay put.

Let me give a glance at the trouble in getting up a little exhibition, and the *expense*, while "temporarily living abroad." Aside from your travelling expenses in making your landscapes, you have materials, models, and framing — a big bill. Then invoices paid in gold to our paternal government, on which occasion you have to inform the friendly consul — on oath — just what work you have done, your prices, — in fact tell him just how you are getting on, — which you feel is none of his business. Then the bill for packing and transportation to New York, and your own fare, and duties on the frames on arriving. You then express them on to Boston and back to New York, and have ten or fifteen per cent taken off the sales; and then the left-overs, the shop-worn, injured remains, are packed in ambulance-like cases, pretty well filled after a defeat, and sent back to Rome, where you arrive finally yourself, only too glad to have a remnant of profit, and sadly think of the proverb, "Much cry and little wool, as the man said when he shaved the pig."

In the meanwhile the portrait-painter sits in his comfortable studio and his models come to him, bringing with them costumes as fine as money can buy, and instead of his paying them they pay him, — and that handsomely, sometimes. That single thing marks

the superiority of portraiture as a business; that, instead of paying your models, they pay you. I admit the portrait-painter has his little troubles. He can never satisfy the family or friends, and no lady unless he flatters her. On this I stand pat; the ladies may, to use a vulgar expression, "grin and bear it" if the painter is a very fashionable one, — but they don't like it. However, I am not going into his troubles. Sitters, like purchasers, do not grow on every bush, and the getting them is a business of itself — quite "another story." Did I say story? That reminds me of a story in *Punch*, of the portrait-painter's man who, on being asked what were his duties in the studio, said, "Why, sir, I stretches the canvases for 'im, — sets up 'is pallette, — harranges 'is heasel, — and hall 'e 'as to do is to shove 'em on." — Happy portrait-painters!

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